Herald of Praise

Herald of Praise

Musical Editors
Rev. W. E. Biederwolf
Prof. E. O. Excell
Rev. H. W. Stough, D. D., Rev. Bob Jones, D. D.

A COLLECTION OF

CHOICE GOSPEL HYMNS FOR THE CHURCH, THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND EVANGELISTIC MEETINGS

With Special Selections
for the different departments of church work

1. CONGREGATIONAL HYMNS
2. SOCIAL SERVICE SONGS
3. MISSIONARY HYMNS
4. CHILDREN'S SONGS
5. SOLOS, DUETS AND QUARTETS
6. MALE VOICE SELECTIONS
7. CHORUS CHOIR SELECTIONS
8. INVITATION HYMNS
9. DEVOTIONAL HYMNS
10. PATRIOTIC HYMNS
11. TEMPERANCE SONGS
12. SELECTED PSALMS
13. RESPONSIVE READINGS

PRICES

CLOTH

50c per copy, postpaid
$45.00 per hundred, not prepaid

LIMP CLOTH

40c per copy, postpaid
$35.00 per hundred, not prepaid

MANILA

35c per copy, postpaid
$30.00 per hundred, not prepaid

Address all orders and correspondence to

The Glad Tidings Publishing Company

Lakeside Building, Chicago

THE MEN BEHIND THE BOOK

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF

This song book was compiled at the request and under the direction of the following ministers and evangelists.

A. Lee Aldrich
Z. O. Avery
Rev. E. C. Avis.
Rev. E. H. Baker
Rev. Daisy Douglas Barr
Rev. J. M. Bass
Rev. L. C. Bauer
Rev. J. D. Belknap
Hay Bell
James H. Bennett
Rev. Milo G. Bentley
Rev. J. R. Beveridge
Rev. Chester Birch
Kenton H. Bird
Rev. W. A. Bodell
C. O. Branson and Wife
Mr. and Mrs. V. O. Brock
Rev. Henry W. Bromley
Rev. J. Q. Brown
Chas. J. Bukoutz
Rev. Ellwood J. Bulgin
D. B. Bulkley
A. Edwin Burrows
O. H. Callis
Emory C. Cameron
A. L. Carter
C. C. Case
Edward C. Clark
Rev. John W. Clark
Harold C. Clase
D. L. Coale
Harold F. Coffin
W. S. Colegrove
K. L. Cramer
H. T. Crossley
Rev. John M. Currie
C. P. Curry
Rev. Alex. B. Davidson
Rev. Edgar E. Davidson
Rev. John A. Davis
Rev. H. A. Depfer
J. F. Drennen
Rev. H. P. Dunlop
Rev. Chas. H. Eagle
Rev. Edwin H. Edgar
Rev. F. A. Enslow
Rev. John W. Erskine
Rev. G. W. Egerton
Floyd John Evans
Albert M. Ewing
Mr. C. Edward Faust
Edward D. Fellers
John Frantz
S. Graham Fraser
Ralph Gilliam
Donald M. Grant
Dr. W. W. Hall
Chas. W. Hamilton
Rev. John S. Hamilton
W. D. Hamilton
Edward Clare Harding
Chas. H. Harrington
Rev. B. Marvin Harris
V. M. Hatfield
J. A. Hoffman
Rev. Theodore M. Hofmeister
Rev. Walt Holcomb
Rev. I. A. Honeywell
A. C. Hoover
C. E. Hunt
J. Maurice Hupp
John Imrie
Arthur F. Ingler
Rev. Herbert B. Ireland
Rev. R. Wingrove Ives
A. M. Ivey
Rev. Jerry Jeter
Rev. Andrew Johnson
Robert E. Johnson
Rev. E. DeWitt Johnston
Rev. Bob Jones
Rev. C. O. Jones
Loren G. Jones
Rev. W. O. Jones
Rev. C. G. Jordon
O. G. Jordon and Wife
Rev. J. A. Kay
Rev. J. B. Kendall
J. McD. Kerr
Rev. R. Sam Kirkland
Clarence E. Lane
James H. Larson
Lovick P. Law
Melvyn M. Lawton
Robert Lear
Nathani l Leavitt
F. F. Leonard
Rev. J. H. Leonard
Robert O. Lewis
John M. Linden
Rev. J. Thos. Longthorpe
Rev. Elmer P. Loose
Rev. Oscar Lowry
Rev. Eva Ludgate
Rev. Chas. F. Luscher
A. R. Lytle
Rev. Frank Williams Lynch
Rev. Milford H. Lyon
T. T. Martin
Rev. Frank Mathis
Harry Maxwell
Rev. Lincoln McConnell
Rev. J. W. Meminger
Rev. Elmer C. Miller
R. E. Mitchell
Rev. E. J. Moffitt
George Moody
Rex J. Moor
Raymond Moore
Mrs. C. H. Morris
J. G. Morris
Rev. Ward Mosher
Rev. Maurice F. Murphy
Rev. E. R. Nance
Rev. P. C. Nelson
Rev. O. A. Newlin
Rev. J. W. Oborn
Wendell Pontius
Rev. J. F. Powers
Practical Bible Training School
Rev. J. W. Primrose
Rev. W. A. Pugsley
Rev. W. R. Quinton and Wife
Rev. C. Fenwick Reed
Charles Raach
Rev. Milton S. Rees
Herbert Reynolds
Rev. W. W. Roberts
S. S. Robbins
Rev. H. B. Roller
George T. Ronk
George L. Rose
Rev. Wm. M. Runyan
Rev. L. H. Rush
Raud Shaw
Rev. H. D. Sheldon
George B. Simpson
F. E. Smiley
Rev. Arthur J. Smith
Chas. Cullem Smith
Earle Stapleton
George T. Stephens
Rev. Chas. Stewart
George A. Stott
Rev. H. W. Stough
Rev. Franklin W. Swift
Rev. F. A. Sword
Rev. B. S. Taylor
Charles C. Thompson
Gordon V. Thompson
J. E. Thompson
Harry A. Thomson
Ray G. Upson
C. R. L. Vawter
Bernard Vessey
Owen M. Walker
W. L. Walker
L. A. Wegner
Homer M. Welch
Rev. E. B. Westhafer
Rev. Charles T. Wheeler
Rev. Owen O. Wiard
Rev. M. B. Williams
Rev. Oliver E. Williams
E. L. Wolslagel
Rev. Parley E. Zartmann

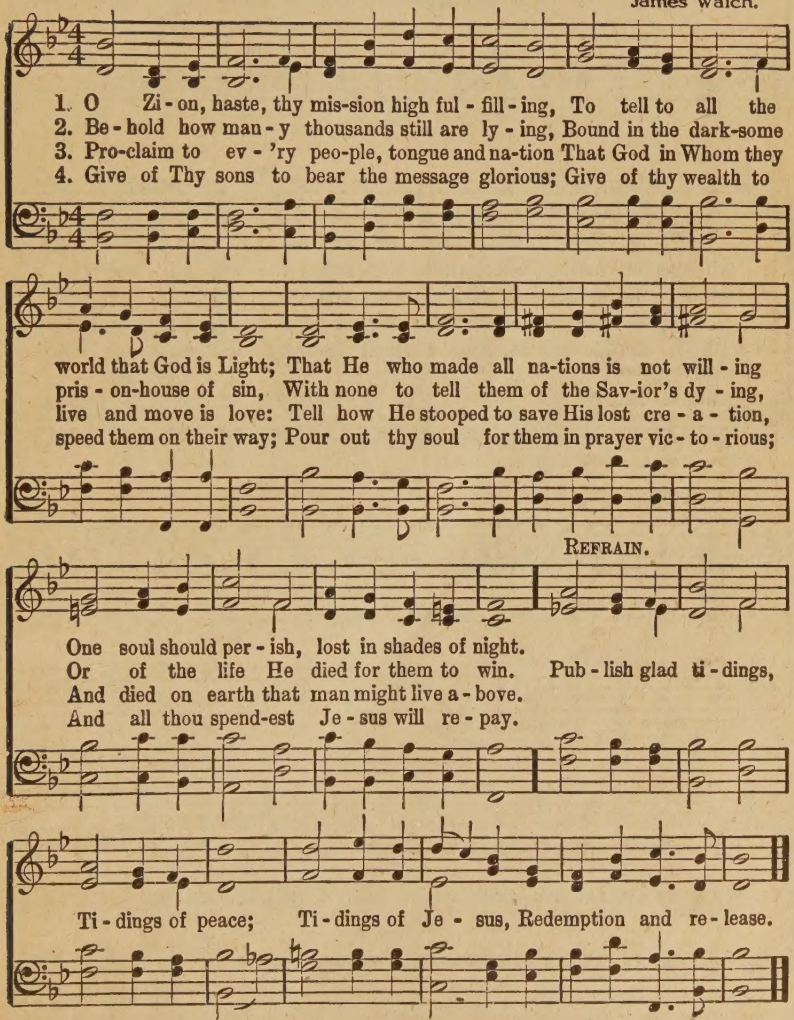
Each of these whose names here appear had a part in the selection of the songs. We have done this not only to make the best possible book for our own evangelistic meetings, but with a view of raising the standard of present day Gospel music. **There is no book like it in print.** We expect the book to be its own testimony, and pray God's blessing upon its mission.

THE COMPILERS.

Herald of Praise.

No. 1. O Zion, Haste.

James Walch.

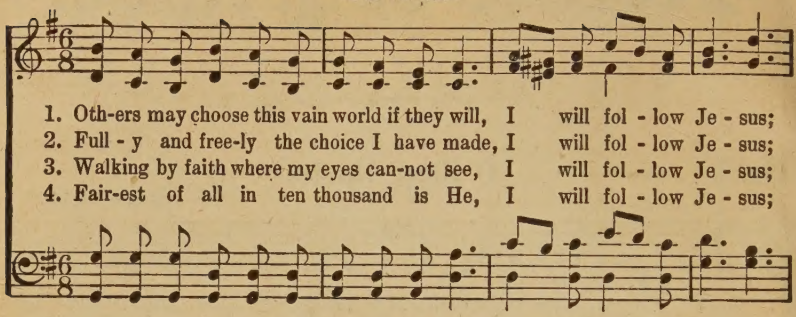

1. O Zi - on, haste, thy mis-sion high ful - fill - ing, To tell to all the
2. Be - hold how man - y thousands still are ly - ing, Bound in the dark-some
3. Pro-claim to ev - 'ry peo-ple, tongue and na-tion That God in Whom they
4. Give of Thy sons to bear the message glorious; Give of thy wealth to
world that God is Light; That He who made all na-tions is not will - ing
pris - on-house of sin, With none to tell them of the Sav-ior's dy - ing,
live and move is love: Tell how He stooped to save His lost cre - a - tion,
speed them on their way; Pour out thy soul for them in prayer vic - to - rious;
REFRAIN.
One soul should per - ish, lost in shades of night.
Or of the life He died for them to win. Pub - lish glad ti - dings,
And died on earth that man might live a - bove.
And all thou spend-est Je - sus will re - pay.
Ti - dings of peace; Ti - dings of Je - sus, Redemption and re - lease.

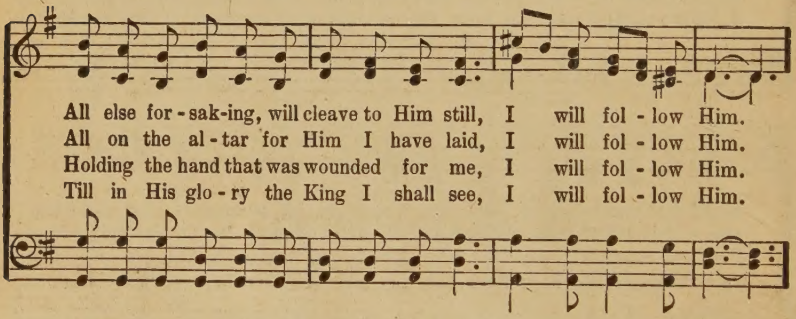
No. 2. My Choice.

Mrs. C. H. M.

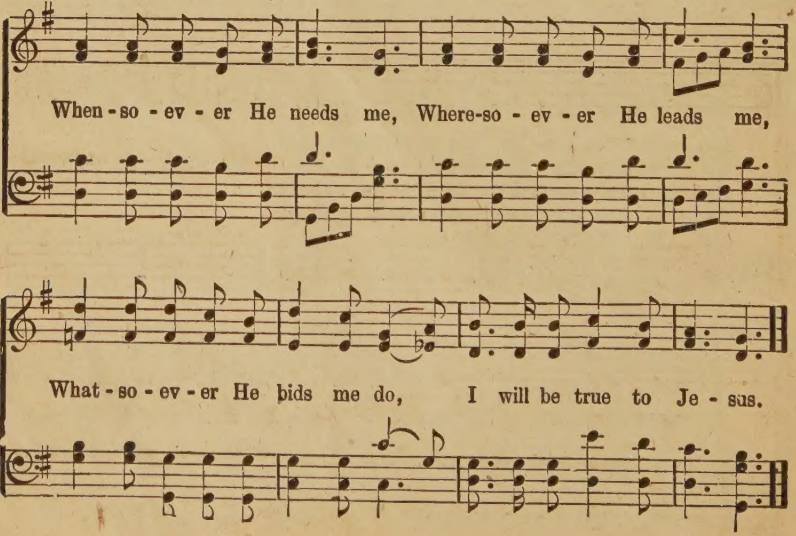
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. Oth-ers may choose this vain world if they will, I will fol - low Je - sus;
2. Full - y and free-ly the choice I have made, I will fol - low Je - sus;
3. Walking by faith where my eyes can-not see, I will fol - low Je - sus;
4. Fair-est of all in ten thousand is He, I will fol - low Je - sus;


All else for - sak-ing, will cleave to Him still, I will fol - low Him.
All on the al - tar for Him I have laid, I will fol - low Him.
Holding the hand that was wounded for me, I will fol - low Him.
Till in His glo - ry the King I shall see, I will fol - low Him.

CHORUS.

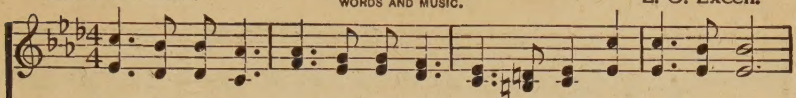


No. 3. Your Best Friend is Always Near.

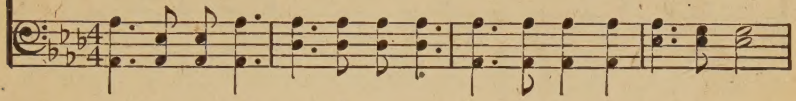
Isabel C. Allam.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

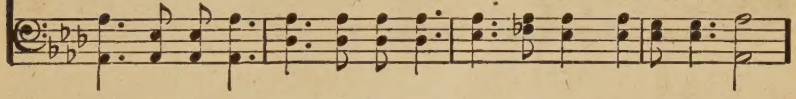
E. O. Excell.



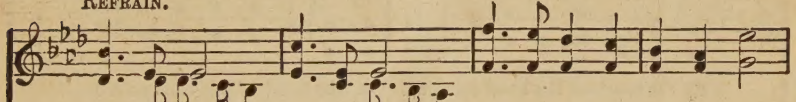
1. When the shad-ows 'round you gath-er, When the day is long and drear,
2. When your cour-age al-most fails you, When you need a word of cheer,
3. When your fond-est hopes have perished, When so free - ly falls the tear,
4. When the val - ley of the shad-ow You are tread-ing, do not fear;



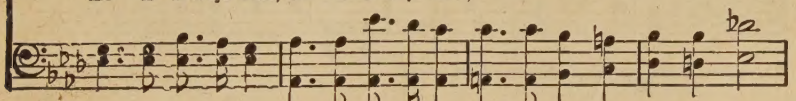
In the morn-ing, or at mid-night, Your best Friend is al-ways near.
There is One who will not leave you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.
He who knows and feels your sor-row—Your best Friend—is al-ways near.
One there is who will go with you: Your best Friend is al-ways near.

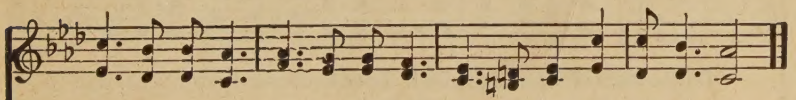


REFRAIN.

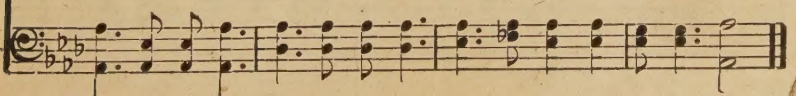


Al-ways near, al - ways near, Your best Friend is al - ways near;
He is al-ways near, He is al-ways near,





In your glad-ness, in your sad-ness, Your best Friend is al-ways near.

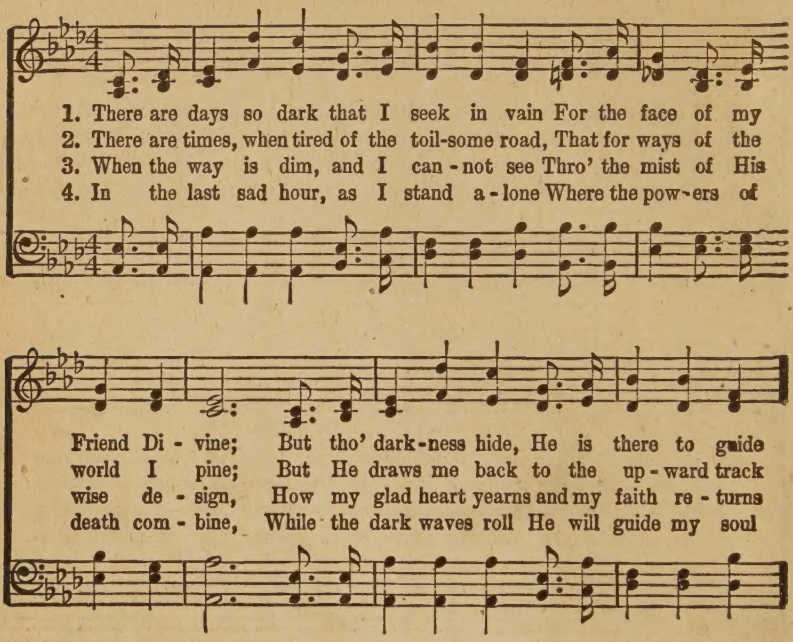


No. 4. The Touch of His Hand on Mine.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Henry P. Morton.

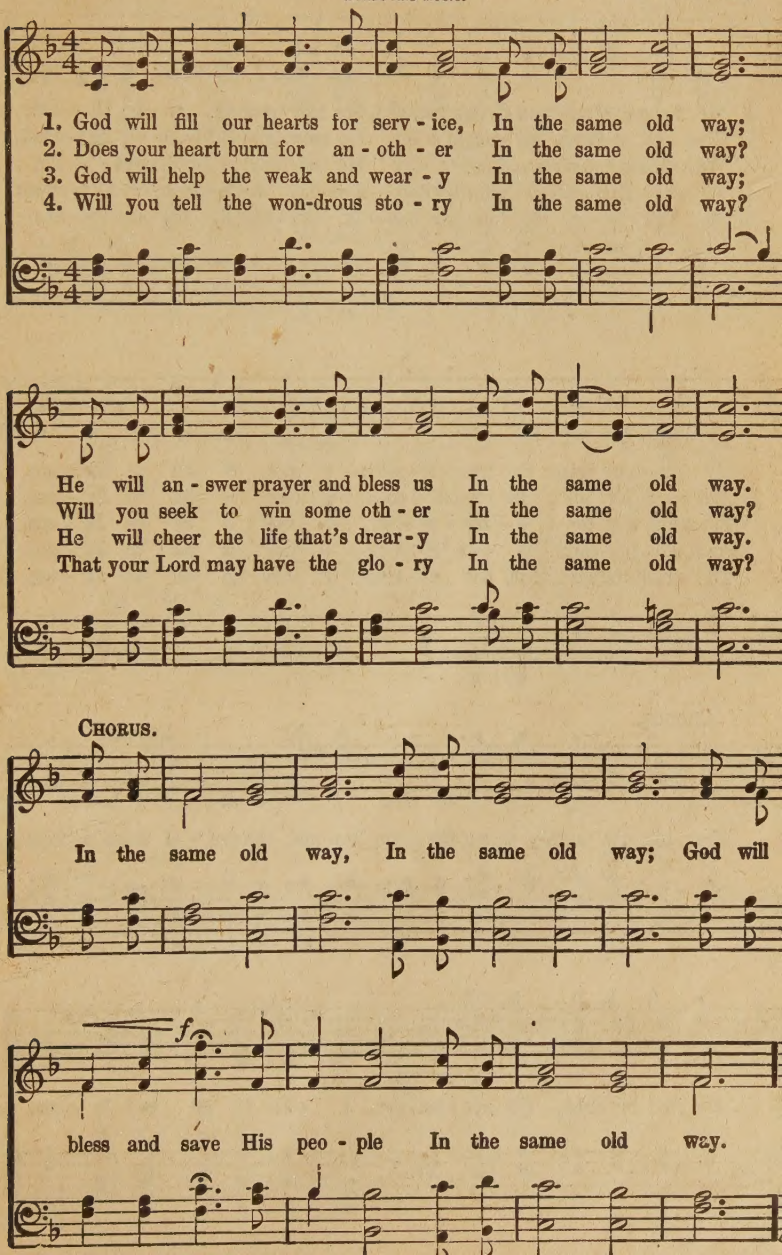

1. There are days so dark that I seek in vain For the face of my
2. There are times, when tired of the toil-some road, That for ways of the
3. When the way is dim, and I can-not see Thro' the mist of His
4. In the last sad hour, as I stand a-lone Where the pow-ers of
Friend Di-vine; But tho' dark-ness hide, He is there to guide
world I pine; But He draws me back to the up-ward track
wise de-sign, How my glad heart yearns and my faith re-turns
death com-bine, While the dark waves roll He will guide my soul
FINE. CHORUS.
By the touch of His hand on mine. Oh, the touch of His hand on mine,
on mine.
D. S.—*In the touch of His hand on mine*
D. S.
Oh, the touch of His hand on mine! There is grace and pow'r, in the trying hour,
on mine!

No. 5. The Same Old Way.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

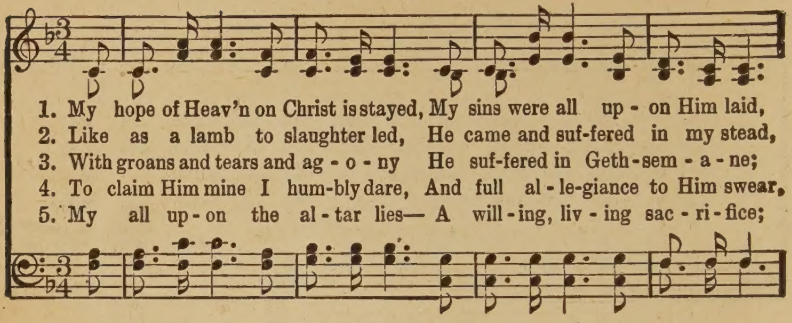

1. God will fill our hearts for serv - ice, In the same old way;
2. Does your heart burn for an - oth - er In the same old way?
3. God will help the weak and wear - y In the same old way;
4. Will you tell the won-drous sto - ry In the same old way?
He will an - swer prayer and bless us In the same old way.
Will you seek to win some oth - er In the same old way?
He will cheer the life that's drear - y In the same old way.
That your Lord may have the glo - ry In the same old way?
CHORUS.
In the same old way, In the same old way; God will
f
bless and save His peo - ple In the same old way.

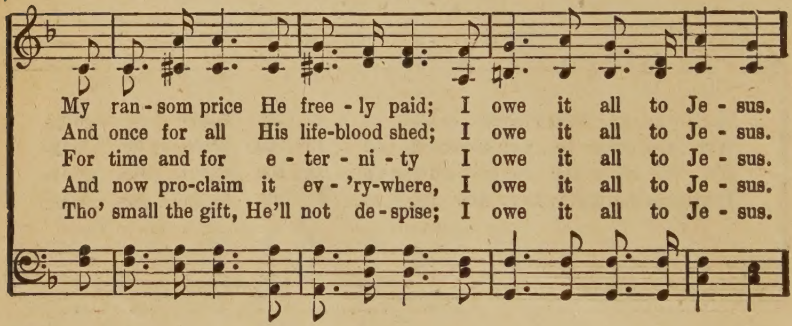
No. 6. I Owe It All to Jesus.

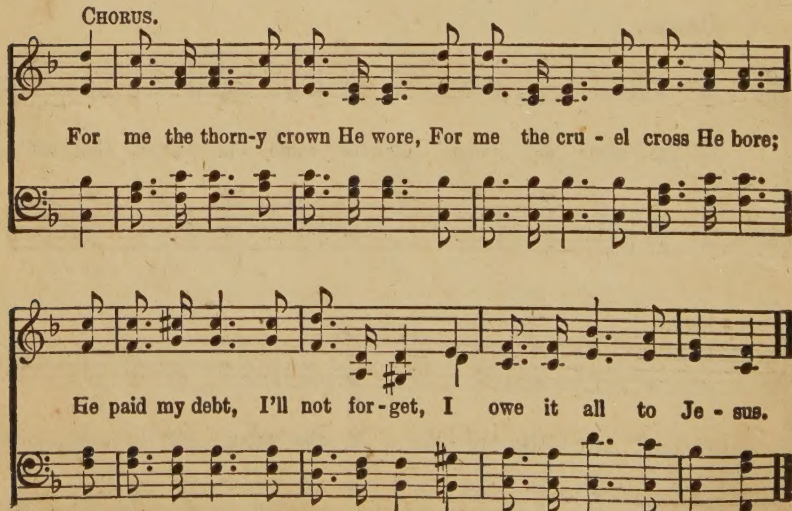
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. My hope of Heav'n on Christ is stayed, My sins were all up - on Him laid,
2. Like as a lamb to slaughter led, He came and suf-fered in my stead,
3. With groans and tears and ag - o - ny He suf-fered in Geth-sem - a - ne;
4. To claim Him mine I hum-bly dare, And full al - le-giance to Him swear,
5. My all up - on the al - tar lies— A will - ing, liv - ing sac - ri - fice;


My ran - som price He free - ly paid; I owe it all to Je - sus.
And once for all His life-blood shed; I owe it all to Je - sus.
For time and for e - ter - ni - ty I owe it all to Je - sus.
And now pro-claim it ev - 'ry-where, I owe it all to Je - sus.
Tho' small the gift, He'll not de - spise; I owe it all to Je - sus.

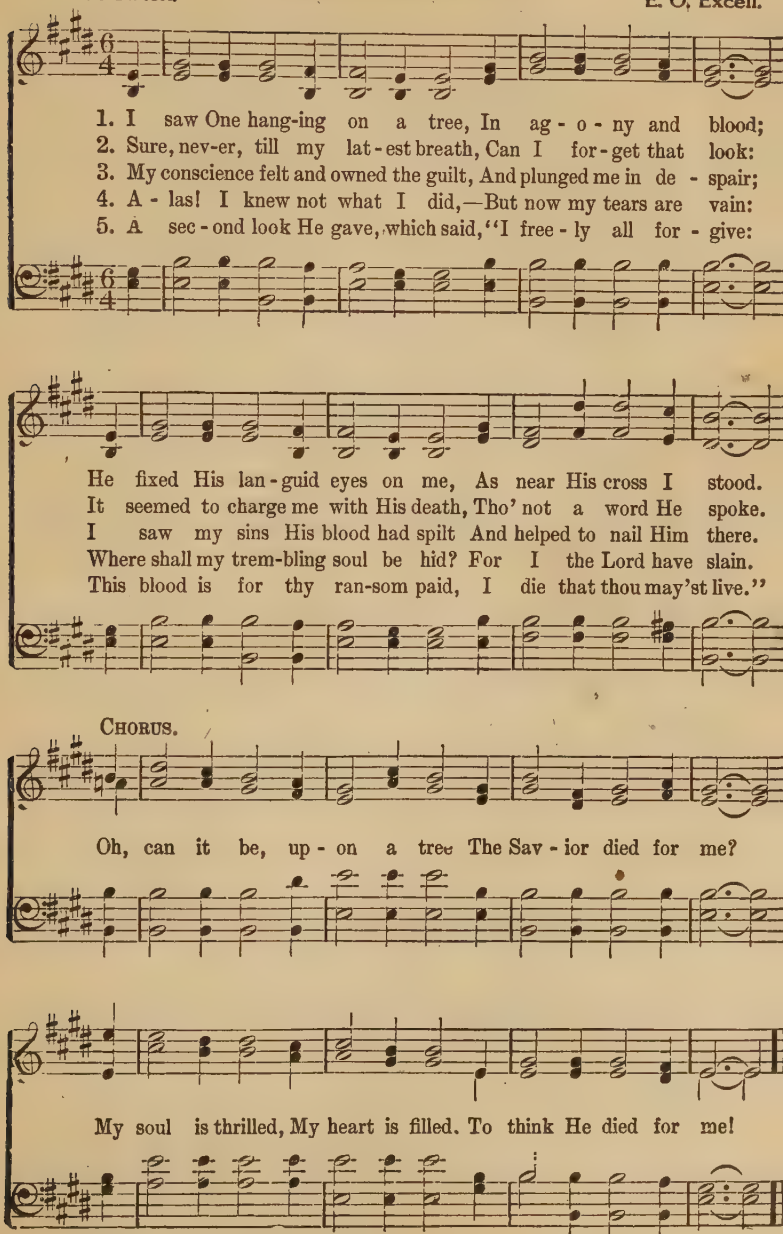


No. 7.

He Died For Me.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

John Newton. E. O. Excell.


1. I saw One hang-ing on a tree, In ag - o - ny and blood;
2. Sure, nev-er, till my lat - est breath, Can I for - get that look:
3. My conscience felt and owned the guilt, And plunged me in de - spair;
4. A - las! I knew not what I did,—But now my tears are vain:
5. A sec - ond look He gave, which said, "I free - ly all for - give:
He fixed His lan - guid eyes on me, As near His cross I stood.
It seemed to charge me with His death, Tho' not a word He spoke.
I saw my sins His blood had spilt And helped to nail Him there.
Where shall my trem-bling soul be hid? For I the Lord have slain.
This blood is for thy ran-som paid, I die that thou may'st live."
CHORUS.
Oh, can it be, up - on a tree The Sav - ior died for me?
My soul is thrilled, My heart is filled. To think He died for me!

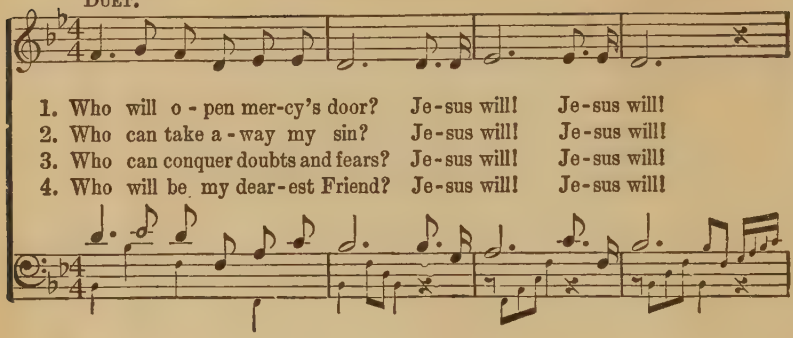
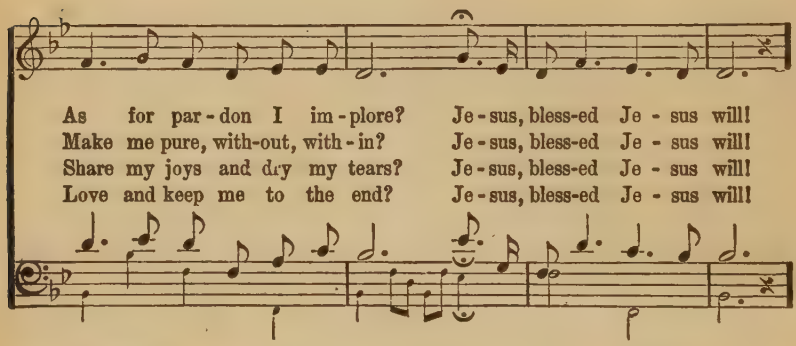
No. 8.

Jesus Will!

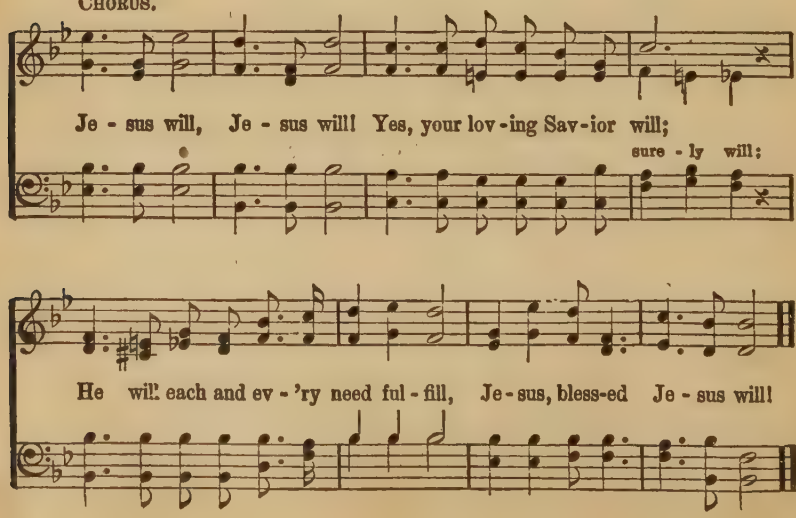
COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF.
E. O EXCELL, OWNER.

Ina Duley Ogdon. B. D. Ackley.

DUET.


1. Who will o - pen mer-cy's door? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
2. Who can take a - way my sin? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
3. Who can conquer doubts and fears? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!
4. Who will be my dear-est Friend? Je-sus will! Je-sus will!

As for par-don I im-plore? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Make me pure, with-out, with-in? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Share my joys and dry my tears? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!
Love and keep me to the end? Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

CHORUS.

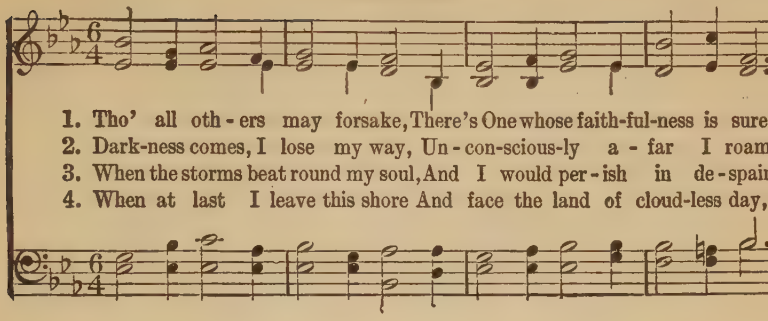

Je - sus will, Je - sus will! Yes, your lov-ing Sav-ior will;
sure - ly will;
He will each and ev - 'ry need ful - fill, Je-sus, bless-ed Je - sus will!

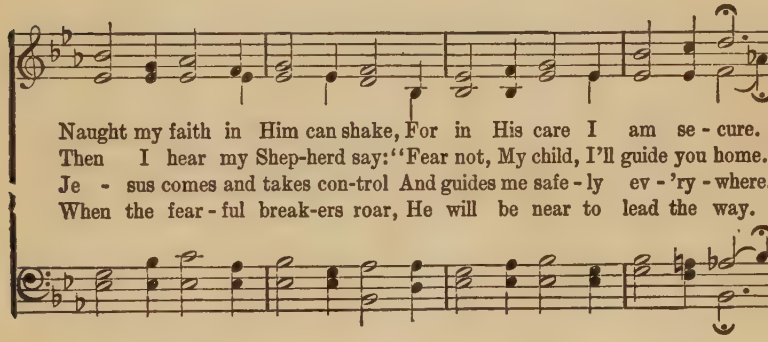
No. 9. Friend of Friends.

J. P. S.

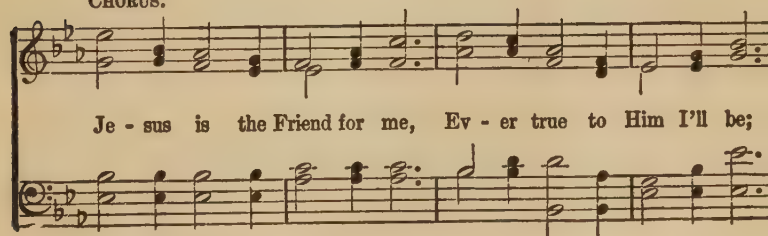
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

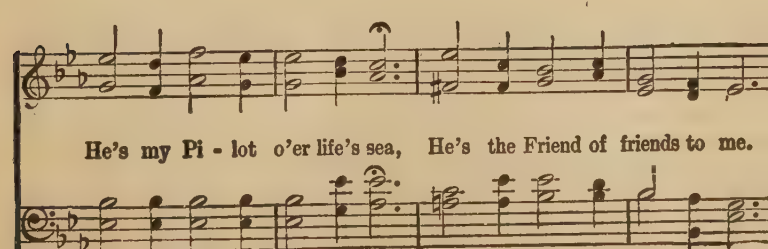
J. P. Scholfield.


1. Tho' all oth - ers may forsake, There's One whose faith-ful-ness is sure
2. Dark-ness comes, I lose my way, Un - con-scious-ly a - far I roam
3. When the storms beat round my soul, And I would per - ish in de - spair
4. When at last I leave this shore And face the land of cloud-less day,


Naught my faith in Him can shake, For in His care I am se - cure.
Then I hear my Shep-herd say: "Fear not, My child, I'll guide you home.
Je - sus comes and takes con-trol And guides me safe - ly ev - 'ry - where.
When the fear - ful break-ers roar, He will be near to lead the way.

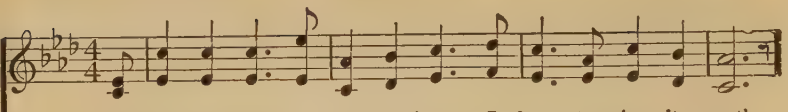
CHORUS.

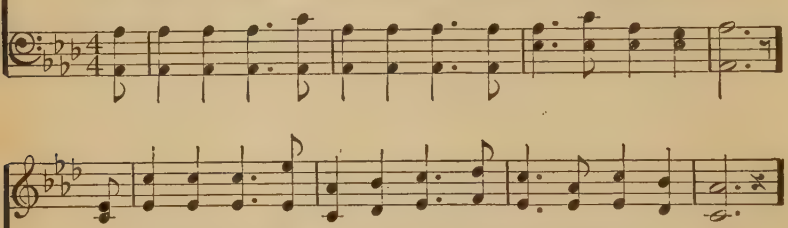
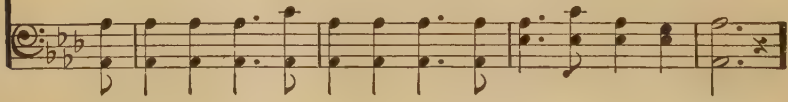


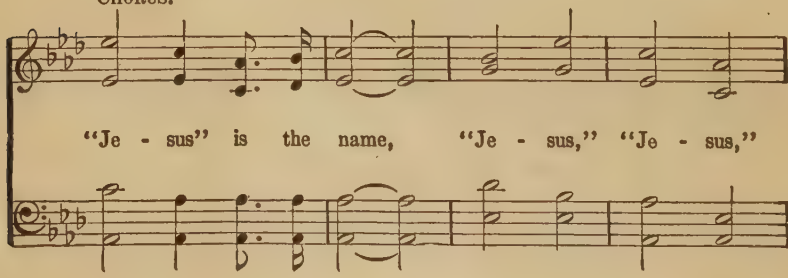


No. 10. Jesus is the Name.

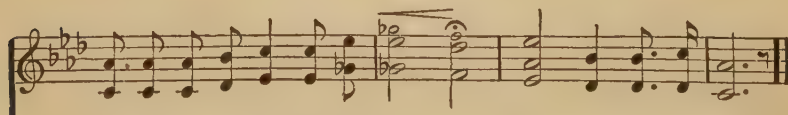
Frederick Whitfield. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. J. P. Scholfield.



1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free;
3. It tells me what my Fa-ther hath In store for ev-'ry day;
4. It tells of One whose lov-ing heart Can feel my deep-est woe,

It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The sweet-est name on earth.
It tells me of His pre-cious blood—The sin-ner's per-fect plea.
And tho' I tread a lone-ly path, Yields sun-shine all the way.
Who in each sor-row bears a part, That none can bear be-low.

CHORUS.



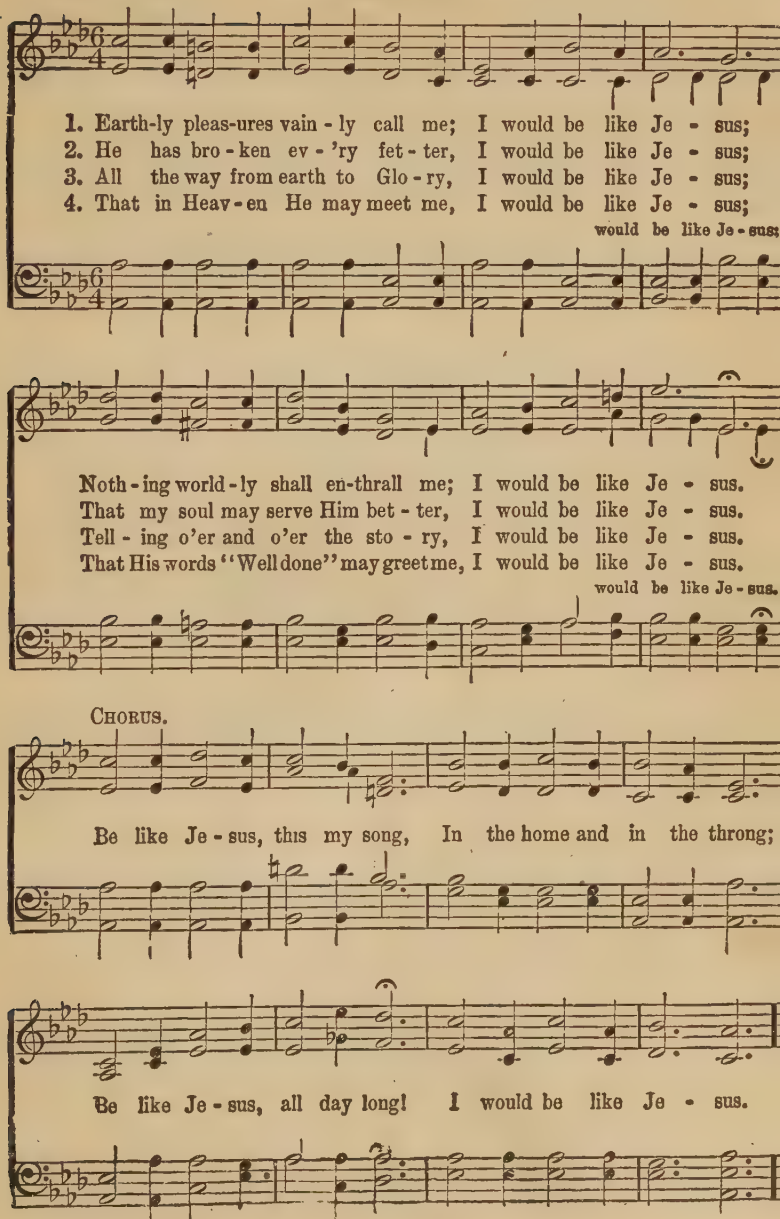
"Je-sus" is the name, "Je-sus," "Je-sus,"



Yes-ter-day, to-day, and for-ev-er, "Je-sus" is the name.

No. 11. I Would Be Like Jesus.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY E. O. EXCELL. B. D. Ackley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

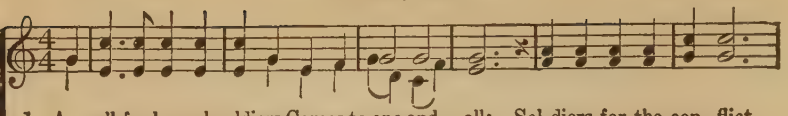

1. Earth-ly pleas-ures vain - ly call me; I would be like Je - sus;
2. He has bro - ken ev - 'ry fet - ter, I would be like Je - sus;
3. All the way from earth to Glo - ry, I would be like Je - sus;
4. That in Heav - en He may meet me, I would be like Je - sus;
would be like Je - sus;
Noth - ing world - ly shall en-thrall me; I would be like Je - sus.
That my soul may serve Him bet - ter, I would be like Je - sus.
Tell - ing o'er and o'er the sto - ry, I would be like Je - sus.
That His words "Well done" may greet me, I would be like Je - sus.
would be like Je - sus.
CHORUS.
Be like Je - sus, this my song, In the home and in the throng;
Be like Je - sus, all day long! I would be like Je - sus.

No. 12. As a Volunteer.

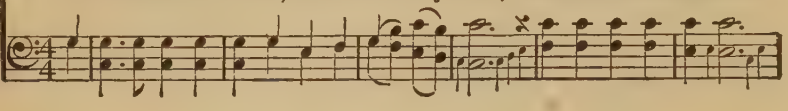
W. S. Brown.

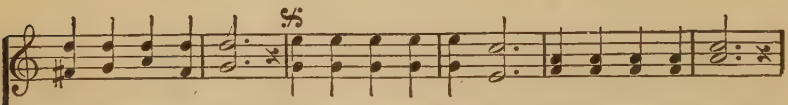
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

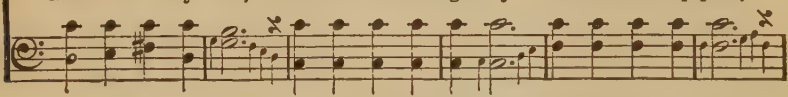
Chas. H. Gabriel.



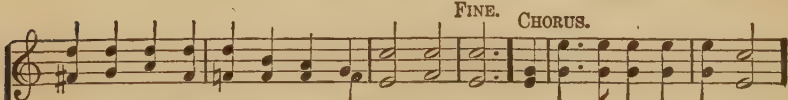
1. A call for loy - al soldiers Comes to one and all; Sol-diers for the con - flict,
2. Yes, Jesus calls for soldiers Who are filled with pow'r, Soldiers who will serve Him
3. He calls you, for He loves you With a heart most kind, He whose heart was broken,
4. And when the war is o-ver, And the vic - t'ry won, When the true and faith-ful



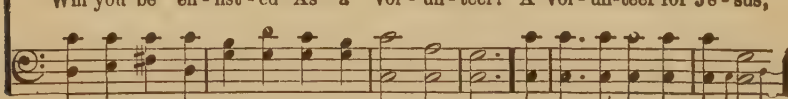


Will you heed the call? Will you an-swer quick-ly, With a read - y cheer,
Ev - 'ry day and hour; He will not for - sake you, He is ev - er near;
Bro-ken for man-kind; Now, just now He calls you, Calls in ac-cents clear,
Gath-er one by one, He will crown with glo - ry All who there ap-pear;

D. S.—*Je - sus is the Cap-tain, We will nev - er fear;*

FINE. CHORUS.



Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer? A vol - un-teer for Je - sus,

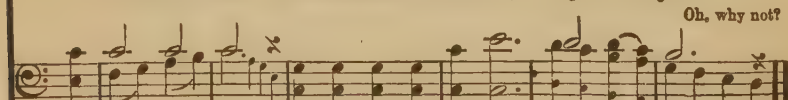


Will you be en - list - ed As a vol - un - teer?

D. S.

A sol - dier true! Oth - ers have en - list - ed, Why not you?

Oh, why not?

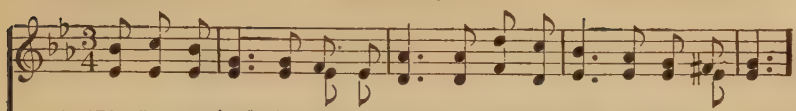


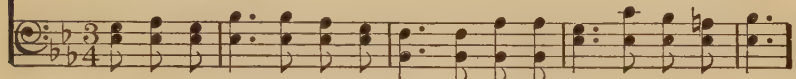
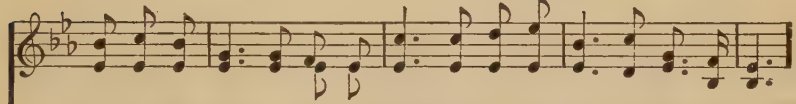
No. 13. "Not Now."

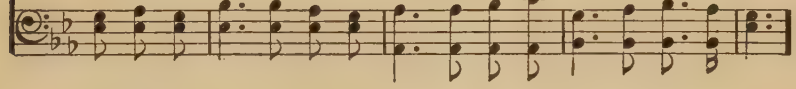
Julia H. Johnston.

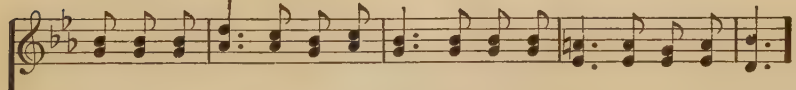
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

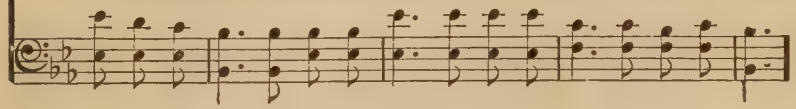
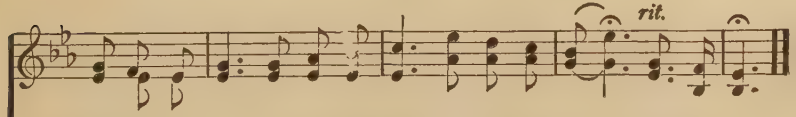
Roscoe M. Booth.



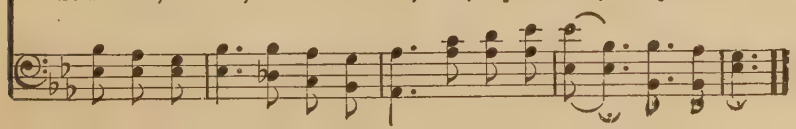
1. 'Tis Je - sus pleads, He bids you stay, And will you light - ly turn a - way?
2. O wan-d'ring one, dare you de - lay? You can-not claim some oth-er day;
3. Let not the tempt - er win your heart With baseless dreams and cru-el art;
4. This hour is yours, this fleeting breath, To choose e - ter - nal life or death;



To - day while bells of mer - cy chime, Is this your plea—"Some other time?"
Just now He calls, to - day draw nigh, Now you may come—not by and by.
Earth's joys are false, they all grow dim; True joy a - lone is found in Him.
'Tis at your per - il you de - lay, Im - mor-tal soul, choose Christ to-day.

CHORUS.



O price-less soul, for whom Christ died, Say not to Him, the Cru - ci - fied—



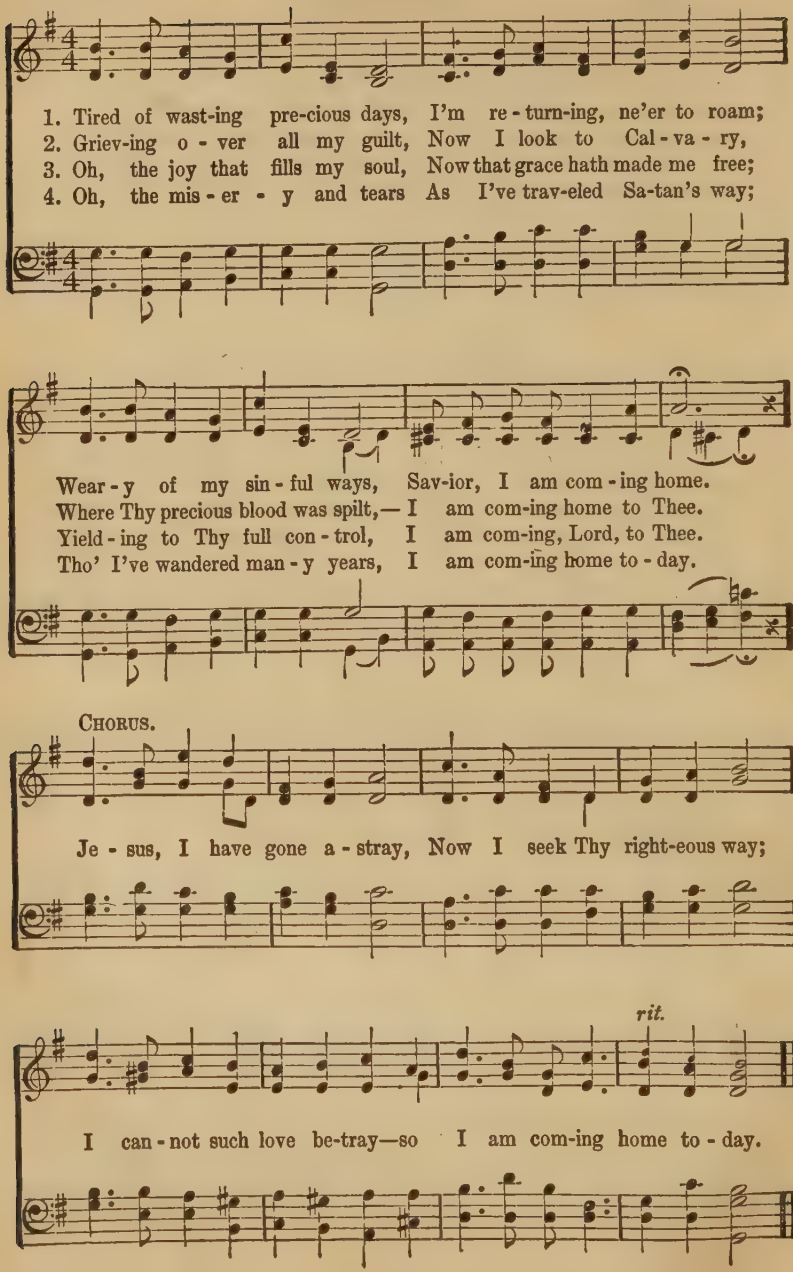
"Some-time, not now, to Thee I'll bow;" Oh, why not now, Why not now?



No. 14. Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

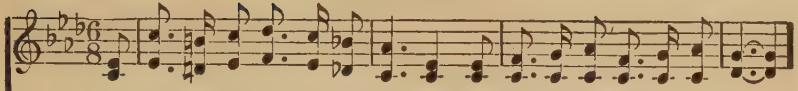
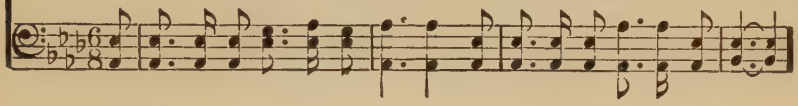
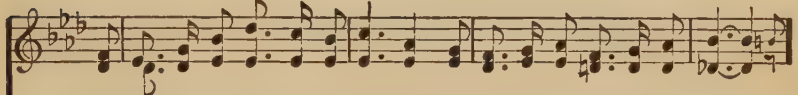
J. P. S. — WORDS AND MUSIC. — J. P. Scholfield.


1. Tired of wast-ing pre-cious days, I'm re-turn-ing, ne'er to roam;
2. Griev-ing o-ver all my guilt, Now I look to Cal-va-ry,
3. Oh, the joy that fills my soul, Now that grace hath made me free;
4. Oh, the mis-er-y and tears As I've trav-eled Sa-tan's way;
Wear-y of my sin-ful ways, Sav-ior, I am com-ing home.
Where Thy precious blood was spilt,— I am com-ing home to Thee.
Yield-ing to Thy full con-trol, I am com-ing, Lord, to Thee.
Tho' I've wandered man-y years, I am com-ing home to-day.
CHORUS.
Je-sus, I have gone a-stray, Now I seek Thy right-eous way;
rit.
I can-not such love be-tray—so I am com-ing home to-day.

No. 15. Some One Who Knows.

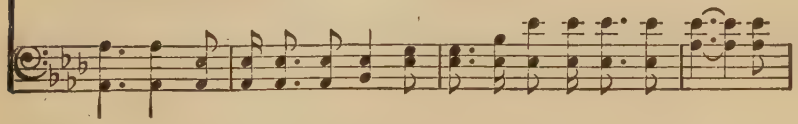
Mrs. F. A. Breck.

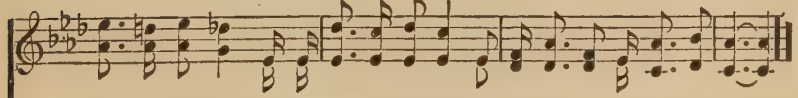
COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. How man-y are lost in the darkness, With spirits whose sorrow o'er-flows;
2. Go forth to the need-y and love them With something of Je-sus' own love,
3. They're waiting, perhaps, for your coming; You surely will has-ten to go,
4. Wher-ev-er are sin-ners a-round you, By woe or temptation o'er-thrown,

They know not of Christ or salvation,—Ah! some one must tell them who knows.
And win them to share in His king-dom, Of gladness and glo-ry a-bove.
And teach them of life ev-er-last-ing, The wonderful Gos-pel you know.
Oh, bid them take freely God's blessing, Make Jesus the Com-fort-er known.

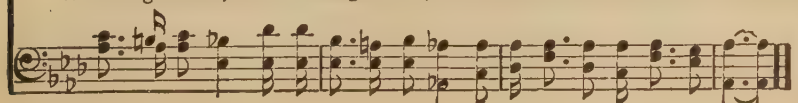
CHORUS.

Some one must tell them who knows The mer-cy that Je-sus be-stows: Oh,





let the Light shine, tell the message divine, For some one must tell them who knows.



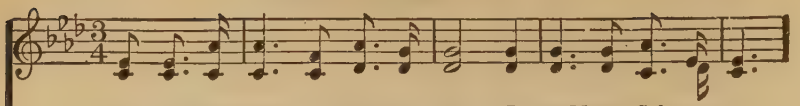
No. 16.

Grace, Enough for Me.

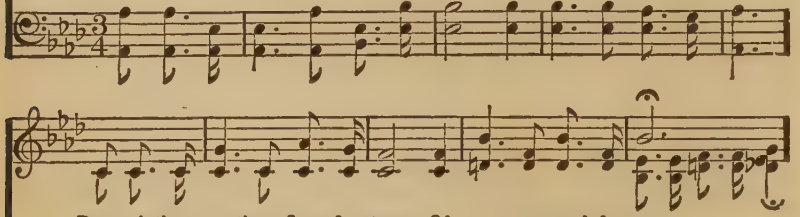
E. O. E.

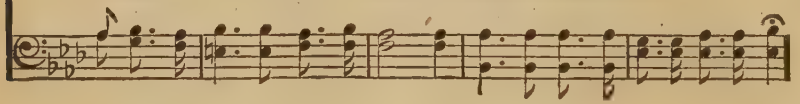
WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

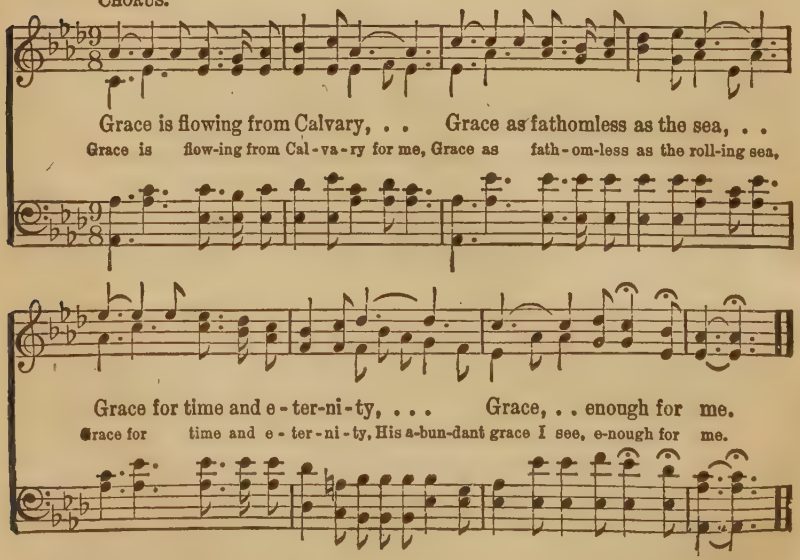
E. O. Excell.



1. In look-ing thro' my tears one day, I saw Mount Cal-va-ry;
2. While standing there, my trembling heart, Once full of ag-o-ny,
3. When I be-held my ev-'ry sin Nailed to the cru-el tree,
4. When I am safe with-in the veil, My por-tion there will be,



Beneath the cross there flowed a stream Of grace, e-nough for me.
Could scarce believe the sight I saw Of grace, e-nough for me. (enough for me.)
I felt a flood go thro' my soul Of grace, e-nough for me.
To sing thro' all the years to come Of grace, e-nough for me.

CHORUS.



Grace is flowing from Calvary, . . Grace as fathomless as the sea, . .
Grace is flow-ing from Cal-va-ry for me, Grace as fath-om-less as the roll-ing sea,

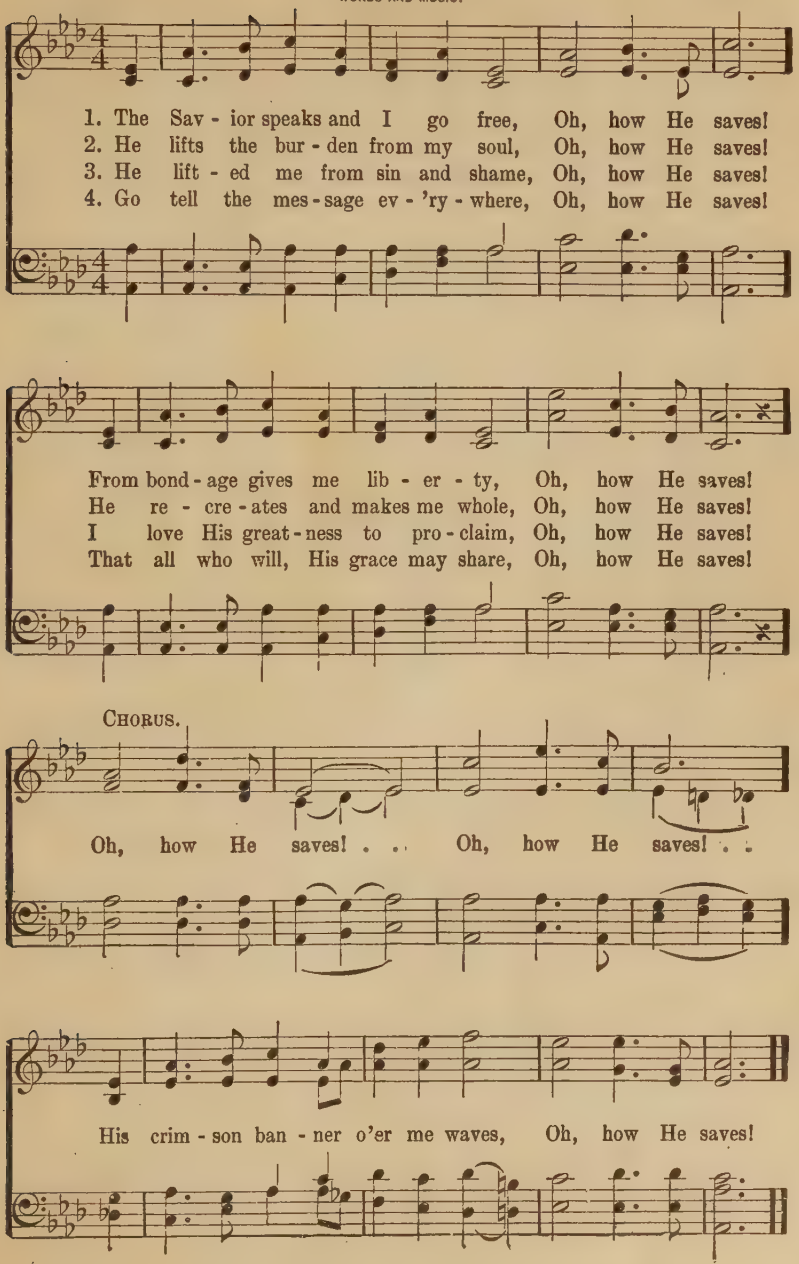
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, . . . Grace, . . enough for me.
Grace for time and e-ter-ni-ty, His a-bun-dant grace I see, e-nough for me.

No. 17. Oh, How He Saves!

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

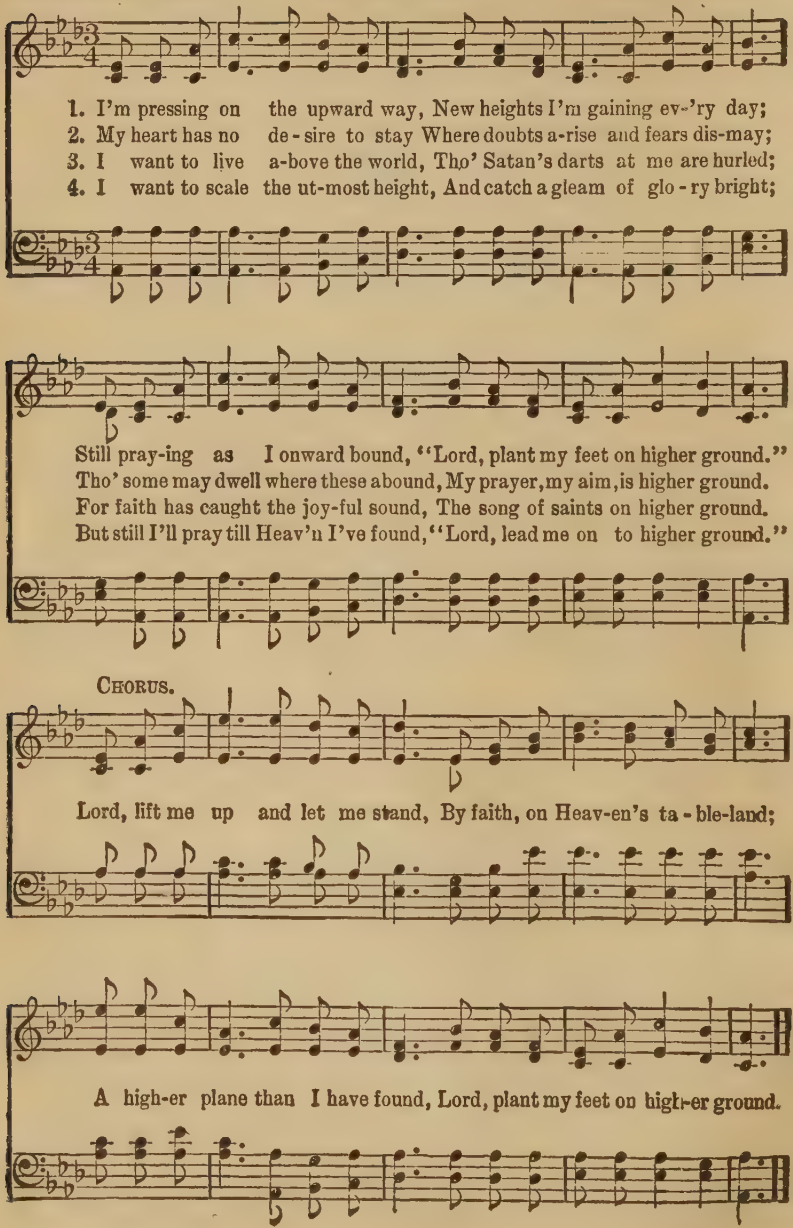
J. P. Scholfield.


1. The Sav - ior speaks and I go free, Oh, how He saves!
2. He lifts the bur - den from my soul, Oh, how He saves!
3. He lift - ed me from sin and shame, Oh, how He saves!
4. Go tell the mes - sage ev - 'ry - where, Oh, how He saves!
From bond - age gives me lib - er - ty, Oh, how He saves!
He re - cre - ates and makes me whole, Oh, how He saves!
I love His great - ness to pro - claim, Oh, how He saves!
That all who will, His grace may share, Oh, how He saves!
Chorus.
Oh, how He saves! . . . Oh, how He saves! . .
His crim - son ban - ner o'er me waves, Oh, how He saves!

No. 18. Higher Ground.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.
JOHN J. HOOD, OWNER.

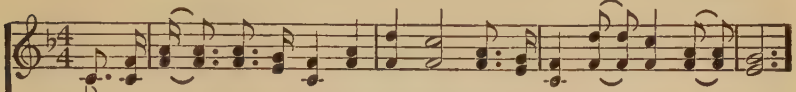
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Chas. H. Gabriel.

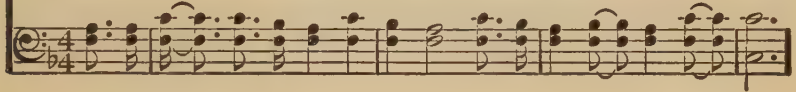

1. I'm pressing on the upward way, New heights I'm gaining ev-'ry day;
2. My heart has no de-sire to stay Where doubts a-rise and fears dis-may;
3. I want to live a-bove the world, Tho' Satan's darts at me are hurled;
4. I want to scale the ut-most height, And catch a gleam of glo-ry bright;
Still pray-ing as I onward bound, "Lord, plant my feet on higher ground."
Tho' some may dwell where these abound, My prayer, my aim, is higher ground.
For faith has caught the joy-ful sound, The song of saints on higher ground.
But still I'll pray till Heav'n I've found, "Lord, lead me on to higher ground."
CHORUS.
Lord, lift me up and let me stand, By faith, on Heav-en's ta-ble-land;
A high-er plane than I have found, Lord, plant my feet on high-er ground.

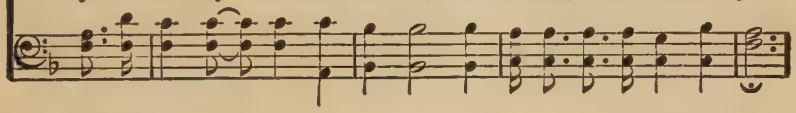
No. 19. Honey in the Rock.

"And with honey out of the rock should I have satisfied thee."—Ps. 81: 16.

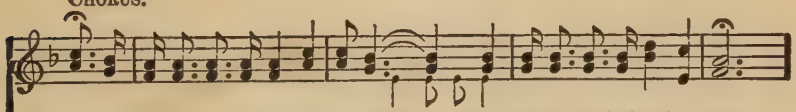
F. A. G. COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY F. A. GRAVES. F. A Graves.



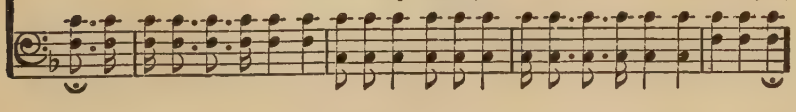
1. O my brother, do you know the Sav-ior, Who is won-drous kind and true?
2. Have you "tasted that the Lord is gracious," Do you walk in the way that's new?
3. Do you pray un-to God the Father, "What wilt Thou have me to do?"
4. Then go out thro' the streets and by-ways, Preach the word to the man-y or few;

He's the "Rock of your sal-va-tion!" There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Have you drank from the liv-ing foun-tain? There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Nev-er fear, He will sure-ly an-swer, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
Say to ev-'ry fall-en broth-er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.



CHORUS.

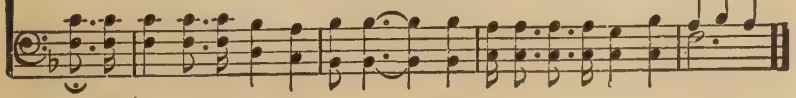


Oh, there's Honey in the Rock, my brother, There's Honey in the Rock for you;
my brother, for you;



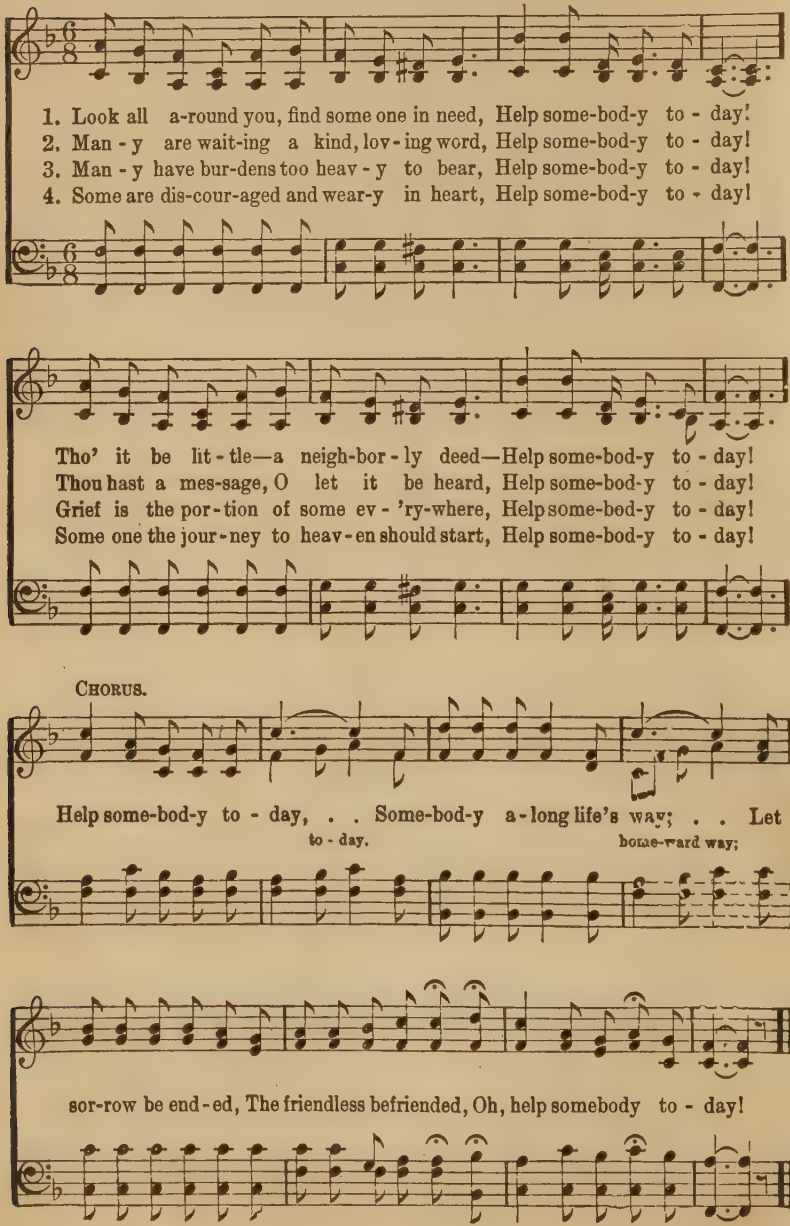
rit.

Leave your sins for the blood to cov-er, There's Honey in the Rock for you.
for you.



No. 20. Help Somebody To-day.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. Chas. H. Gabriel.

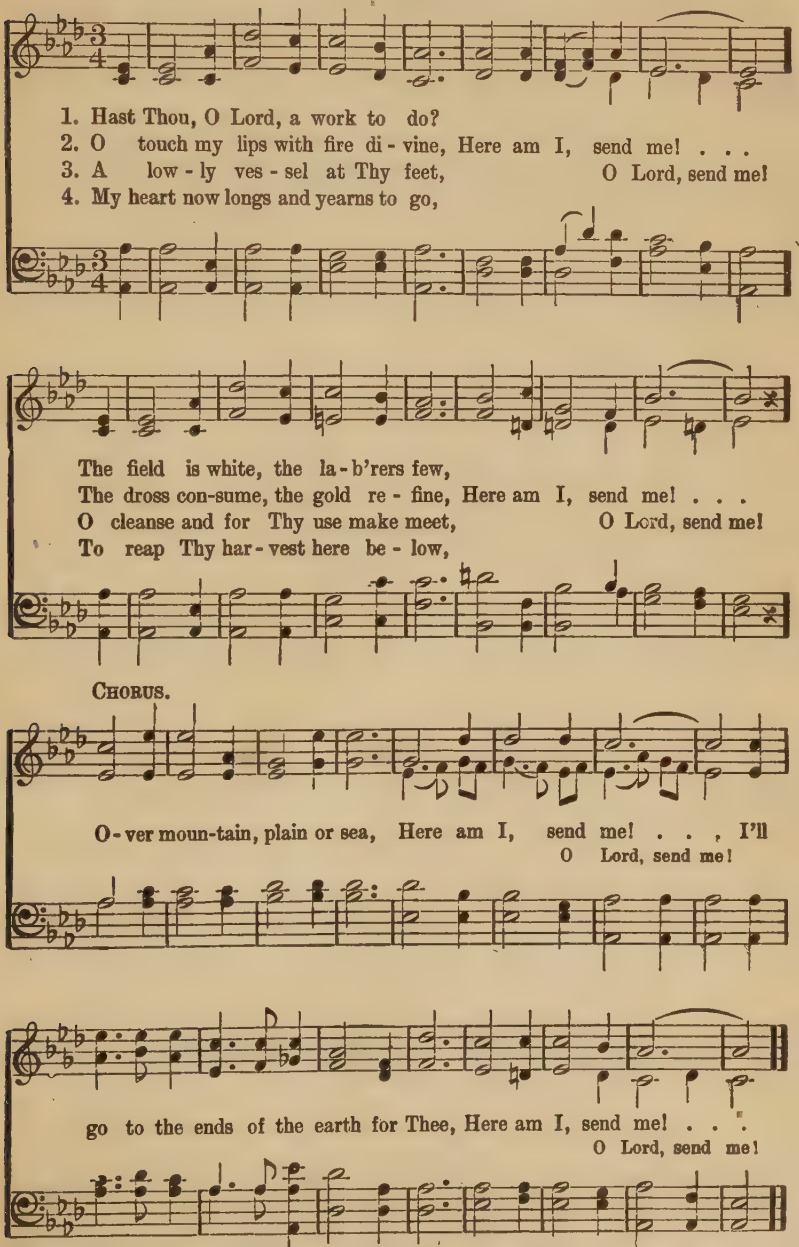

1. Look all a-round you, find some one in need, Help some-bod-y to - day!
2. Man - y are wait-ing a kind, lov - ing word, Help some-bod-y to - day!
3. Man - y have bur-dens too heav - y to bear, Help some-bod-y to - day!
4. Some are dis-cour-aged and wear-y in heart, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Tho' it be lit - tle—a neigh-bor - ly deed—Help some-bod-y to - day!
Thou hast a mes-sage, O let it be heard, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Grief is the por-tion of some ev - 'ry-where, Help some-bod-y to - day!
Some one the jour-ney to heav-en should start, Help some-bod-y to - day!
CHORUS.
Help some-bod-y to - day, . . Some-bod-y a-long life's way; . . Let
to - day.
home-ward way;
sor-row be end-ed, The friendless befriended, Oh, help somebody to - day!

No. 21. Here Am I, Send Me.

J. Gilchrist Lawson.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
J. G. LAWSON, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

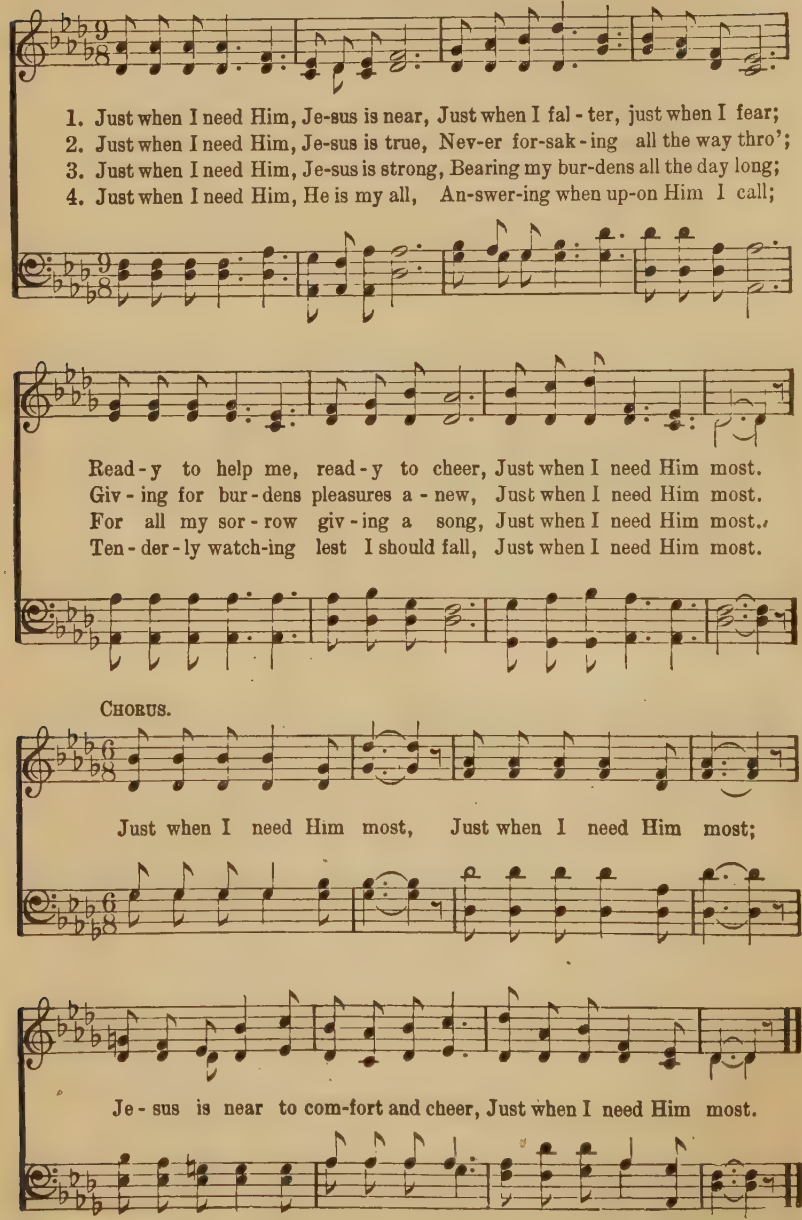

1. Hast Thou, O Lord, a work to do?
2. O touch my lips with fire di - vine, Here am I, send me! . . .
3. A low - ly ves - sel at Thy feet, O Lord, send me!
4. My heart now longs and yearns to go,
The field is white, the la - b'rers few,
The dross con-sume, the gold re - fine, Here am I, send me! . . .
O cleanse and for Thy use make meet, O Lord, send me!
To reap Thy har - vest here be - low,
CHORUS.
O - ver moun-tain, plain or sea, Here am I, send me! . . . I'll
O Lord, send me!
go to the ends of the earth for Thee, Here am I, send me! . . .
O Lord, send me!

No. 22. Just When I Need Him Most.

Rev. Wm. Pool.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

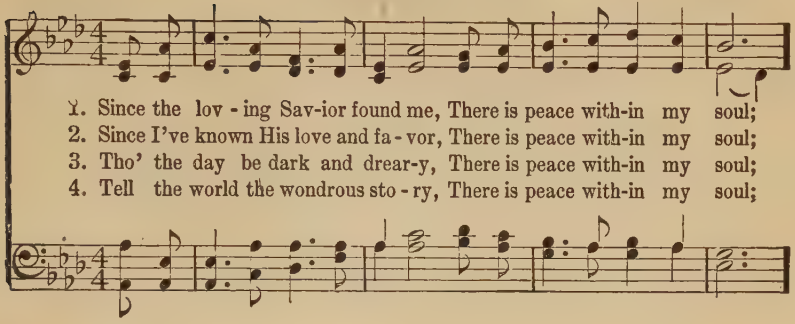

1. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is near, Just when I fal-ter, just when I fear;
2. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is true, Nev-er for-sak-ing all the way thro';
3. Just when I need Him, Je-sus is strong, Bearing my bur-dens all the day long;
4. Just when I need Him, He is my all, An-swer-ing when up-on Him I call;
Read-y to help me, read-y to cheer, Just when I need Him most.
Giv-ing for bur-dens pleasures a-new, Just when I need Him most.
For all my sor-row giv-ing a song, Just when I need Him most.
Ten-der-ly watch-ing lest I should fall, Just when I need Him most.
CHORUS.
Just when I need Him most, Just when I need Him most;
Je-sus is near to com-fort and cheer, Just when I need Him most.

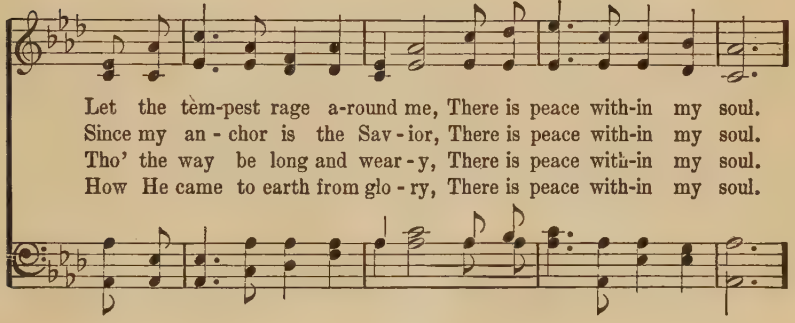
No. 23. Let the Billows Roll.

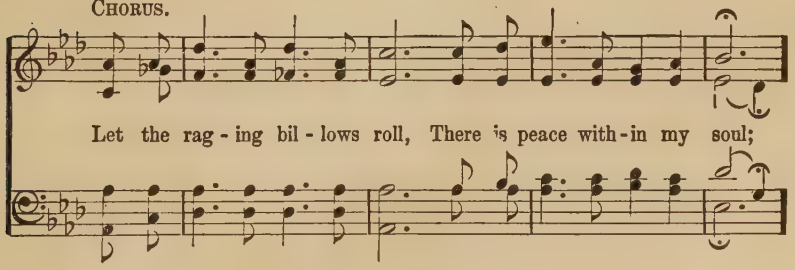
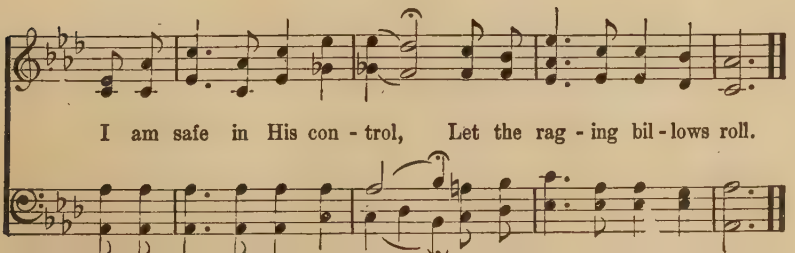
J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.

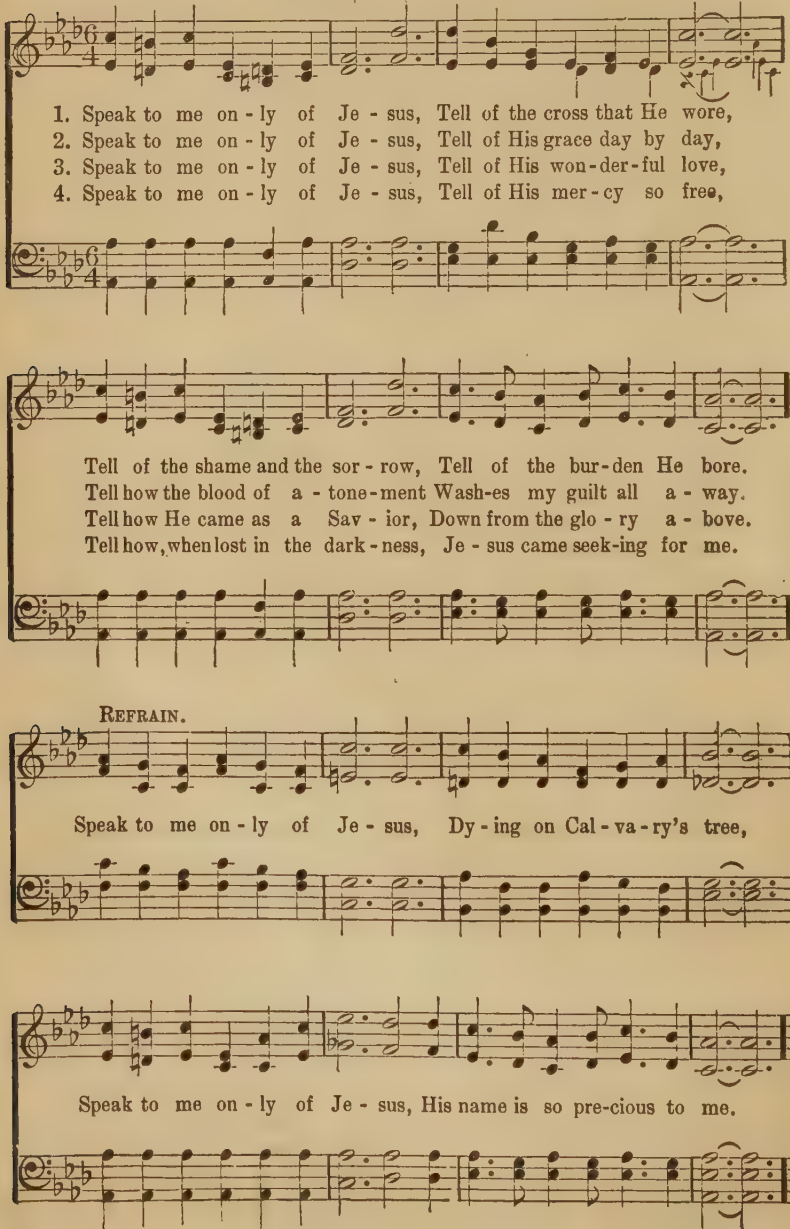

1. Since the lov - ing Sav-ior found me, There is peace with-in my soul;
2. Since I've known His love and fa - vor, There is peace with-in my soul;
3. Tho' the day be dark and drear-y, There is peace with-in my soul;
4. Tell the world the wondrous sto - ry, There is peace with-in my soul;


Let the tem-pest rage a-round me, There is peace with-in my soul.
Since my an - chor is the Sav - ior, There is peace with-in my soul.
Tho' the way be long and wear - y, There is peace with-in my soul.
How He came to earth from glo - ry, There is peace with-in my soul.



No. 24. Speak to Me Only of Jesus.

Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. B. D. Ackley.

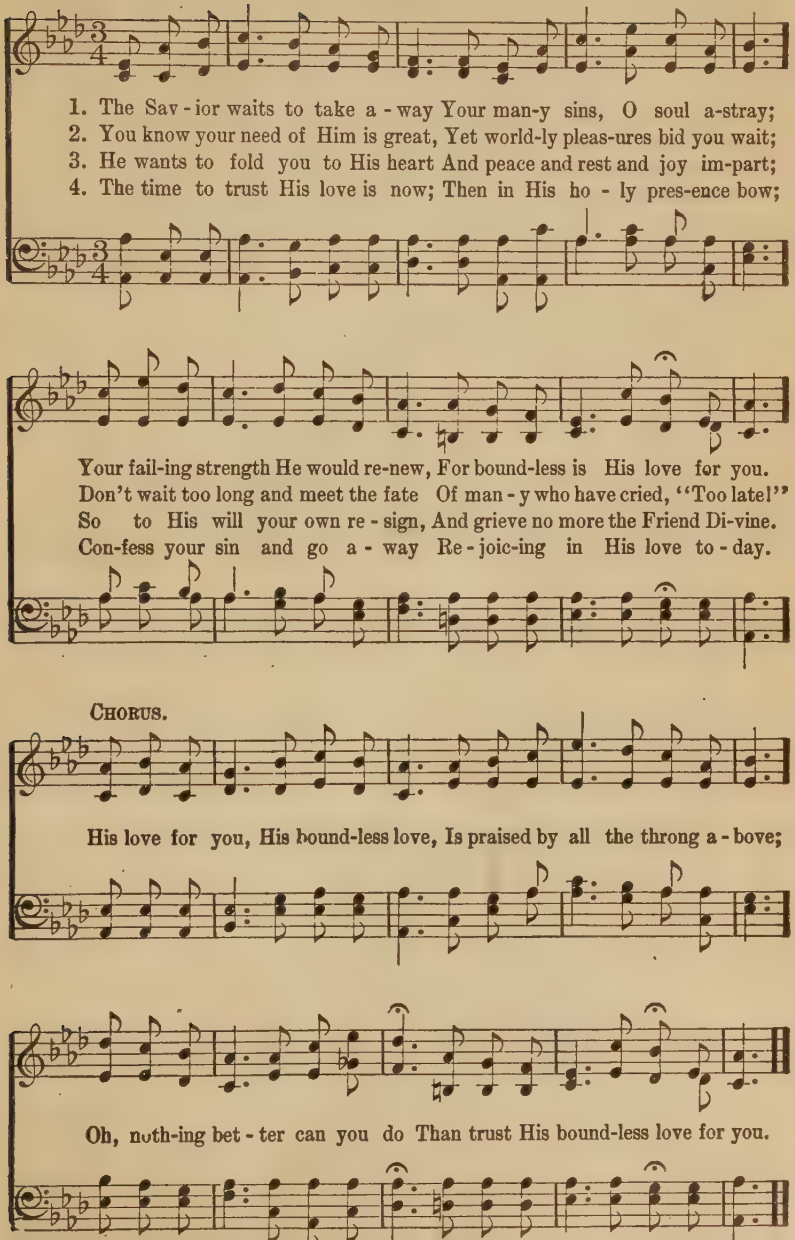

1. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of the cross that He wore,
2. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His grace day by day,
3. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His won - der - ful love,
4. Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Tell of His mer - cy so free,
Tell of the shame and the sor - row, Tell of the bur - den He bore.
Tell how the blood of a - tone - ment Wash-es my guilt all a - way.
Tell how He came as a Sav - ior, Down from the glo - ry a - bove.
Tell how, when lost in the dark - ness, Je - sus came seek-ing for me.
REFRAIN.
Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, Dy - ing on Cal - va - ry's tree,
Speak to me on - ly of Je - sus, His name is so pre-cious to me.

No. 25. His Love For You.

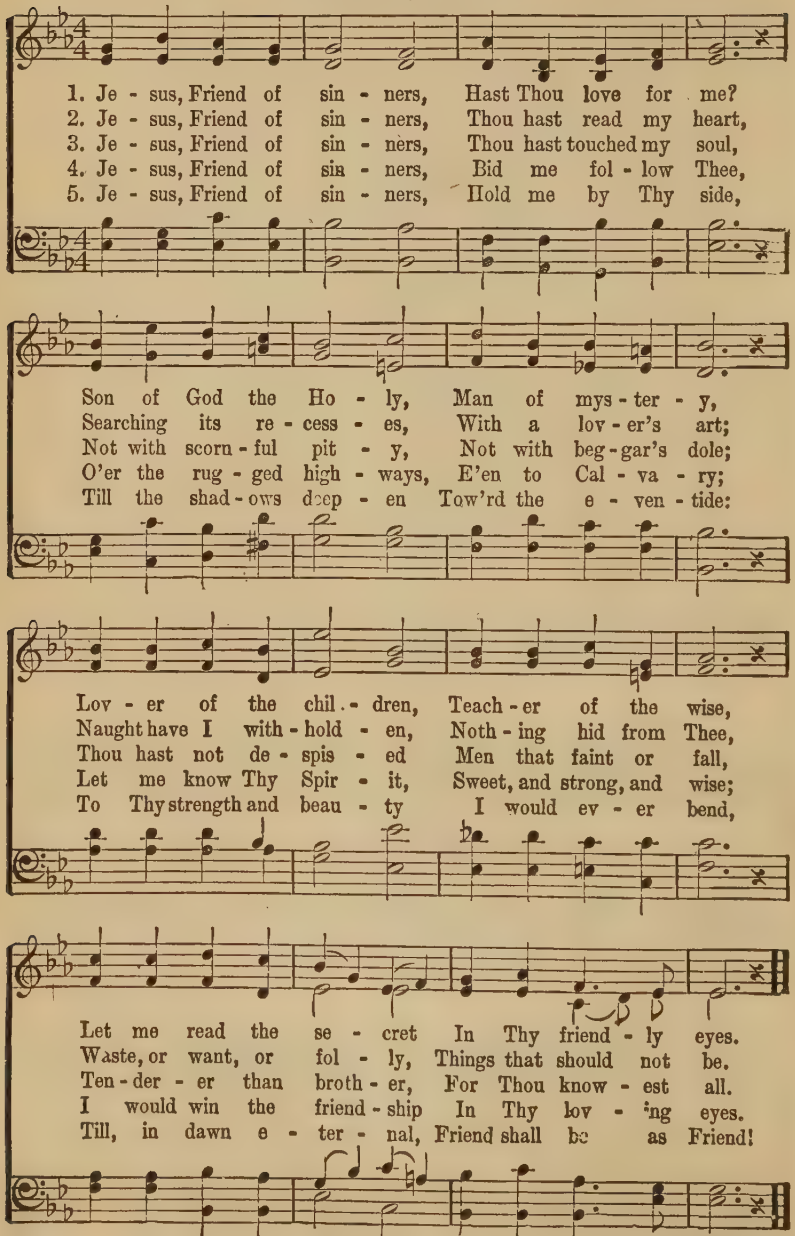
J. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James Rowe.


1. The Sav - ior waits to take a - way Your man-y sins, O soul a-stray;
2. You know your need of Him is great, Yet world-ly pleas-ures bid you wait;
3. He wants to fold you to His heart And peace and rest and joy im-part;
4. The time to trust His love is now; Then in His ho - ly pres-ence bow;
Your fail-ing strength He would re-new, For bound-less is His love for you.
Don't wait too long and meet the fate Of man - y who have cried, "Too late!"
So to His will your own re - sign, And grieve no more the Friend Di-vine.
Con-fess your sin and go a - way Re - joic-ing in His love to - day.
CHORUS.
His love for you, His bound-less love, Is praised by all the throng a - bove;
Oh, noth-ing bet - ter can you do Than trust His bound-less love for you.

No. 26. Jesus, Friend of Sinners.

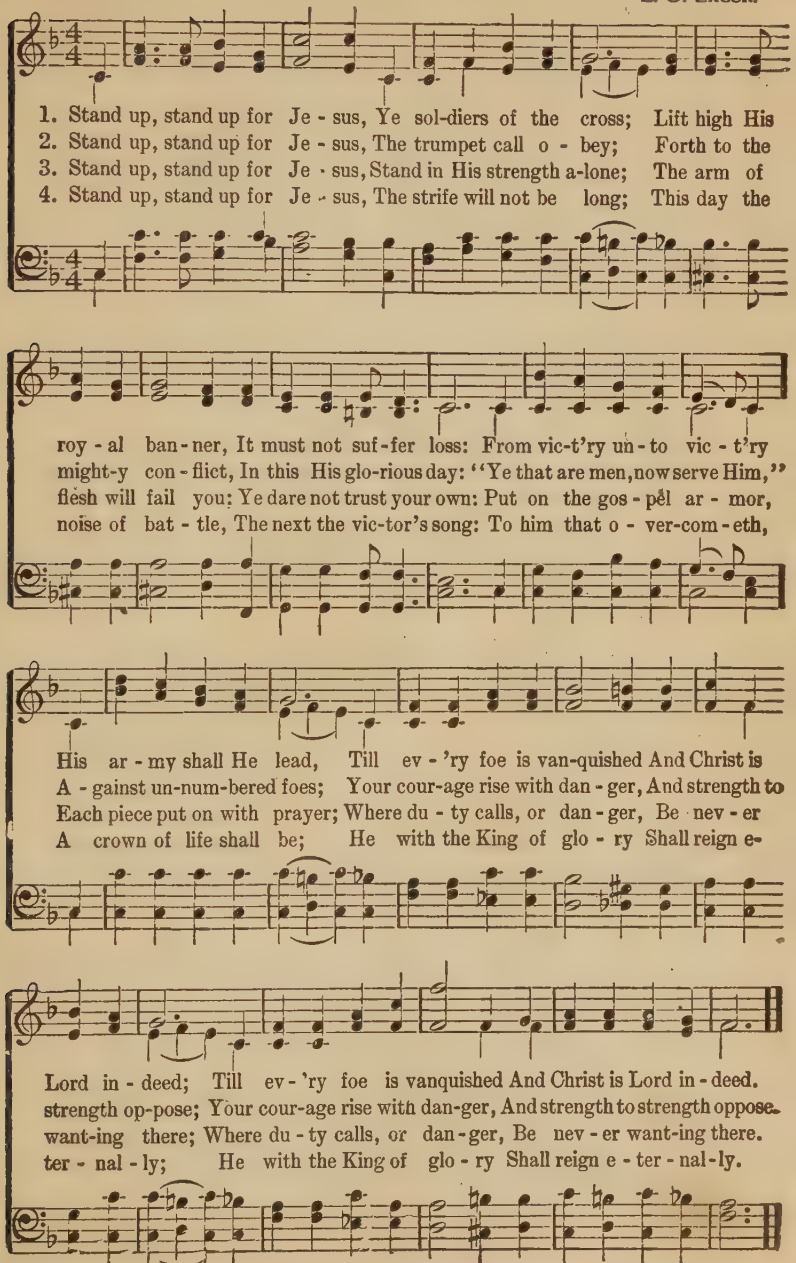
Charles Irvin Junkin. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY CHARLES IRVIN JUNKIN.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER. Geo. C. Stebbins.

1. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hast Thou love for me?
2. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast read my heart,
3. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Thou hast touched my soul,
4. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Bid me fol - low Thee,
5. Je - sus, Friend of sin - ners, Hold me by Thy side,
Son of God the Ho - ly, Man of mys - ter - y,
Searching its re - cess - es, With a lov - er's art;
Not with scorn - ful pit - y, Not with beg - gar's dole;
O'er the rug - ged high - ways, E'en to Cal - va - ry;
Till the shad - ows deep - en Tow'rd the e - ven - tide:
Lov - er of the chil - dren, Teach - er of the wise,
Naught have I with - hold - en, Noth - ing hid from Thee,
Thou hast not de - spis - ed Men that faint or fall,
Let me know Thy Spir - it, Sweet, and strong, and wise;
To Thy strength and beau - ty I would ev - er bend,
Let me read the se - cret In Thy friend - ly eyes.
Waste, or want, or fol - ly, Things that should not be.
Ten - der - er than broth - er, For Thou know - est all.
I would win the friend - ship In Thy lov - ing eyes.
Till, in dawn e - ter - nal, Friend shall be as Friend!

No. 27. Stand Up For Jesus.

G. Duffield.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

E. O. Excell.

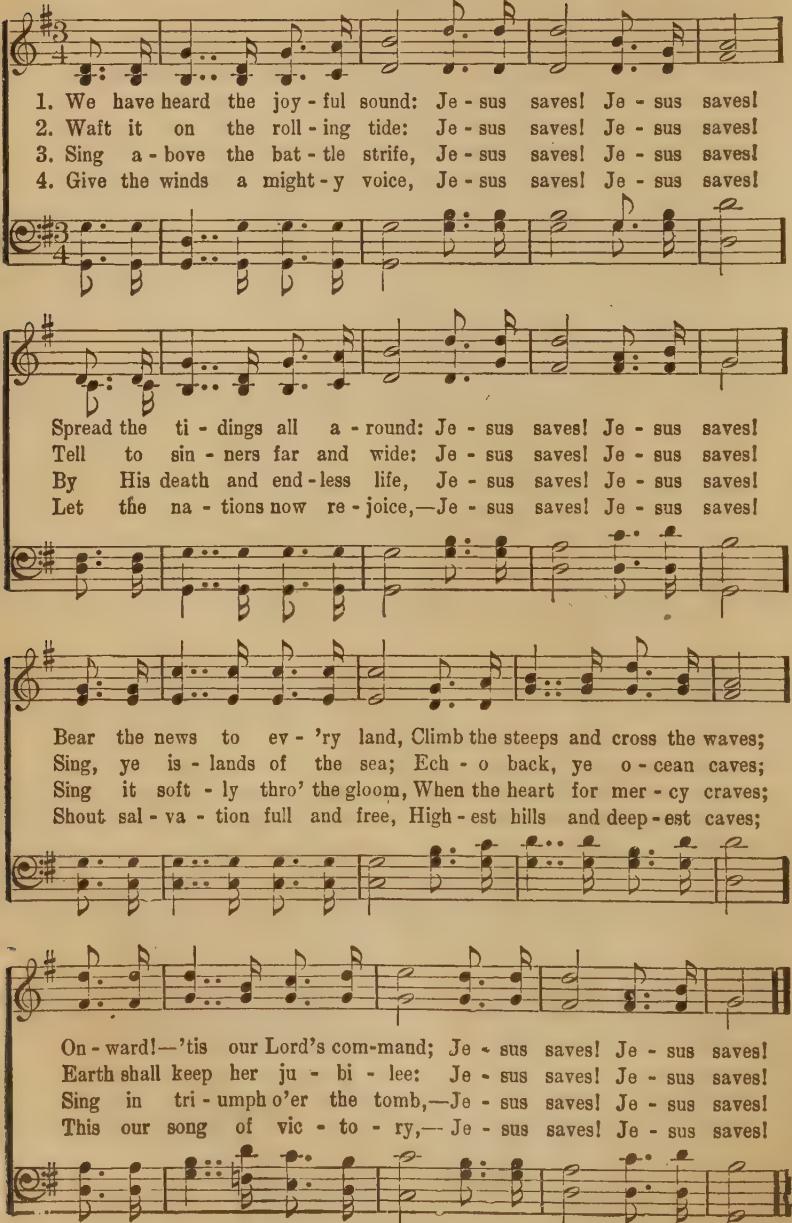

1. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Ye sol-diers of the cross; Lift high His
2. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The trumpet call o - bey; Forth to the
3. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, Stand in His strength a-lone; The arm of
4. Stand up, stand up for Je - sus, The strife will not be long; This day the
roy - al ban - ner, It must not suf - fer loss: From vic-t'ry un - to vic - t'ry
might-y con - flict, In this His glo-rious day: "Ye that are men, now serve Him,"
flesh will fail you; Ye dare not trust your own: Put on the gos - pel ar - mor,
noise of bat - tle, The next the vic-tor's song: To him that o - ver-com - eth,
His ar - my shall He lead, Till ev - 'ry foe is van-quished And Christ is
A - gainst un-num-bered foes; Your cour-age rise with dan - ger, And strength to
Each piece put on with prayer; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er
A crown of life shall be; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e-
Lord in - deed; Till ev - 'ry foe is vanquished And Christ is Lord in - deed.
strength op-pose; Your cour-age rise with dan-ger, And strength to strength oppose.
want-ing there; Where du - ty calls, or dan - ger, Be nev - er want-ing there.
ter - nal - ly; He with the King of glo - ry Shall reign e - ter - nal - ly.

No. 28. Jesus Saves.

Priscilla J. Owens.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK, IN RENEWAL.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

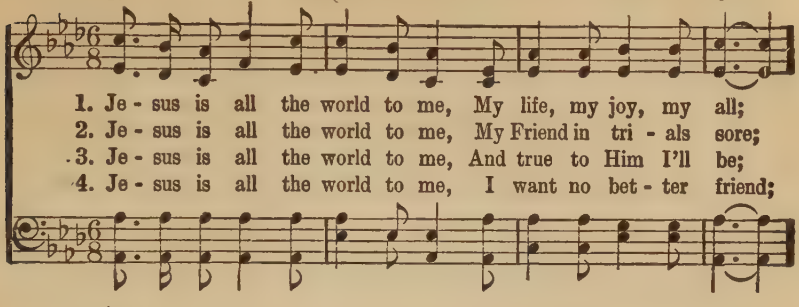

1. We have heard the joy - ful sound: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
3. Sing a - bove the bat - tle strife, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Spread the ti - dings all a - round: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Tell to sin - ners far and wide: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
By His death and end - less life, Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Let the na - tions now re - joice,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves;
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea; Ech - o back, ye o - cean caves;
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves;
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High - est hills and deep - est caves;
On - ward!—'tis our Lord's com-mand; Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee: Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb,—Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!
This our song of vic - to - ry,— Je - sus saves! Je - sus saves!

No. 29. Jesus is All the World to Me.

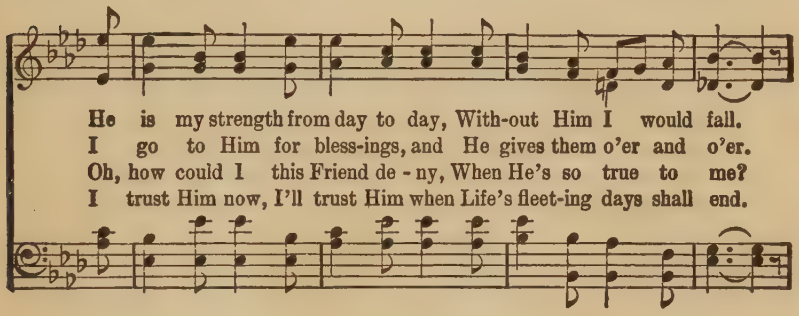
COPYRIGHT, 1904, BY WILL L. THOMPSON, EAST LIVERPOOL, OHIO.
HOPE PUB. CO., OWNERS.

W. L. T. Will L. Thompson.

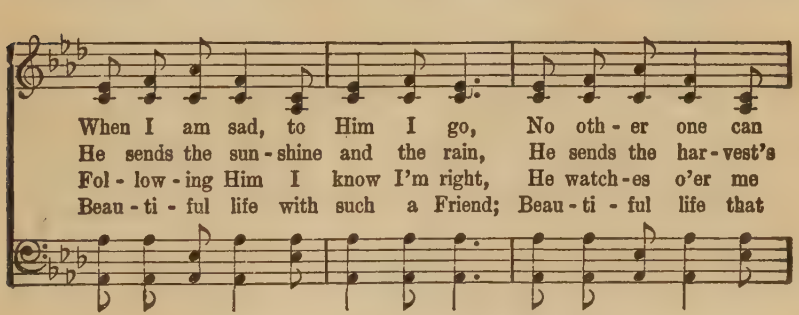
1. Je - sus is all the world to me, My life, my joy, my all;
2. Je - sus is all the world to me, My Friend in tri - als sore;
3. Je - sus is all the world to me, And true to Him I'll be;
4. Je - sus is all the world to me, I want no bet - ter friend;



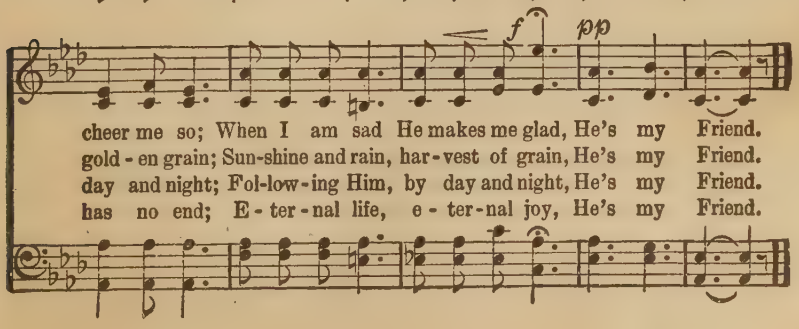
He is my strength from day to day, With-out Him I would fall.
I go to Him for bless-ings, and He gives them o'er and o'er.
Oh, how could I this Friend de - ny, When He's so true to me?
I trust Him now, I'll trust Him when Life's fleet-ing days shall end.



When I am sad, to Him I go, No oth - er one can
He sends the sun - shine and the rain, He sends the har - vest's
Fol - low - ing Him I know I'm right, He watch - es o'er me
Beau - ti - ful life with such a Friend; Beau - ti - ful life that

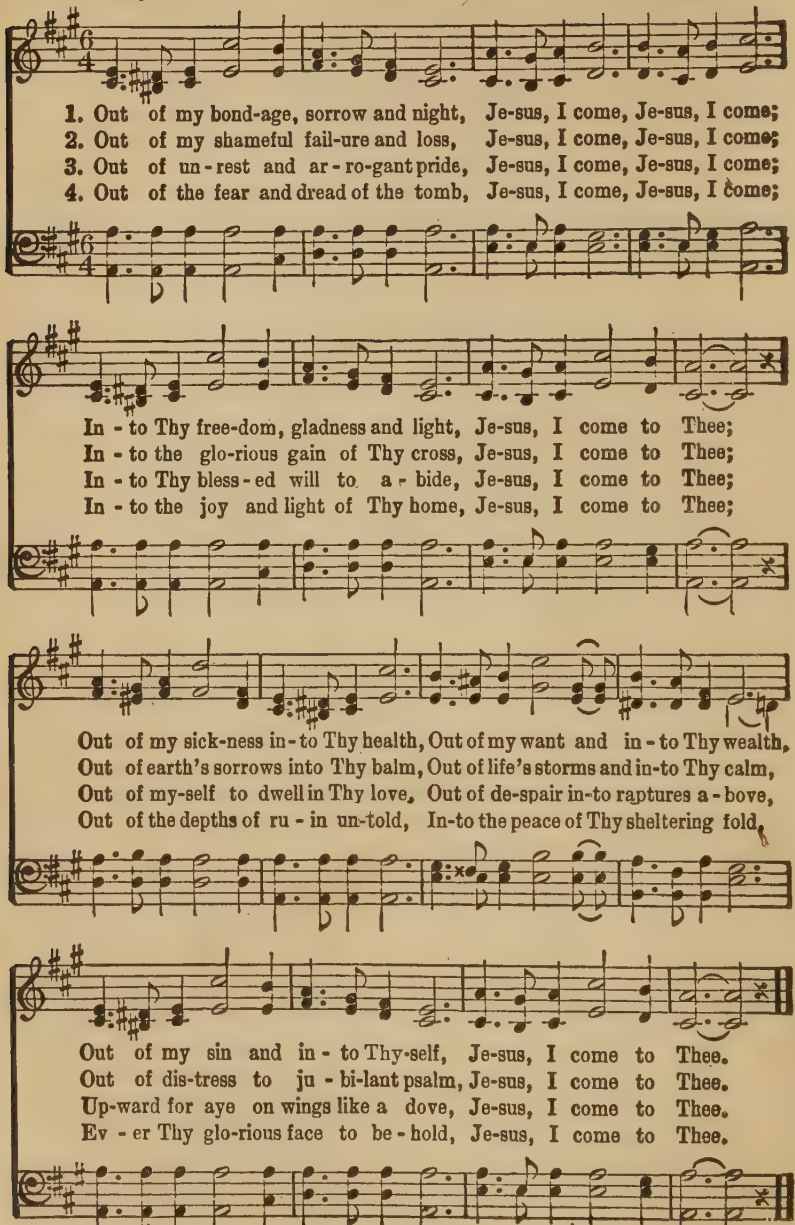


cheer me so; When I am sad He makes me glad, He's my Friend.
gold - en grain; Sun-shine and rain, har - vest of grain, He's my Friend.
day and night; Fol-low-ing Him, by day and night, He's my Friend.
has no end; E - ter - nal life, e - ter - nal joy, He's my Friend.



No. 30. Jesus, I Come.

W. T. Sleeper. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS. RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

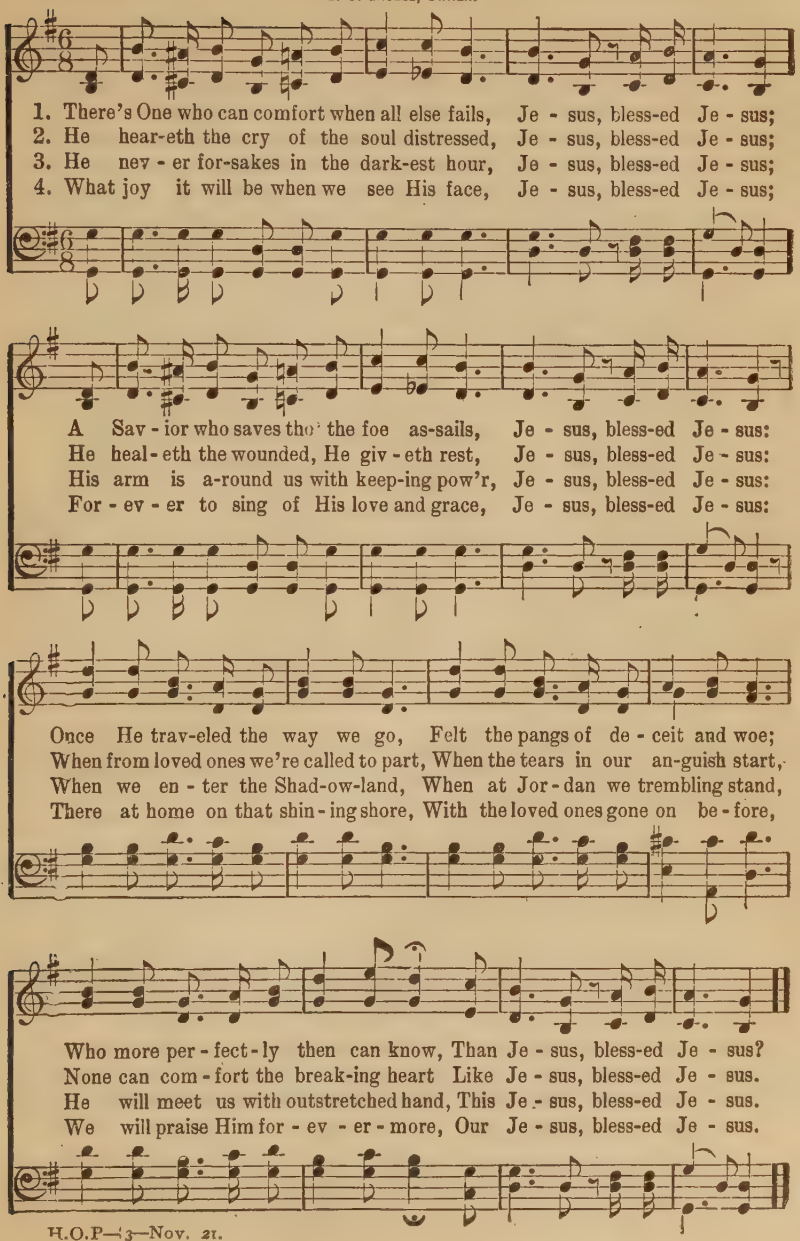

1. Out of my bond-age, sorrow and night, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
2. Out of my shameful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
3. Out of un-rest and ar-ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come, Je-sus, I come;
In-to Thy free-dom, gladness and light, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
In-to the joy and light of Thy home, Je-sus, I come to Thee;
Out of my sick-ness in-to Thy health, Out of my want and in-to Thy wealth,
Out of earth's sorrows into Thy balm, Out of life's storms and in-to Thy calm,
Out of my-self to dwell in Thy love, Out of de-spair in-to raptures a-bove,
Out of the depths of ru-in un-told, In-to the peace of Thy sheltering fold,
Out of my sin and in-to Thy-self, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Out of dis-tress to ju-bi-lant psalm, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Up-ward for aye on wings like a dove, Je-sus, I come to Thee.
Ev-er Thy glo-rious face to be-hold, Je-sus, I come to Thee.

No. 31. Jesus, Blessed Jesus.

C. H. G.

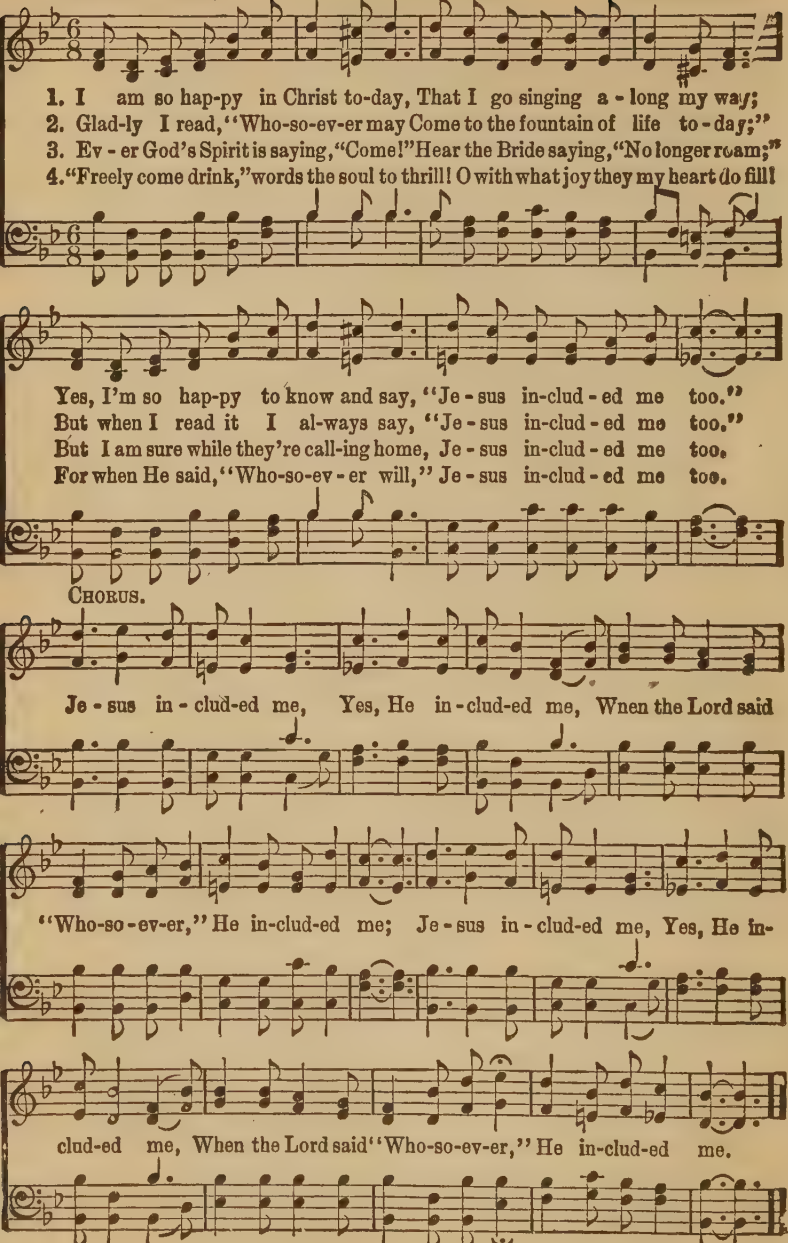
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. There's One who can comfort when all else fails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
2. He hear-eth the cry of the soul distressed, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
3. He nev - er for-sakes in the dark-est hour, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
4. What joy it will be when we see His face, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus;
A Sav - ior who saves tho' the foe as-sails, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
He heal - eth the wounded, He giv - eth rest, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
His arm is a-round us with keep-ing pow'r, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
For - ev - er to sing of His love and grace, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus:
Once He trav-eled the way we go, Felt the pangs of de - ceit and woe;
When from loved ones we're called to part, When the tears in our an-guish start,
When we en - ter the Shad-ow-land, When at Jor - dan we trembling stand,
There at home on that shin - ing shore, With the loved ones gone on be - fore,
Who more per - fect - ly then can know, Than Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus?
None can com - fort the break-ing heart Like Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
He will meet us with outstretched hand, This Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.
We will praise Him for - ev - er - more, Our Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

No. 32. He Included Me.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL. Hamp Sewell.

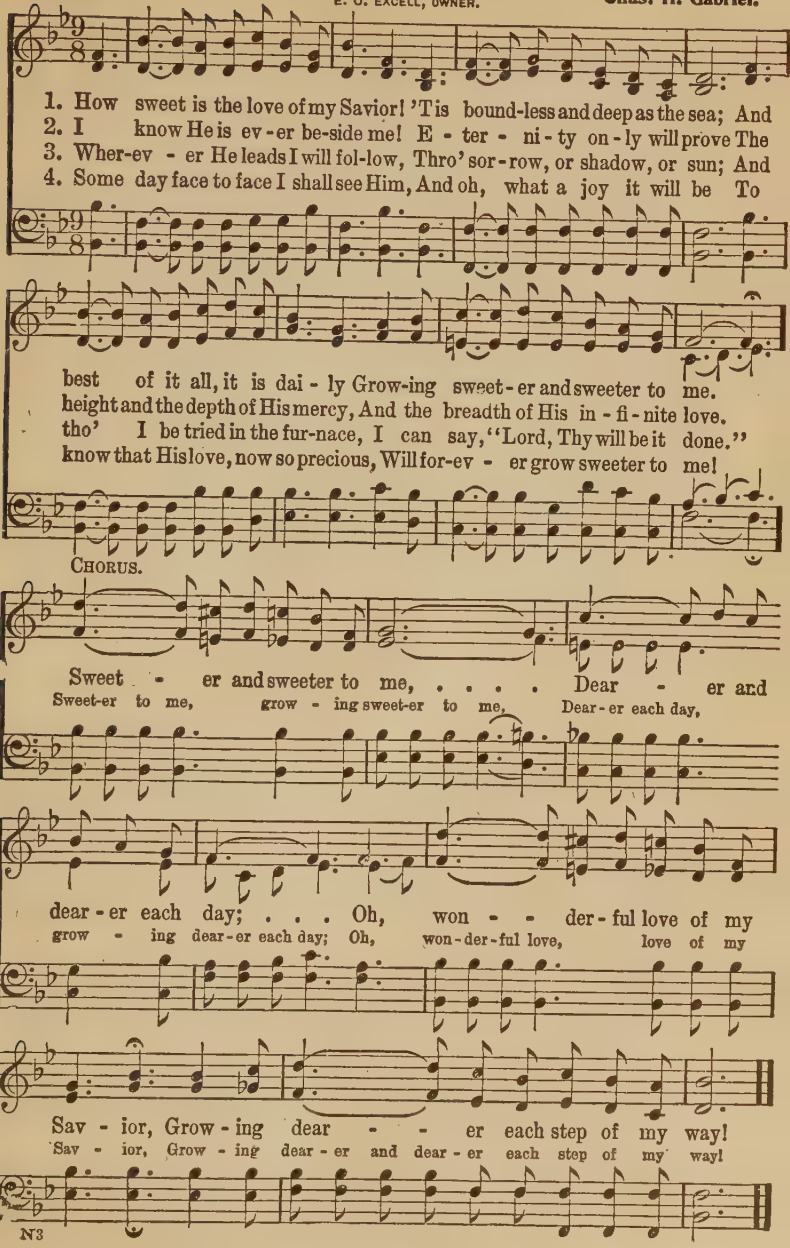

1. I am so hap-py in Christ to-day, That I go singing a-long my way;
2. Glad-ly I read, "Who-so-ev-er may Come to the fountain of life to-day;"
3. Ev-er God's Spirit is saying, "Come!" Hear the Bride saying, "No longer roam;"
4. "Freely come drink," words the soul to thrill! O with what joy they my heart do fill!
Yes, I'm so hap-py to know and say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But when I read it I al-ways say, "Je-sus in-clud-ed me too."
But I am sure while they're call-ing home, Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
For when He said, "Who-so-ev-er will," Je-sus in-clud-ed me too.
CHORUS.
Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-clud-ed me, When the Lord said
"Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me; Je-sus in-clud-ed me, Yes, He in-
clud-ed me, When the Lord said "Who-so-ev-er," He in-clud-ed me.

No. 33. Growing Dearer Each Day.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. How sweet is the love of my Savior! 'Tis bound-less and deep as the sea; And
2. I know He is ev-er be-side me! E - ter - ni - ty on - ly will prove The
3. Wher-ev - er He leads I will fol-low, Thro' sor-row, or shadow, or sun; And
4. Some day face to face I shall see Him, And oh, what a joy it will be To
best of it all, it is dai - ly Grow-ing sweet-er and sweeter to me.
height and the depth of His mercy, And the breadth of His in - fi - nite love.
tho' I be tried in the fur-nace, I can say, "Lord, Thy will be it done."
know that His love, now so precious, Will for-ev - er grow sweeter to me!
CHORUS.
Sweet - er and sweeter to me, ... Dear - er and
Sweet-er to me, grow - ing sweet-er to me, Dear-er each day,
dear - er each day; . . . Oh, won - - der - ful love of my
grow - ing dear-er each day; Oh, won-der-ful love, love of my
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - - - er each step of my way!
Sav - ior, Grow - ing dear - er and dear - er each step of my way!

No. 34.

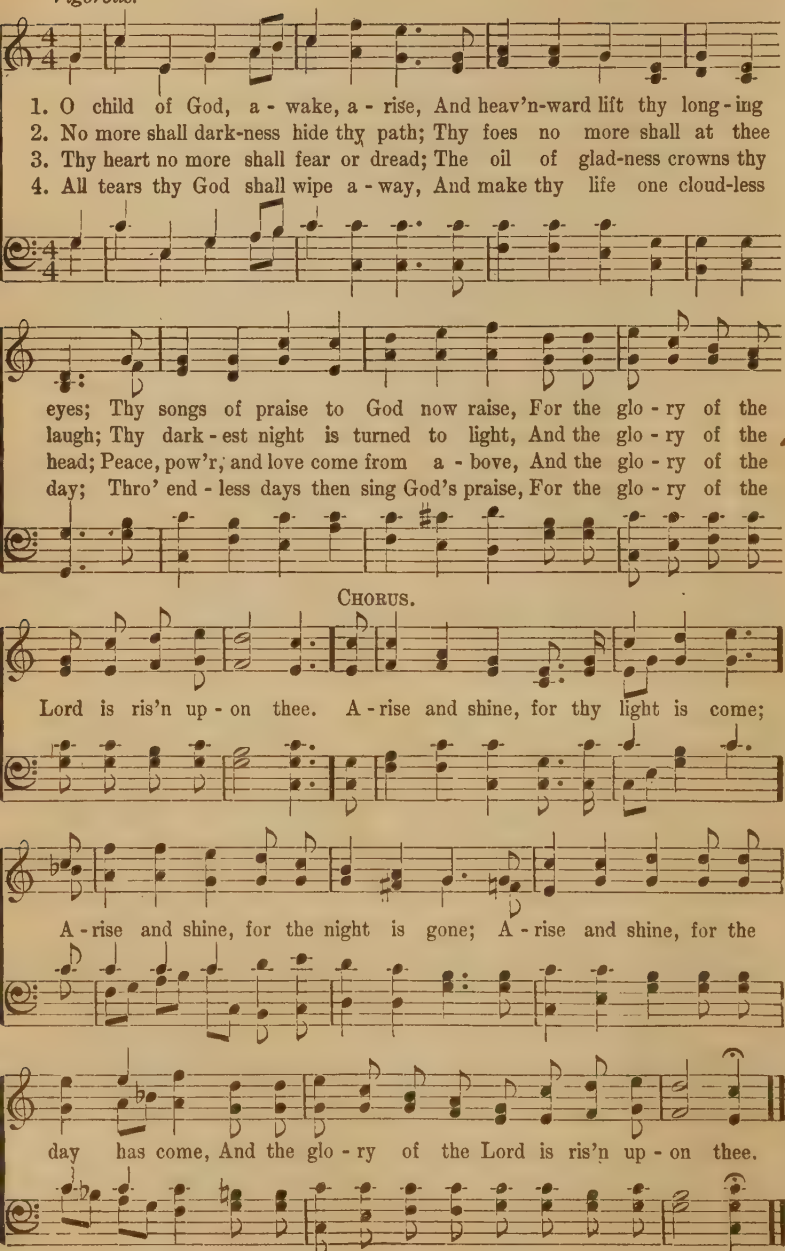
Arise and Shine.

COPYRIGHT, 1918, BY J. GILCHRIST LAWSON.

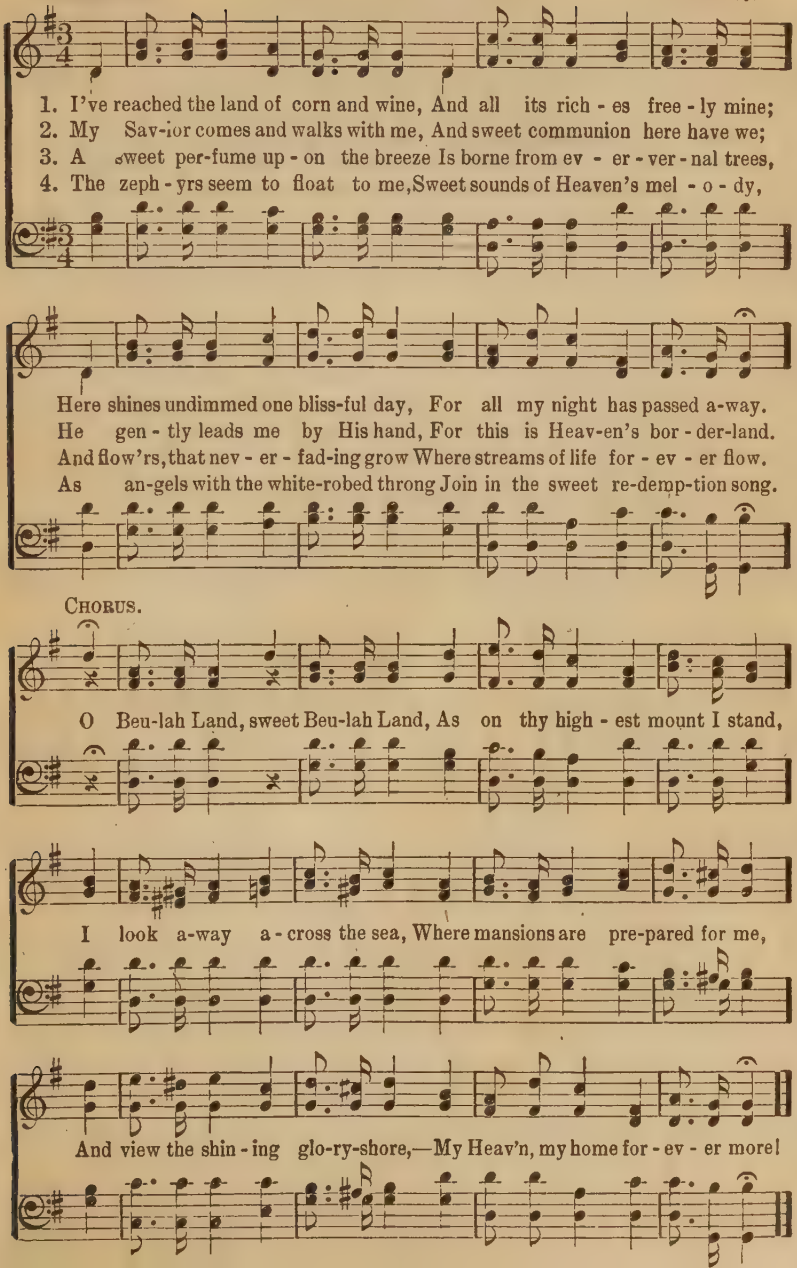
J. Gilchrist Lawson.

Harry L. Brooks.

Vigorous.


1. O child of God, a - wake, a - rise, And heav'n-ward lift thy long - ing eyes; Thy songs of praise to God now raise, For the glo - ry of the
2. No more shall dark-ness hide thy path; Thy foes no more shall at thee laugh; Thy dark - est night is turned to light, And the glo - ry of the
3. Thy heart no more shall fear or dread; The oil of glad-ness crowns thy head; Peace, pow'r, and love come from a - bove, And the glo - ry of the
4. All tears thy God shall wipe a - way, And make thy life one cloud-less day; Thro' end - less days then sing God's praise, For the glo - ry of the
CHORUS.
Lord is ris'n up - on thee. A - rise and shine, for thy light is come;
A - rise and shine, for the night is gone; A - rise and shine, for the
day has come, And the glo - ry of the Lord is ris'n up - on thee.

No. 35. Beulah Land.

Edgar Page. BY PERMISSION OF MRS. JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I've reached the land of corn and wine, And all its rich - es free - ly mine;
2. My Sav-ior comes and walks with me, And sweet communion here have we;
3. A sweet per-fume up - on the breeze Is borne from ev - er - ver - nal trees,
4. The zeph - yrs seem to float to me, Sweet sounds of Heaven's mel - o - dy,
Here shines undimmed one bliss-ful day, For all my night has passed a-way.
He gen - tly leads me by His hand, For this is Heav-en's bor - der-land.
And flow'rs, that nev - er - fad-ing grow Where streams of life for - ev - er flow.
As an-gels with the white-robed throng Join in the sweet re-demp-tion song.
CHORUS.
O Beu-lah Land, sweet Beu-lah Land, As on thy high - est mount I stand,
I look a-way a - cross the sea, Where mansions are pre-pared for me,
And view the shin - ing glo-ry-shore,—My Heav'n, my home for - ev - er more!

No. 36. We Shall See the King Some Day.

L. B. J.

COPYRIGHT 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

L. E. Jones.

1. Tho' the way we jour-ney may be oft - en drear, We shall see the
2. Aft - er pain and an-guish, aft - er toil and care, We shall see the
3. Aft - er foes are conquered, aft - er bat - tles won, We shall see the
4. There with all the loved ones who have gone be-fore, We shall see the

King some day (some day); On that bless-ed morning clouds will dis - ap-pear;
King some day (some day); Thro' the end-less a - ges joy and blessing share,
King some day (some day); Aft - er strife is o - ver, aft - er set of sun,
King some day (some day); Sor-row past for-ev - er, on that peaceful shore,

CHORUS.

We shall see the King some day. We shall see the King some day (some day),

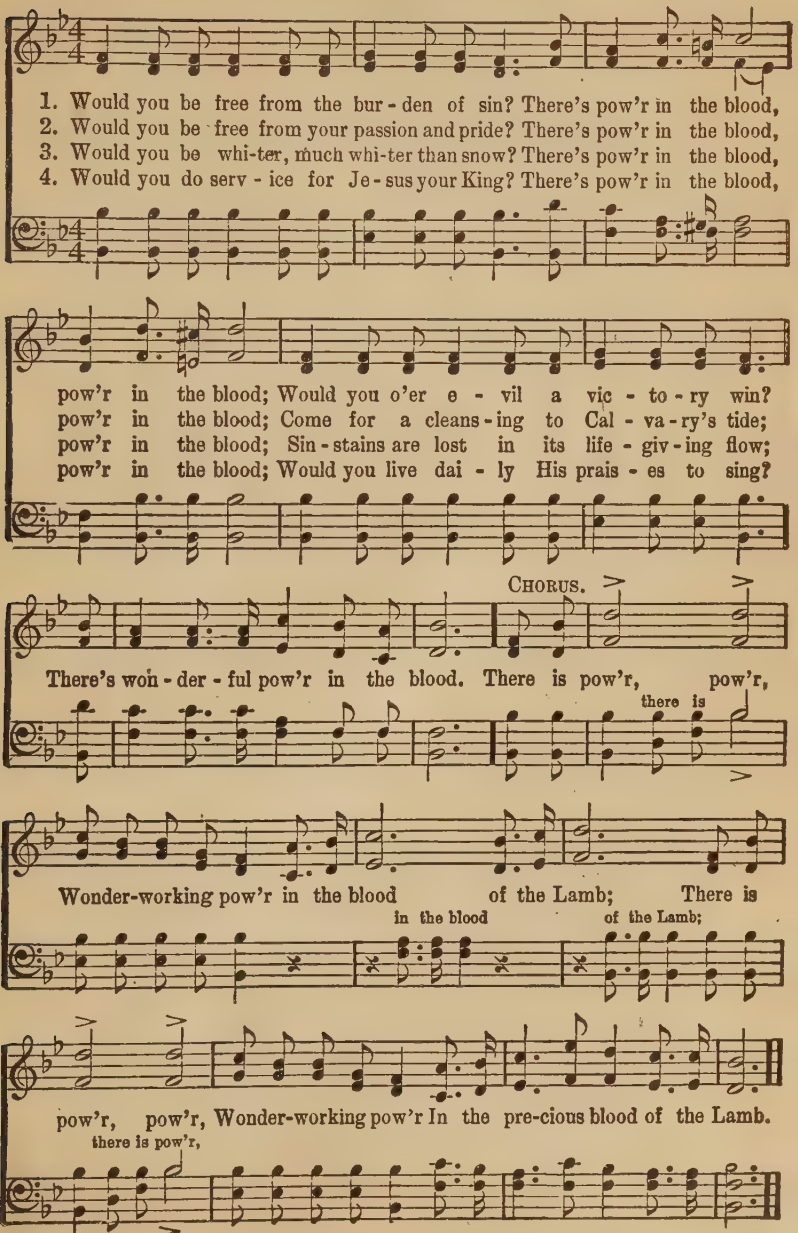
We will shout and sing some day (some day); Gathered round the throne,

When He shall call His own, We shall see the King some day.

No. 37. There is Pow'r in the Blood.

L. E. J.

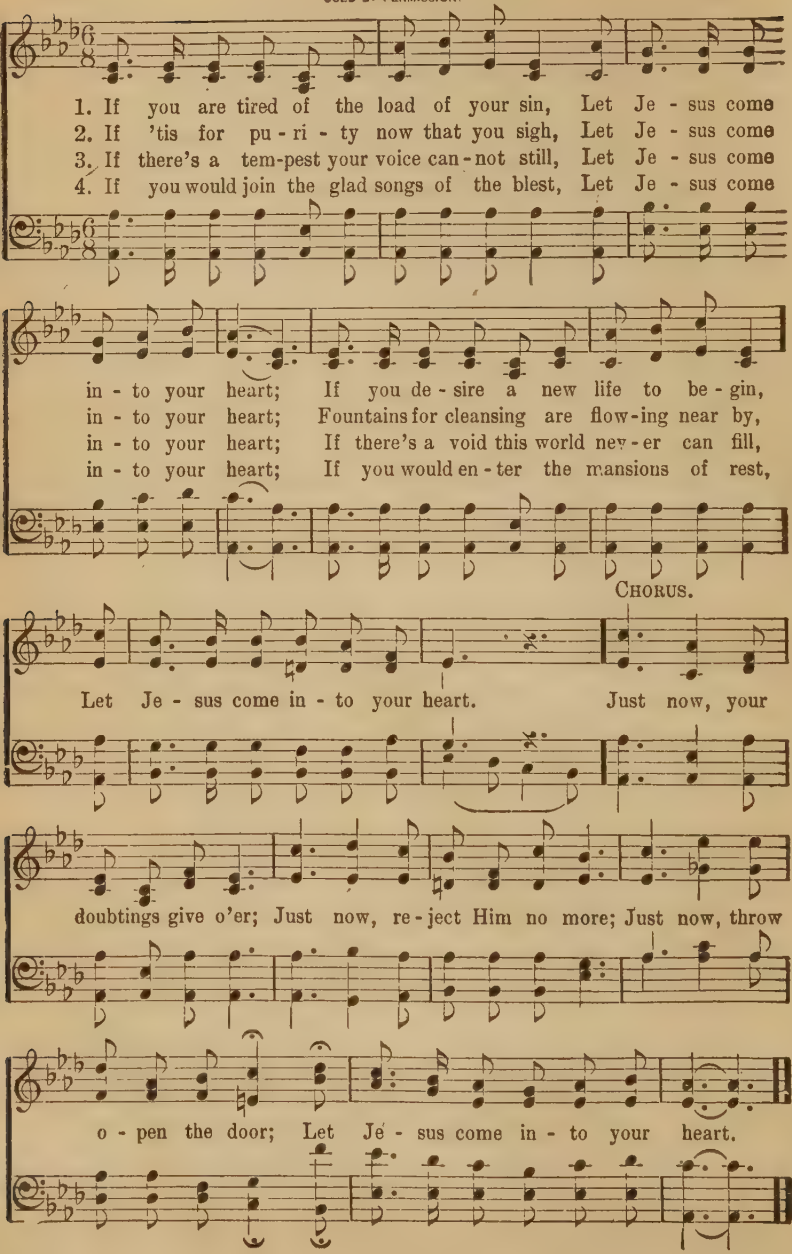
COPYRIGHT, 1899, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.
USED BY PERMISSION.

L. E. Jones.

1. Would you be free from the bur - den of sin? There's pow'r in the blood,
2. Would you be free from your passion and pride? There's pow'r in the blood,
3. Would you be whi-ter, much whi-ter than snow? There's pow'r in the blood,
4. Would you do serv - ice for Je - sus your King? There's pow'r in the blood,
pow'r in the blood; Would you o'er e - vil a vic - to - ry win?
pow'r in the blood; Come for a cleans - ing to Cal - va - ry's tide;
pow'r in the blood; Sin - stains are lost in its life - giv - ing flow;
pow'r in the blood; Would you live dai - ly His prais - es to sing?
CHORUS.
There's won - der - ful pow'r in the blood. There is pow'r, pow'r,
there is
Wonder-working pow'r in the blood of the Lamb; There is
in the blood
of the Lamb;
pow'r, pow'r, Wonder-working pow'r In the pre-cious blood of the Lamb.
there is pow'r,

No. 38. Let Jesus Come Into Your Heart.

C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1898, BY H. L. GILMOUR.
USED BY PERMISSION.

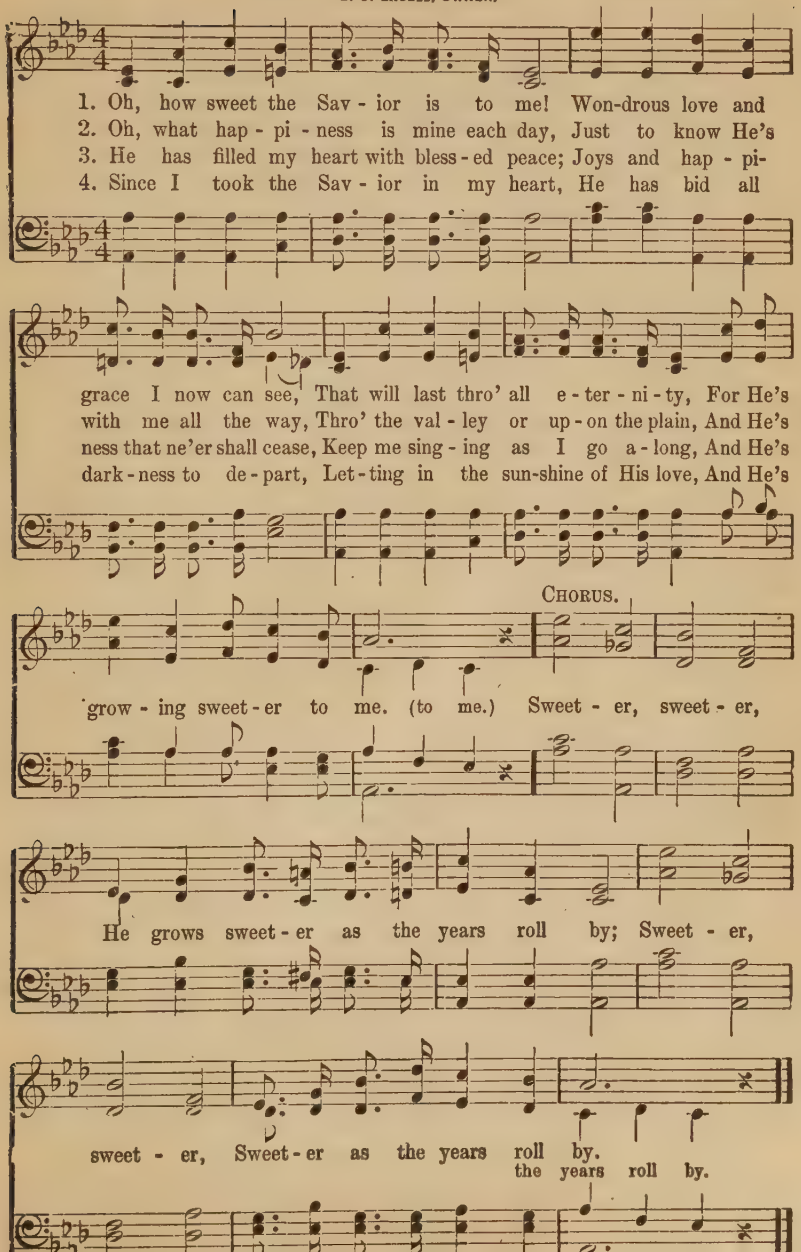
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. If you are tired of the load of your sin, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
2. If 'tis for pu - ri - ty now that you sigh, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
3. If there's a tem-pest your voice can - not still, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
4. If you would join the glad songs of the blest, Let Je - sus come in - to your heart;
If you de - sire a new life to be - gin,
Fountains for cleansing are flow - ing near by,
If there's a void this world nev - er can fill,
If you would en - ter the mansions of rest,
CHORUS.
Let Je - sus come in - to your heart. Just now, your
doubtings give o'er; Just now, re - ject Him no more; Just now, throw
o - pen the door; Let Je - sus come in - to your heart.

No. 39.

He Grows Sweeter.

J. E. M.

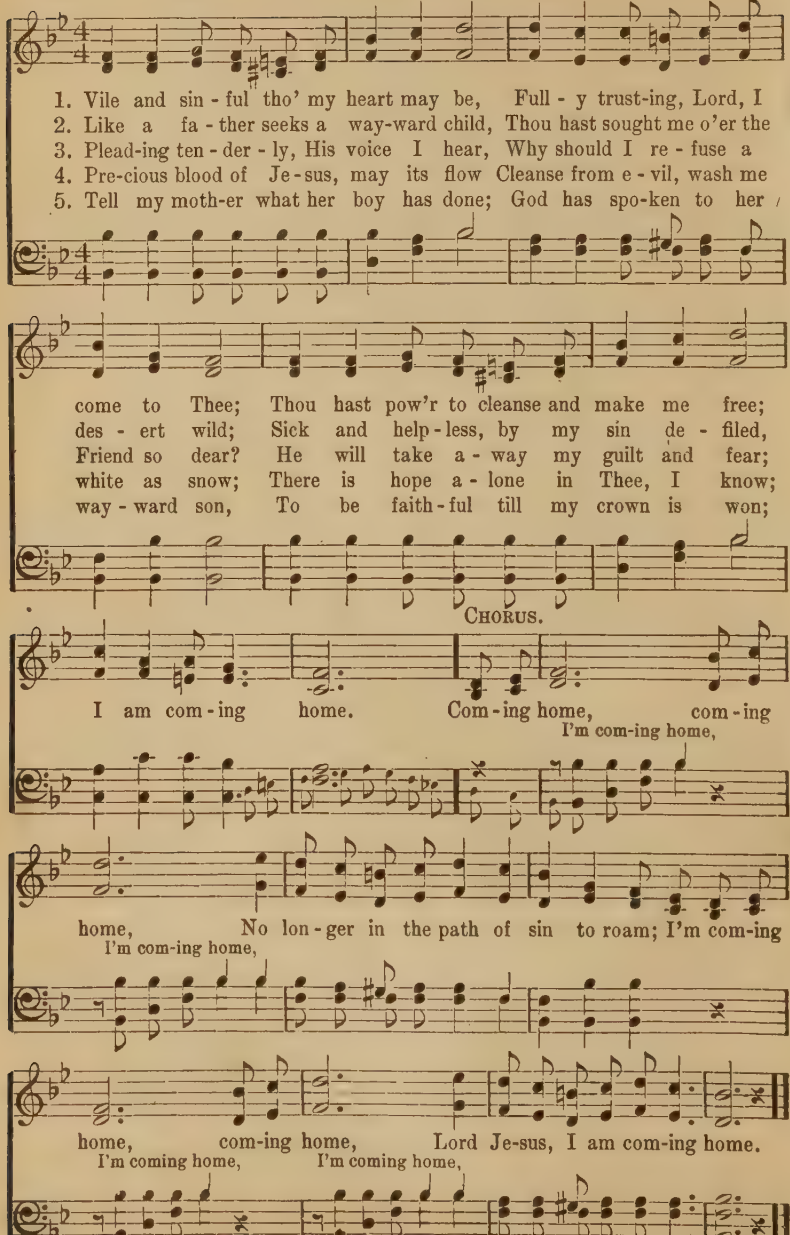
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY J. EDWIN MC CONNELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

J. Edwin McConnell.

1. Oh, how sweet the Sav - ior is to me! Won-drous love and
2. Oh, what hap - pi - ness is mine each day, Just to know He's
3. He has filled my heart with bless - ed peace; Joys and hap - pi-
4. Since I took the Sav - ior in my heart, He has bid all
grace I now can see, That will last thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, For He's
with me all the way, Thro' the val - ley or up - on the plain, And He's
ness that ne'er shall cease, Keep me sing - ing as I go a - long, And He's
dark - ness to de - part, Let - ting in the sun-shine of His love, And He's
CHORUS.
grow - ing sweet - er to me. (to me.) Sweet - er, sweet - er,
He grows sweet - er as the years roll by; Sweet - er,
sweet - er, Sweet - er as the years roll by.
the years roll by.

No. 40. Coming Home.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY B. D. AND A. H. ACKLEY.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley. Cho. by A. H. A.


1. Vile and sin - ful tho' my heart may be, Full - y trust-ing, Lord, I
2. Like a fa - ther seeks a way-ward child, Thou hast sought me o'er the
3. Plead-ing ten - der - ly, His voice I hear, Why should I re - fuse a
4. Pre-cious blood of Je - sus, may its flow Cleanse from e - vil, wash me
5. Tell my moth-er what her boy has done; God has spo-ken to her
come to Thee; Thou hast pow'r to cleanse and make me free;
des - ert wild; Sick and help - less, by my sin de - filed,
Friend so dear? He will take a - way my guilt and fear;
white as snow; There is hope a - lone in Thee, I know;
way - ward son, To be faith - ful till my crown is won;
CHORUS.
I am com - ing home. Com - ing home, com - ing
I'm com-ing home,
home, No lon - ger in the path of sin to roam; I'm com-ing
I'm com-ing home,
home, com-ing home, Lord Je-sus, I am com-ing home.
I'm coming home, I'm coming home,

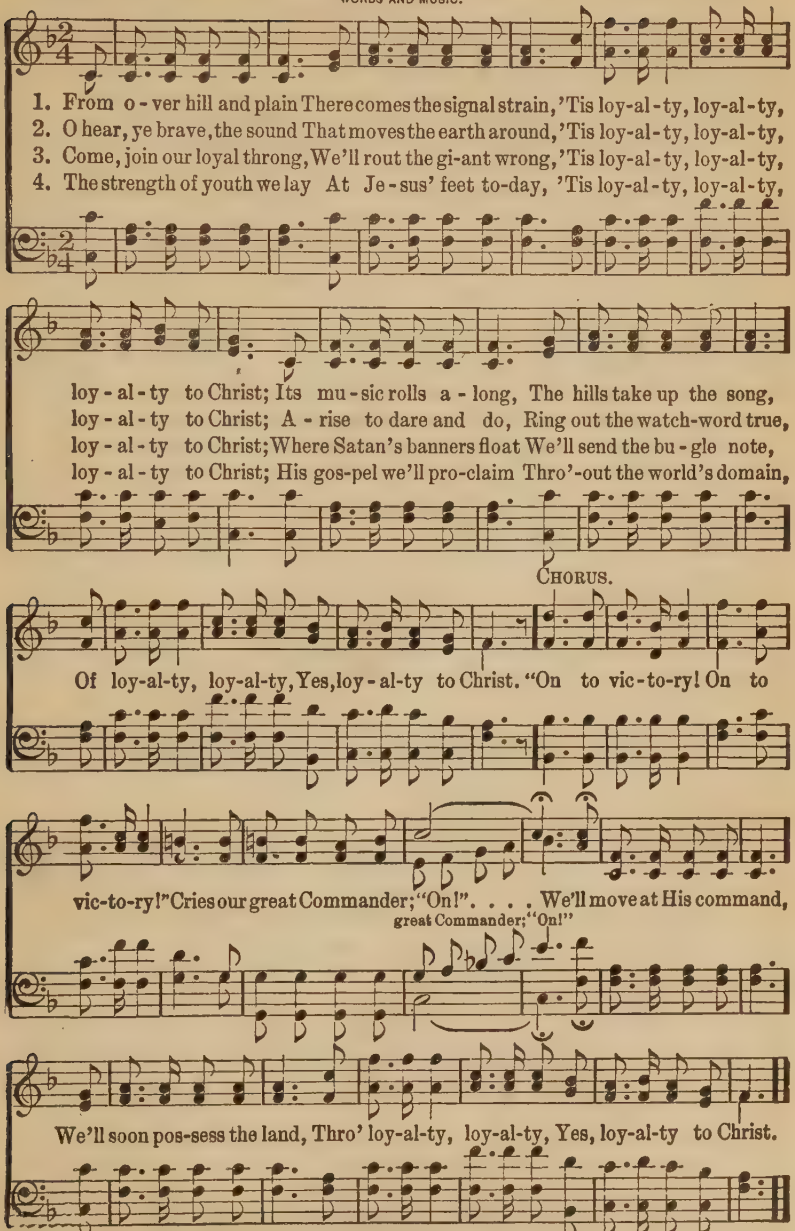
No. 41.

Loyalty to Christ.

Dr. E. T. Cassel.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, 1896, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Flora H. Cassel.

1. From o - ver hill and plain There comes the signal strain, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
2. O hear, ye brave, the sound That moves the earth around, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
3. Come, join our loyal throng, We'll rout the gi-ant wrong, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
4. The strength of youth we lay At Je-sus' feet to-day, 'Tis loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Its mu - sic rolls a - long, The hills take up the song,
loy - al - ty to Christ; A - rise to dare and do, Ring out the watch-word true,
loy - al - ty to Christ; Where Satan's banners float We'll send the bu - gle note,
loy - al - ty to Christ; His gos-pel we'll pro-claim Thro'-out the world's domain,
CHORUS.
Of loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy - al-ty to Christ. "On to vic-to-ry! On to
vic-to-ry!" Cries our great Commander; "On!". . . . We'll move at His command,
great Commander; "On!"
We'll soon pos-sess the land, Thro' loy-al-ty, loy-al-ty, Yes, loy-al-ty to Christ.

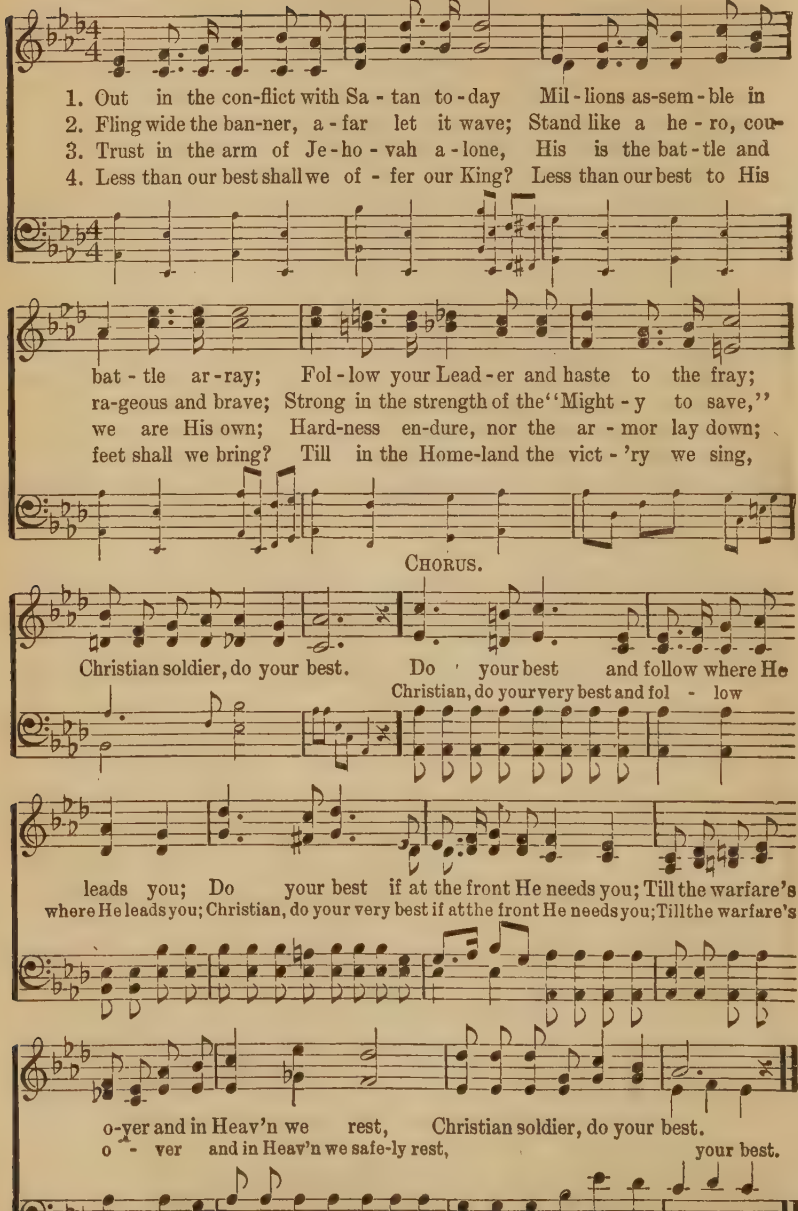
No. 42.

Do your Best.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

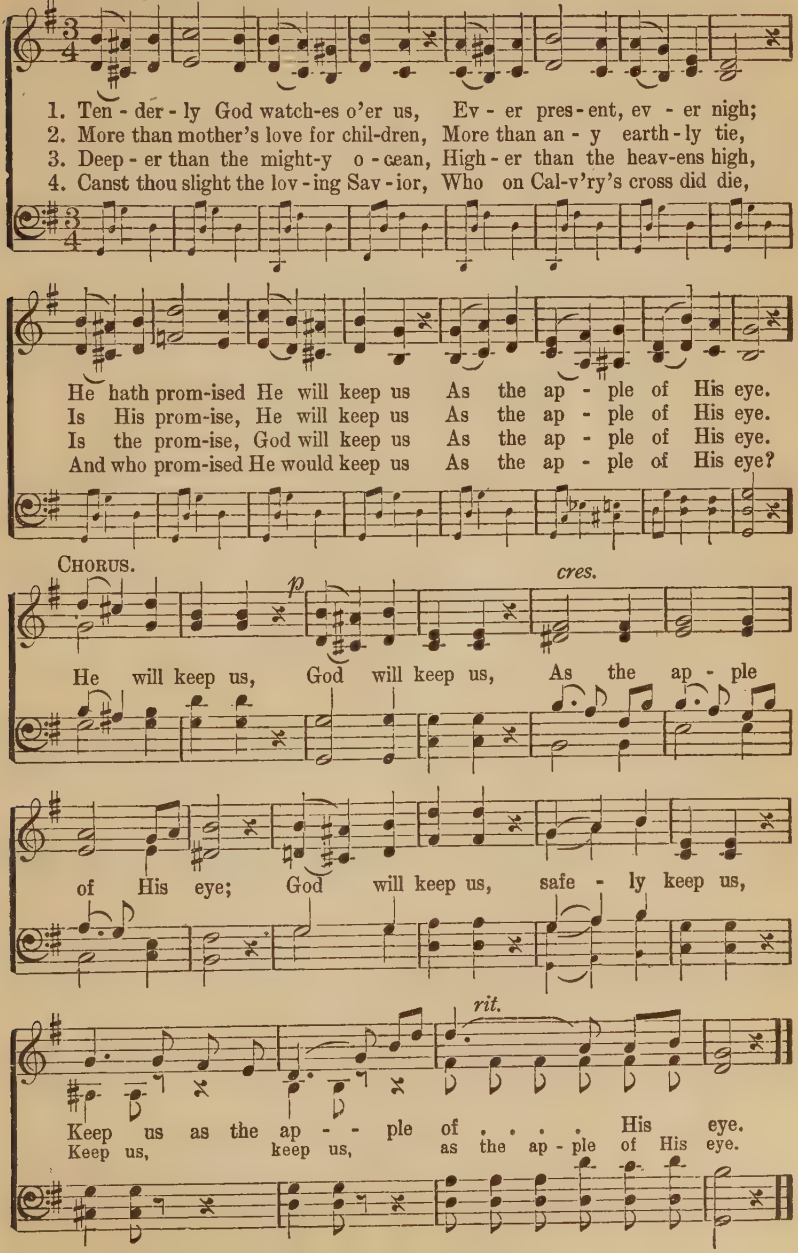

1. Out in the con-flict with Sa - tan to - day Mil - lions as-sem - ble in
2. Fling wide the ban-ner, a - far let it wave; Stand like a he - ro, cou-
3. Trust in the arm of Je - ho - vah a - lone, His is the bat - tle and
4. Less than our best shall we of - fer our King? Less than our best to His
bat - tle ar - ray; Fol - low your Lead - er and haste to the fray;
ra-geous and brave; Strong in the strength of the "Might - y to save,"
we are His own; Hard-ness en-dure, nor the ar - mor lay down;
feet shall we bring? Till in the Home-land the vict - 'ry we sing,
CHORUS.
Christian soldier, do your best. Do your best and follow where He
Christian, do your very best and fol - low
leads you; Do your best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
where He leads you; Christian, do your very best if at the front He needs you; Till the warfare's
o-ver and in Heav'n we rest, Christian soldier, do your best.
o - ver and in Heav'n we safe-ly rest, your best.

No. 43. As the Apple of His Eye.

J. Gilchrist Lawson.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOMER A. RODEHEAVER, OWNER.

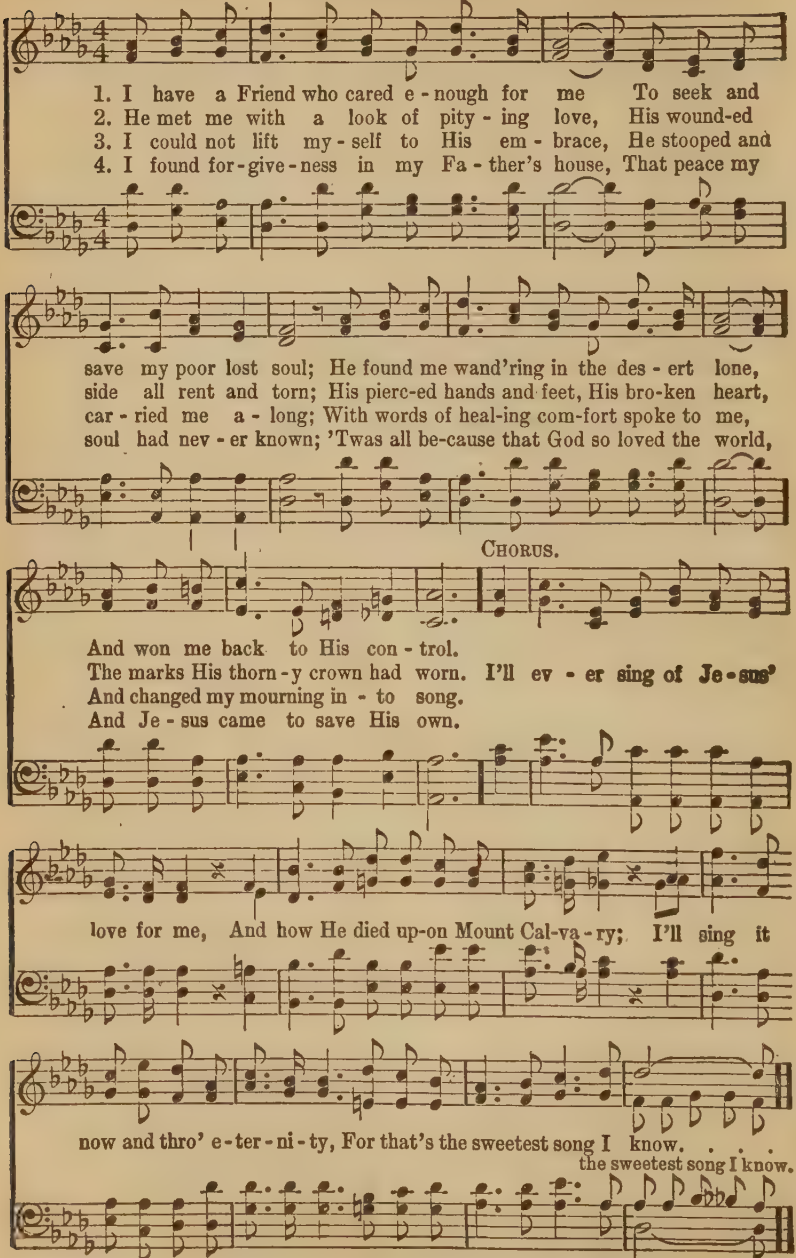
Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

DUET, Soprano and Alto (or Tenor).

1. Ten - der - ly God watch-es o'er us, Ev - er pres - ent, ev - er nigh;
2. More than mother's love for chil-dren, More than an - y earth - ly tie,
3. Deep - er than the might-y o - cean, High - er than the heav-ens high,
4. Canst thou slight the lov - ing Sav - ior, Who on Cal-v'ry's cross did die,
He hath prom-ised He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is His prom-ise, He will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
Is the prom-ise, God will keep us As the ap - ple of His eye.
And who prom-ised He would keep us As the ap - ple of His eye?
CHORUS.
p
cres.
He will keep us, God will keep us, As the ap - ple
of His eye; God will keep us, safe - ly keep us,
rit.
Keep us as the ap - - ple of . . . . His eye.
Keep us, keep us, as the ap - ple of His eye.

No. 44. The Sweetest Song I Know.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

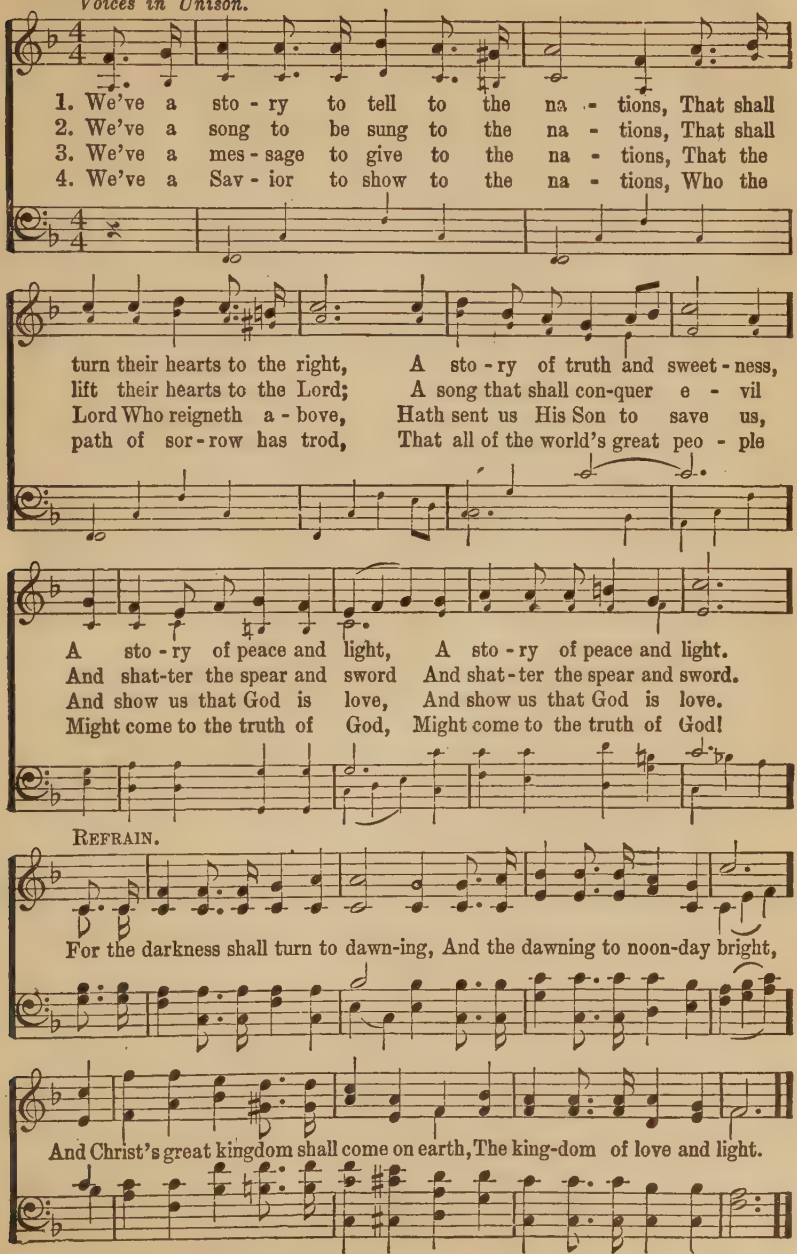
COPYRIGHT, 1913, BY B. D. ACKLEY.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

B. D. Ackley.

1. I have a Friend who cared e - nough for me To seek and
2. He met me with a look of pity - ing love, His wound-ed
3. I could not lift my - self to His em - brace, He stooped and
4. I found for - give - ness in my Fa - ther's house, That peace my
save my poor lost soul; He found me wand'ring in the des - ert lone,
side all rent and torn; His pierc-ed hands and feet, His bro-ken heart,
car - ried me a - long; With words of heal-ing com-fort spoke to me,
soul had nev - er known; 'Twas all be-cause that God so loved the world,
CHORUS.
And won me back to His con - trol.
The marks His thorn - y crown had worn. I'll ev - er sing of Je - sus'
And changed my mourning in - to song.
And Je - sus came to save His own.
love for me, And how He died up-on Mount Cal-va - ry; I'll sing it
now and thro' e - ter - ni - ty, For that's the sweetest song I know.
the sweetest song I know.

No. 45. We've a Story to Tell.

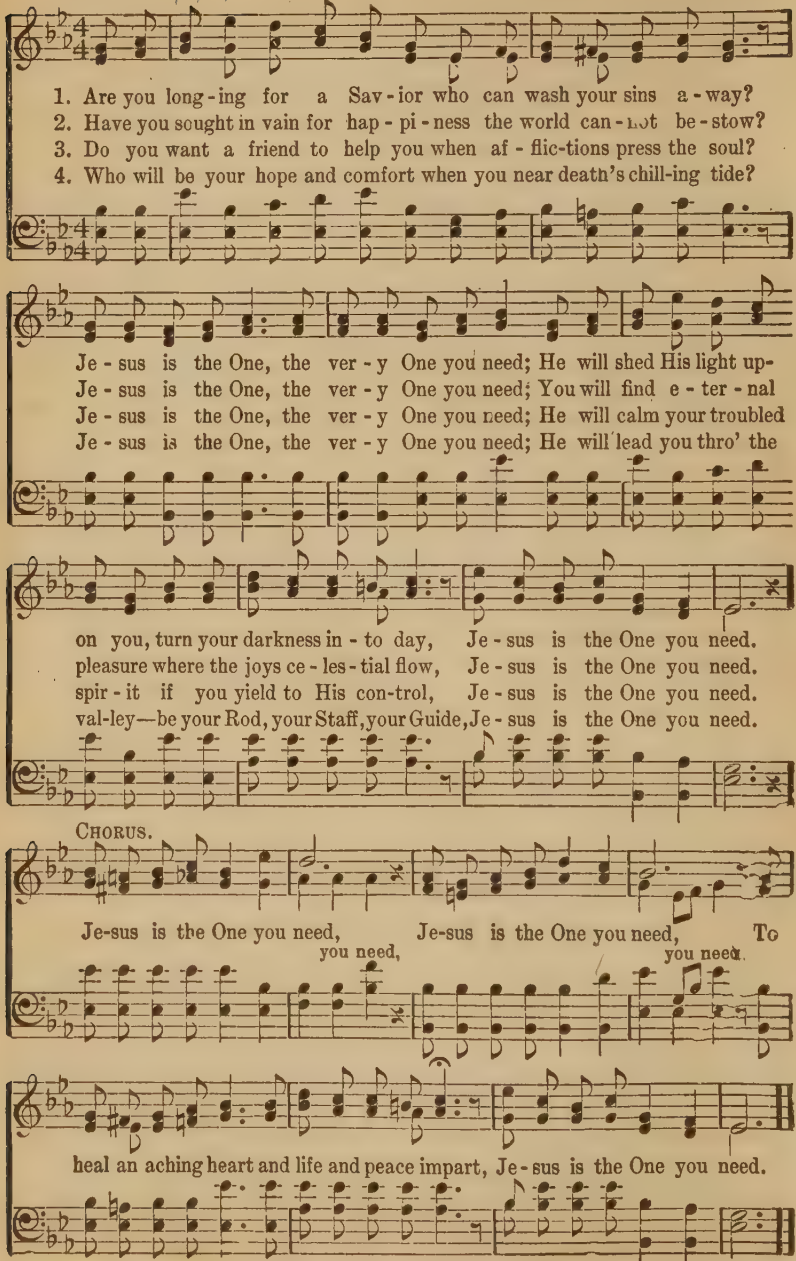
Colin Sterne. H. E. Nichol.

Voices in Unison.


1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the
turn their hearts to the right, A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness,
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con-quer e - vil
Lord Who reigneth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple
A sto - ry of peace and light, A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love, And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God, Might come to the truth of God!
REFRAIN.
For the darkness shall turn to dawn-ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The king-dom of love and light.

No. 46. Jesus is the One You Need.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY M. HOMER CUMMINGS.

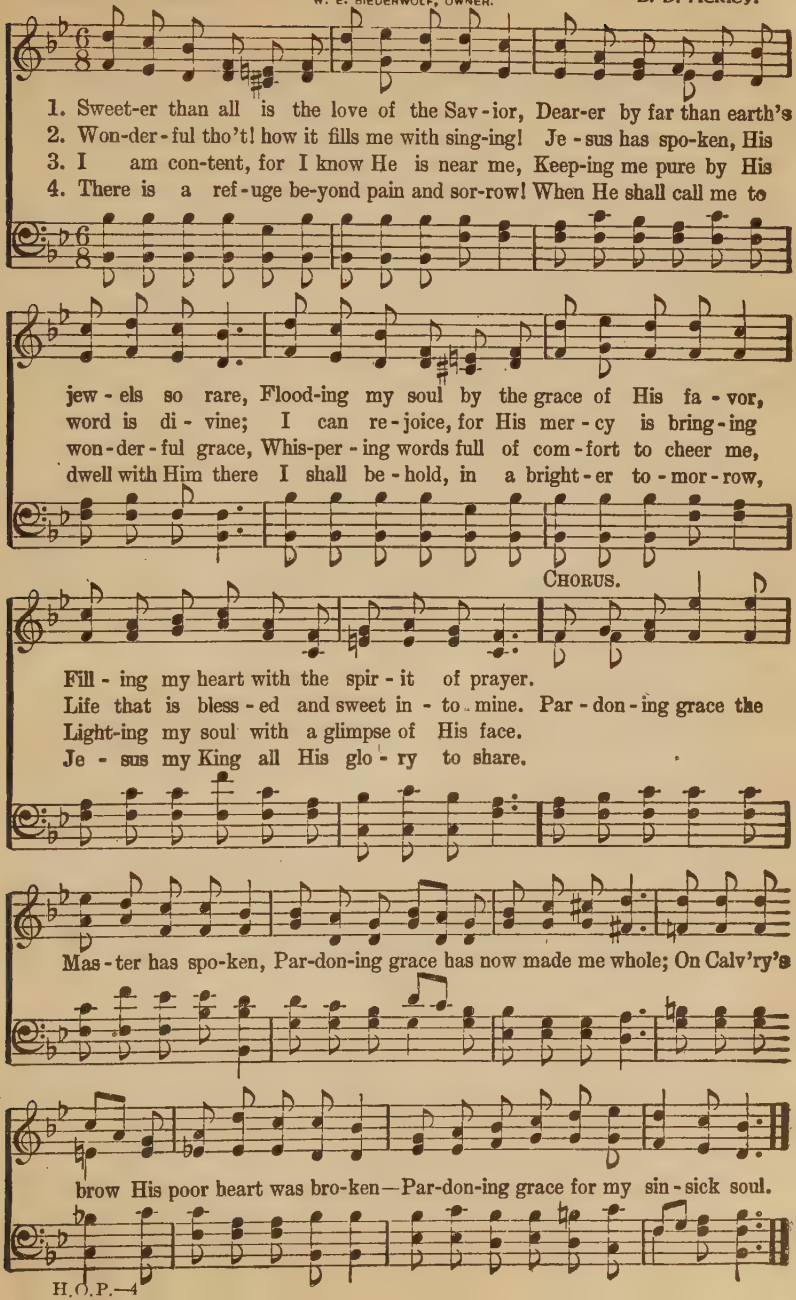
M. H. C. Rev. M. Homer Cummings.

1. Are you long-ing for a Sav-ior who can wash your sins a-way?
2. Have you sought in vain for hap-pi-ness the world can-not be-stow?
3. Do you want a friend to help you when af-flic-tions press the soul?
4. Who will be your hope and comfort when you near death's chill-ing tide?
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will shed His light up-
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; You will find e-ter-nal
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will calm your troubled
Je-sus is the One, the ver-y One you need; He will lead you thro' the
on you, turn your darkness in-to day, Je-sus is the One you need.
pleasure where the joys ce-les-tial flow, Je-sus is the One you need.
spir-it if you yield to His con-trol, Je-sus is the One you need.
val-ley—be your Rod, your Staff, your Guide, Je-sus is the One you need.
CHORUS.
Je-sus is the One you need, Je-sus is the One you need, To
you need, you need.
heal an aching heart and life and peace impart, Je-sus is the One you need.

No. 47. Pardoning Grace.

Rev. A. H. Ackley.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY WM. MCEWAN.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

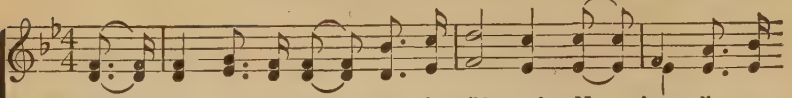
B. D. Ackley.

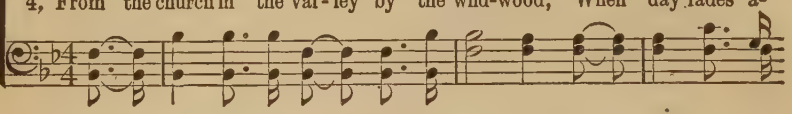

1. Sweet-er than all is the love of the Sav-ior, Dear-er by far than earth's
2. Won-der-ful tho't! how it fills me with sing-ing! Je-sus has spo-ken, His
3. I am con-tent, for I know He is near me, Keep-ing me pure by His
4. There is a ref-uge be-yond pain and sor-row! When He shall call me to
jew-els so rare, Flood-ing my soul by the grace of His fa-vor,
word is di-vine; I can re-joice, for His mer-cy is bring-ing
won-der-ful grace, Whis-per-ing words full of com-fort to cheer me,
dwell with Him there I shall be-hold, in a bright-er to-mor-row,
CHORUS.
Fill-ing my heart with the spir-it of prayer.
Life that is bless-ed and sweet in-to mine. Par-don-ing grace the
Light-ing my soul with a glimpse of His face.
Je-sus my King all His glo-ry to share.
Mas-ter has spo-ken, Par-don-ing grace has now made me whole; On Calv'ry's
brow His poor heart was bro-ken—Par-don-ing grace for my sin-sick soul.

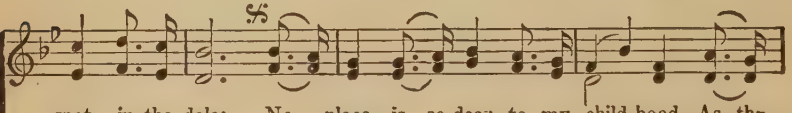
No. 48. The Church in the Wildwood.

W. S. P.

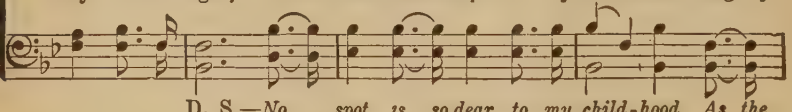
NEW ARRANGEMENT OF WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Dr. William S. Pitts.

1. There's a church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, No love-li-er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild-wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear, Sab-bath morn-ing To list to the
4. From the church in the val-ley by the wild-wood, When day fades a-



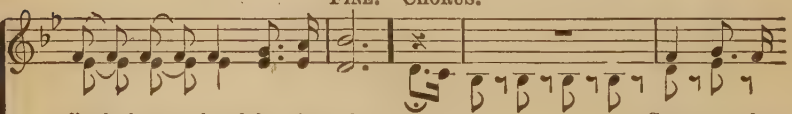


spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow-ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring-ing bell; Its tones so sweet-ly are call-ing, Oh,
way in-to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my

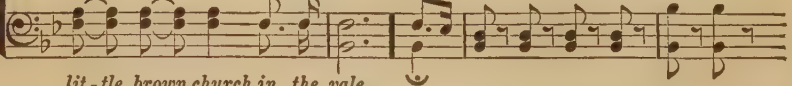


D. S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*

FINE. CHORUS.

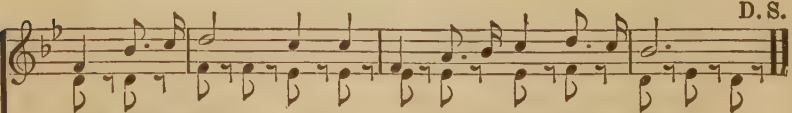


lit-tle brown church in the vale. Come to the
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man-sions of light. Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,

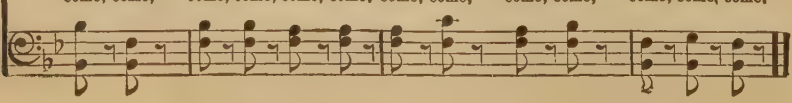


lit-tle brown church in the vale.

D. S.



church in the wild-wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

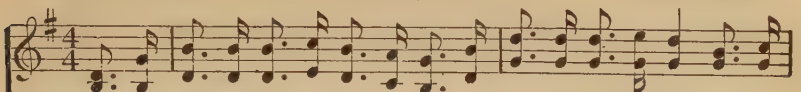


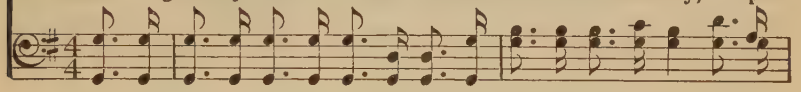
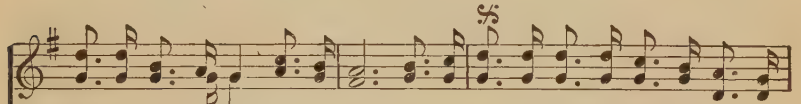
No. 49. The Blood Can Never Lose Its Power.

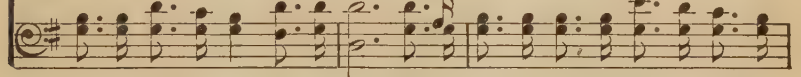
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

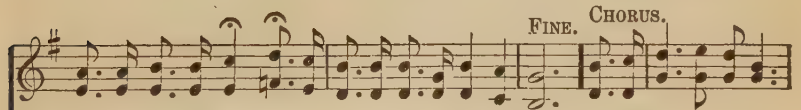
Hamp Sewell.



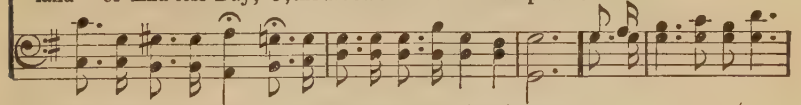
1. There's a song that I keep sing-ing as I jour-ney on my way, Yes, I
2. When the storms of op - po - si-tion break in fu - ry on my head, When the
3. By the pre-cious blood of Je - sus I am cleansed and pu-ri - fied, Love and
4. Since I gave my life to Je - sus He hath led me all the way, I'm pro-

sing it ev - 'ry hour, ev - 'ry day; 'Tis a song a-bout the foun-tain that is
clouds of un - be - lief dark-ly low'r, Then I look to Calv'ry's mountain, where the
mer-cy has come down like a show'r; In the stream from David's fountain I've been
tect - ed by His love like a tow'r; And some day I'll tell the sto - ry in the



D. S.—*sav-ing, heal-ing, cleans-ing, and it*

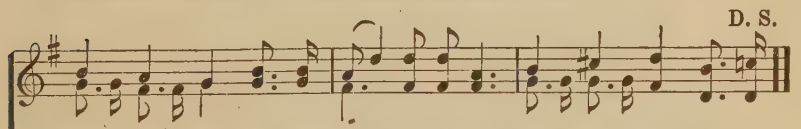


filled with cleansing blood; O, the blood can never lose its pow'r.
Sav-ior's blood was shed; O, the blood can never lose its pow'r. O, the blood can never
washed and sanc-ti-fied; O, the blood can never lose its pow'r.
land of End-less Day; O, the blood can never lose its pow'r.

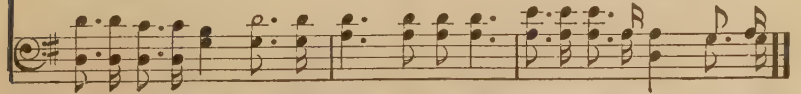


keeps me ev-'ry hour; O, the blood can never lose its pow'r.

D. S.



lose its pow'r, No, the blood can nev-er lose its pow'r; It is
nev-er lose its pow'r, nev-er lose its pow'r;

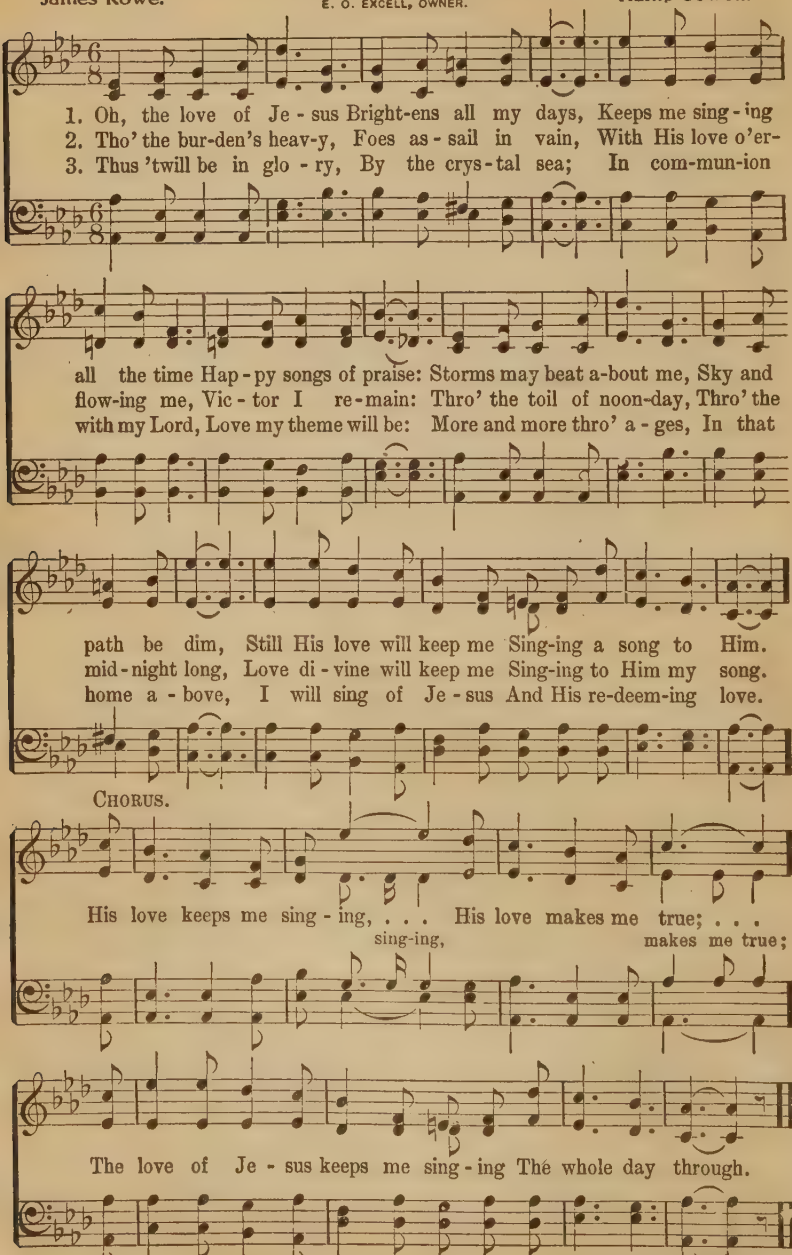


No. 50. His Love Keeps Me Singing.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.


1. Oh, the love of Je - sus Bright-ens all my days, Keeps me sing - ing
2. Tho' the bur-den's heav-y, Foes as - sail in vain, With His love o'er-
3. Thus 'twill be in glo - ry, By the crys-tal sea; In com-mun-ion
all the time Hap - py songs of praise: Storms may beat a-bout me, Sky and
flow-ing me, Vic - tor I re - main: Thro' the toil of noon-day, Thro' the
with my Lord, Love my theme will be: More and more thro' a - ges, In that
path be dim, Still His love will keep me Sing-ing a song to Him.
mid - night long, Love di - vine will keep me Sing-ing to Him my song.
home a - bove, I will sing of Je - sus And His re-deem-ing love.
CHORUS.
His love keeps me sing - ing, . . . His love makes me true; . . .
sing-ing, makes me true;
The love of Je - sus keeps me sing - ing The whole day through.

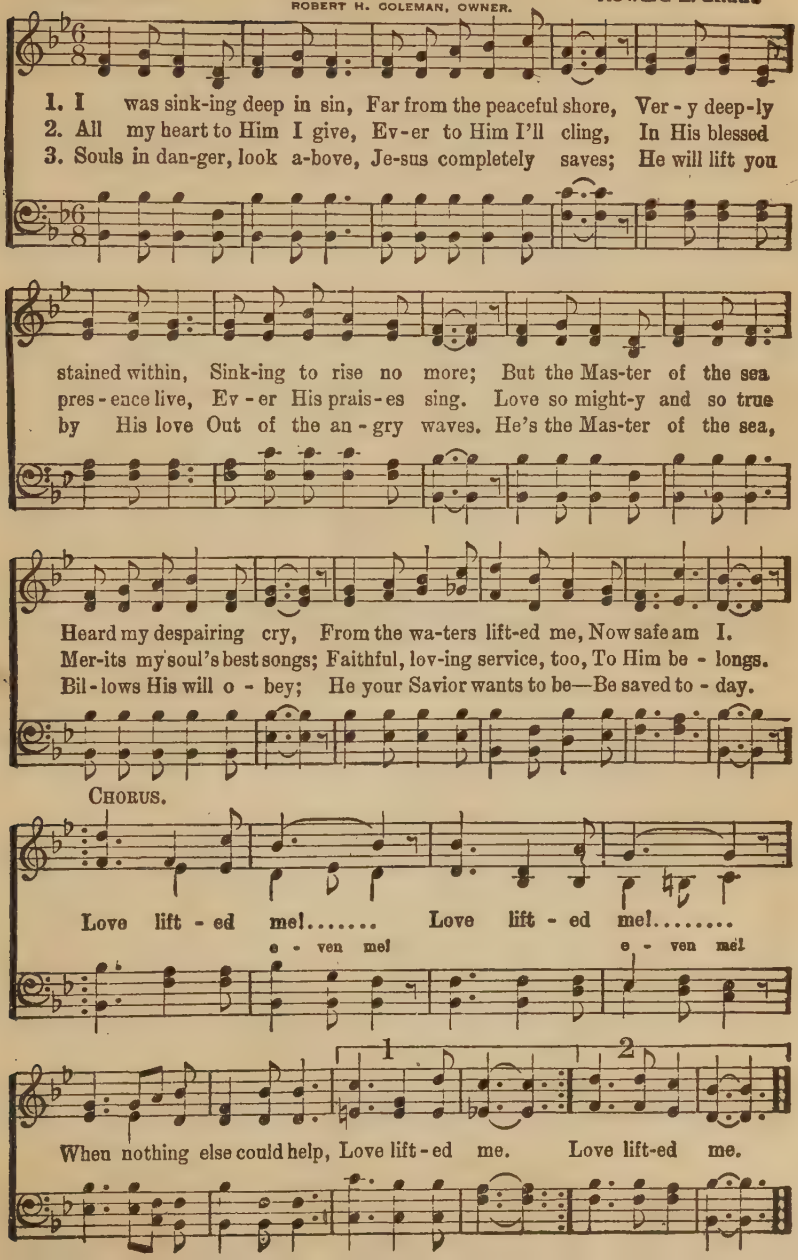
No. 51.

Love Lifted Me.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

Howard E. Smith

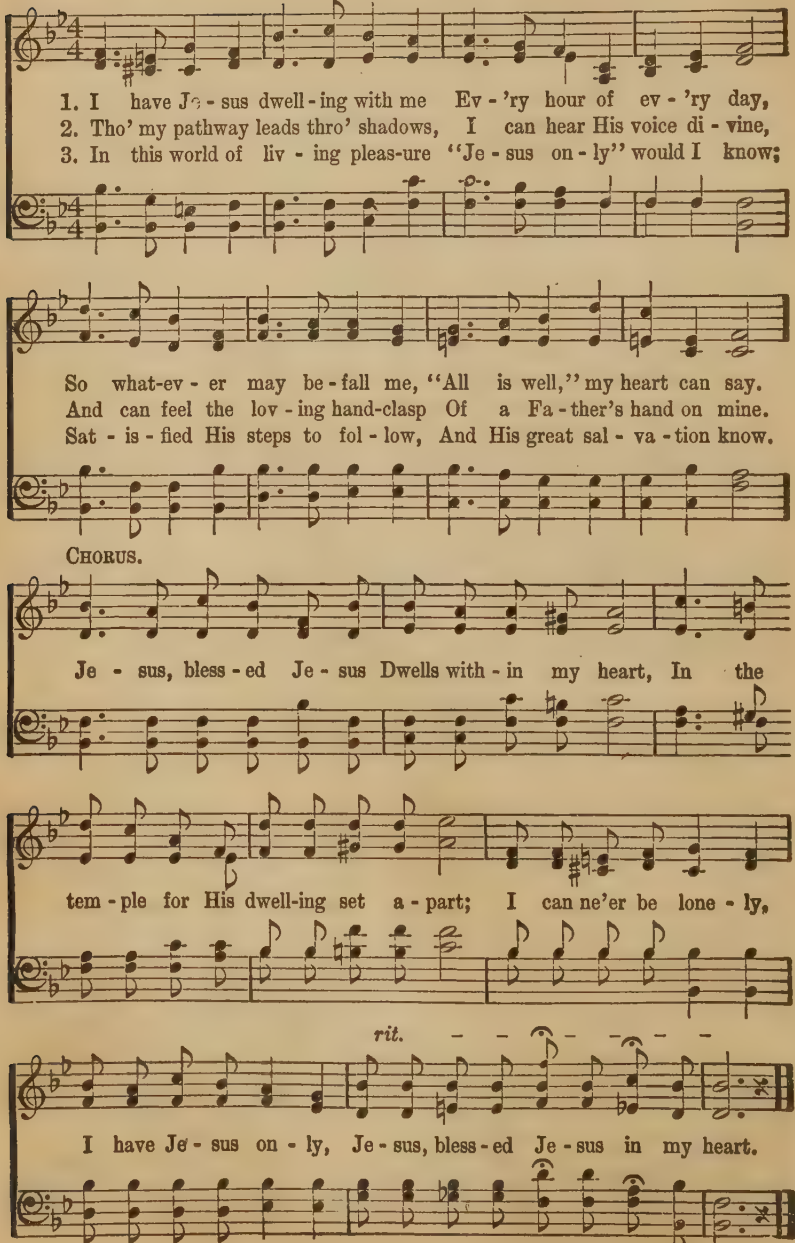

1. I was sink-ing deep in sin, Far from the peaceful shore, Ver - y deep-ly
2. All my heart to Him I give, Ev-er to Him I'll cling, In His blessed
3. Souls in dan-ger, look a-bove, Je-sus completely saves; He will lift you
stained within, Sink-ing to rise no more; But the Mas-ter of the sea
pres - ence live, Ev - er His prais-es sing. Love so might-y and so true
by His love Out of the an - gry waves. He's the Mas-ter of the sea,
Heard my despairing cry, From the wa-ters lift-ed me, Now safe am I.
Mer-its my soul's best songs; Faithful, lov-ing service, too, To Him be - longs.
Bil - lows His will o - bey; He your Savior wants to be—Be saved to - day.
CHORUS.
Love lift - ed me!..... Love lift - ed me!.....
e - ven me! e - ven me!
1
2
When nothing else could help, Love lift - ed me. Love lift-ed me.

No. 52. Jesus in My Heart.

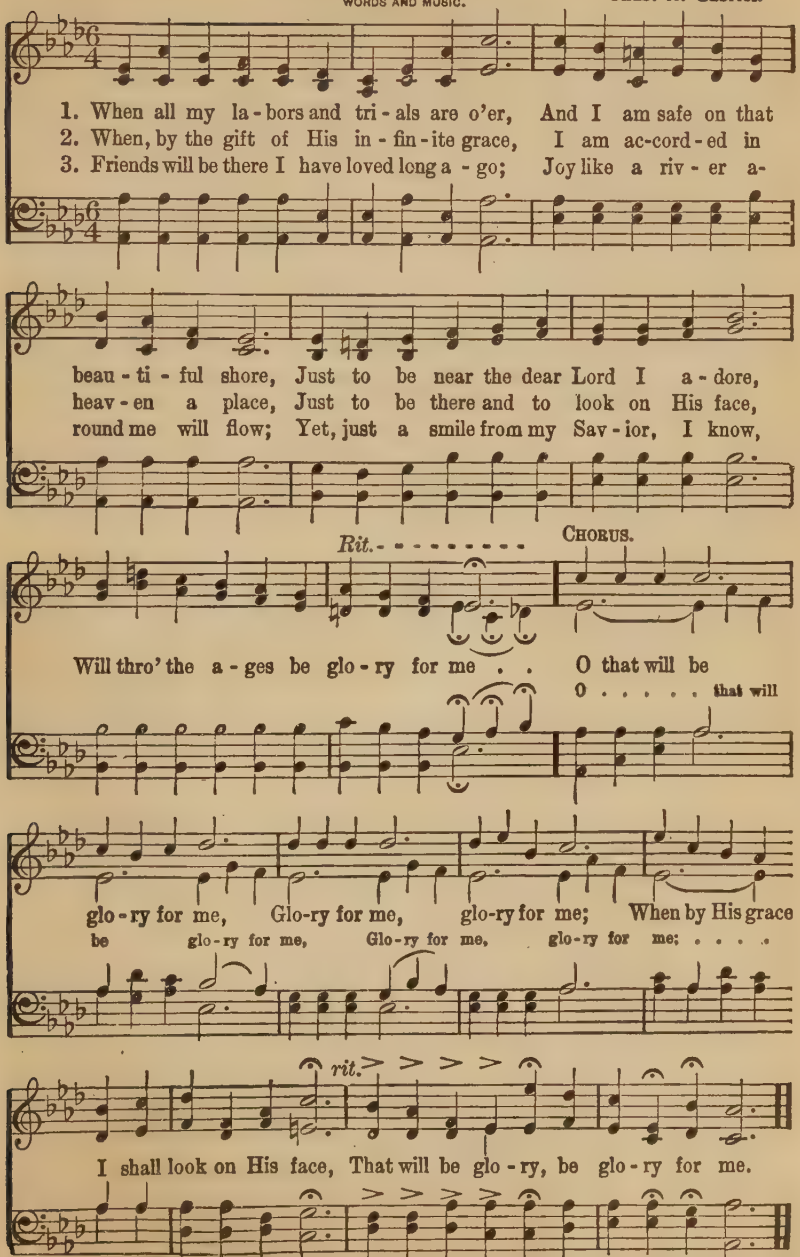
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I have Je - sus dwell - ing with me Ev - 'ry hour of ev - 'ry day,
2. Tho' my pathway leads thro' shadows, I can hear His voice di - vine,
3. In this world of liv - ing pleas-ure "Je - sus on - ly" would I know;
So what-ev - er may be - fall me, "All is well," my heart can say.
And can feel the lov - ing hand-clasp Of a Fa - ther's hand on mine.
Sat - is - fied His steps to fol - low, And His great sal - va - tion know.
CHORUS.
Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus Dwells with - in my heart, In the
tem - ple for His dwell-ing set a - part; I can ne'er be lone - ly,
rit.
I have Je - sus on - ly, Je - sus, bless - ed Je - sus in my heart.

No. 53. O That Will Be Glory.

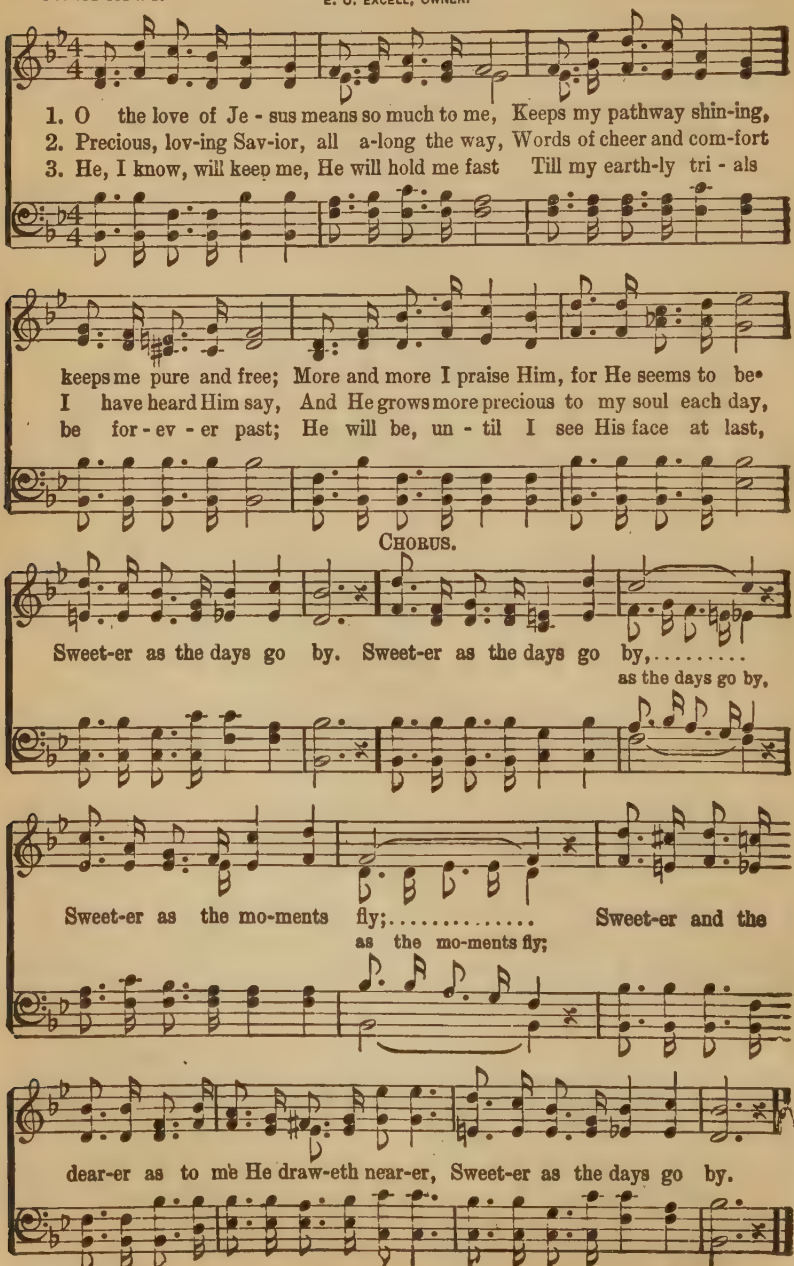
C. H. G. COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. When all my la - bors and tri - als are o'er, And I am safe on that
2. When, by the gift of His in - fin - ite grace, I am ac-cord - ed in
3. Friends will be there I have loved long a - go; Joy like a riv - er a-
beau - ti - ful shore, Just to be near the dear Lord I a - dore,
heav - en a place, Just to be there and to look on His face,
round me will flow; Yet, just a smile from my Sav - ior, I know,
Rit.
CHORUS.
Will thro' the a - ges be glo - ry for me . . O that will be
O . . . . . that will
glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; When by His grace
be glo - ry for me, Glo-ry for me, glo-ry for me; . . . .
rit.
I shall look on His face, That will be glo - ry, be glo - ry for me.

No. 54. Sweeter As the Days Go By.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

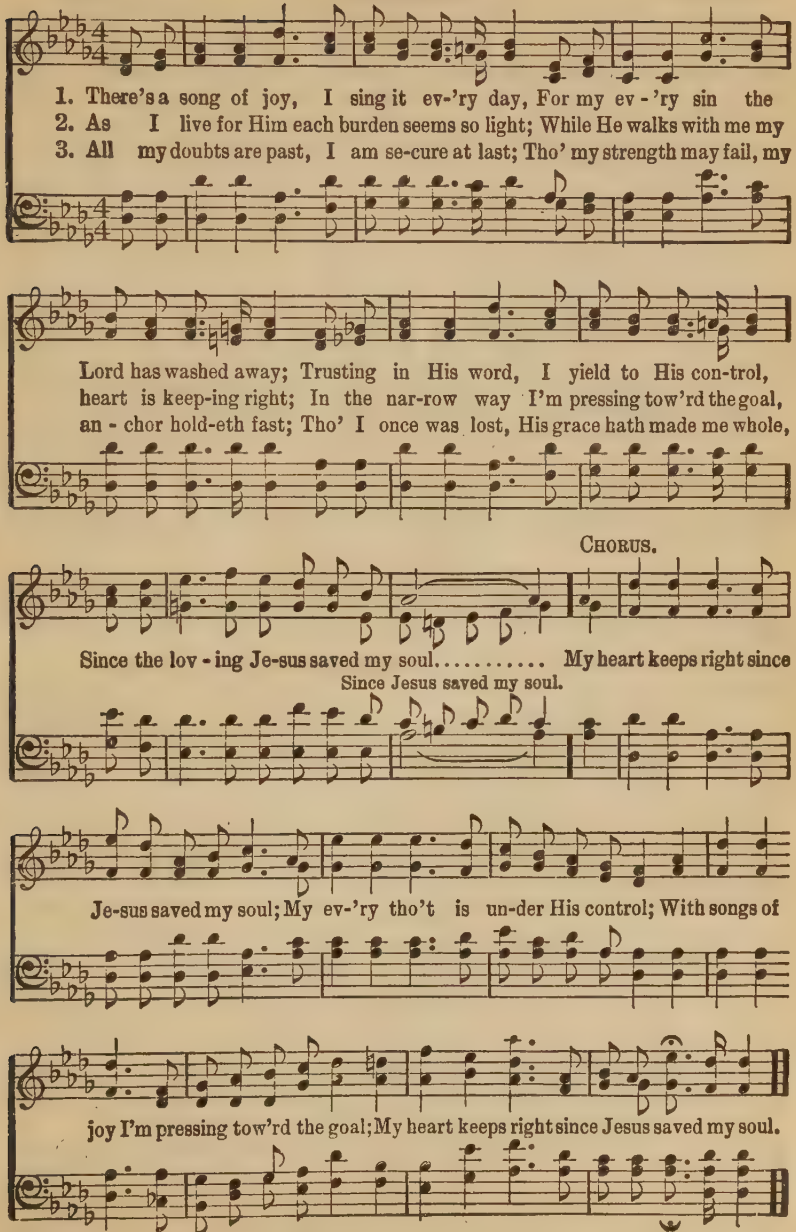
Hamp Sewell.


1. O the love of Je - sus means so much to me, Keeps my pathway shin-ing,
2. Precious, lov-ing Sav-ior, all a-long the way, Words of cheer and com-fort
3. He, I know, will keep me, He will hold me fast Till my earth-ly tri - als
keeps me pure and free; More and more I praise Him, for He seems to be
I have heard Him say, And He grows more precious to my soul each day,
be for - ev - er past; He will be, un - til I see His face at last,
CHORUS.
Sweet-er as the days go by. Sweet-er as the days go by,.....
as the days go by,
Sweet-er as the mo-ments fly;..... Sweet-er and the
as the mo-ments fly;
dear-er as to me He draw-eth near-er, Sweet-er as the days go by.

No. 55. My Heart Keeps Right.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

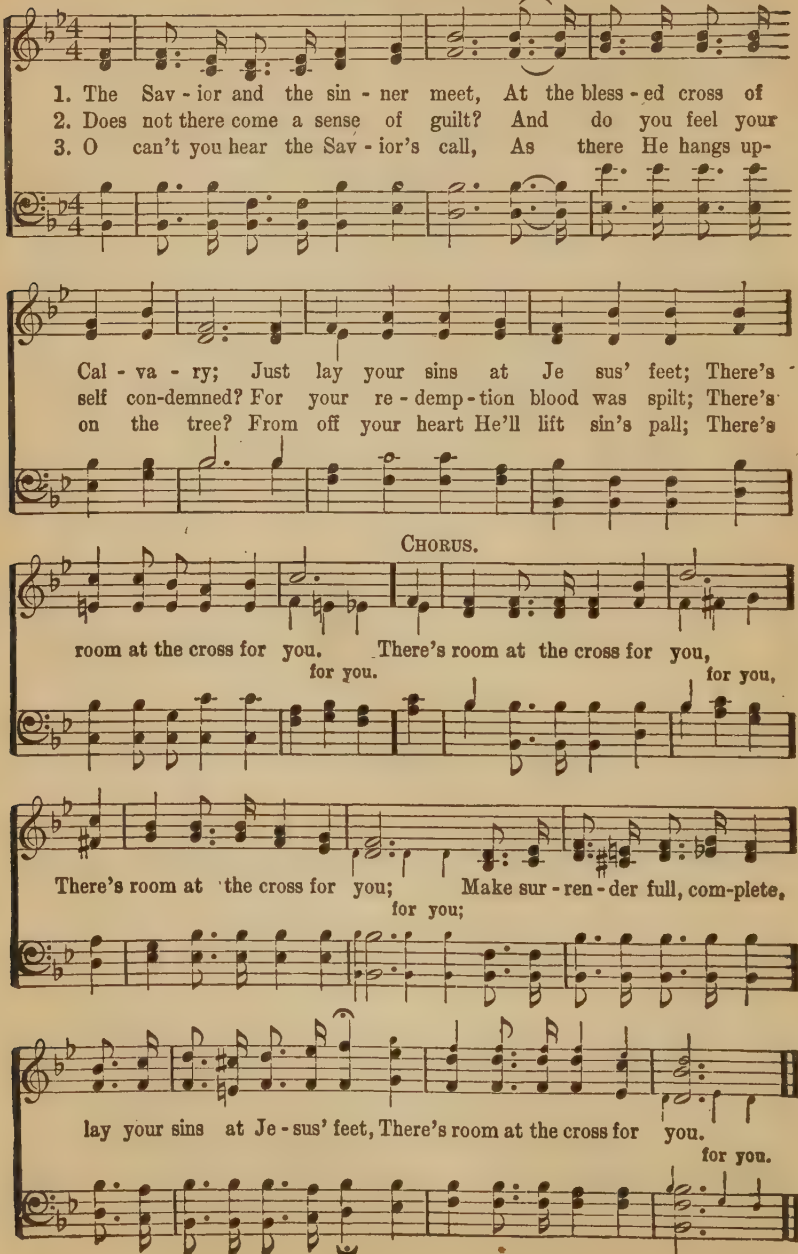
B. D. Ackley.

1. There's a song of joy, I sing it ev-'ry day, For my ev-'ry sin the
2. As I live for Him each burden seems so light; While He walks with me my
3. All my doubts are past, I am se-cure at last; Tho' my strength may fail, my
Lord has washed away; Trusting in His word, I yield to His con-trol,
heart is keep-ing right; In the nar-row way I'm pressing tow'rd the goal,
an-chor hold-eth fast; Tho' I once was lost, His grace hath made me whole,
CHORUS.
Since the lov-ing Je-sus saved my soul..... My heart keeps right since
Since Jesus saved my soul.
Je-sus saved my soul; My ev-'ry tho't is un-der His control; With songs of
joy I'm pressing tow'rd the goal; My heart keeps right since Jesus saved my soul.

No. 56. There's Room At the Cross for You.

R. J.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY ROBERT JOLLY.
ROBERT H. COLEMAN, OWNER, DALLAS, TEXAS.

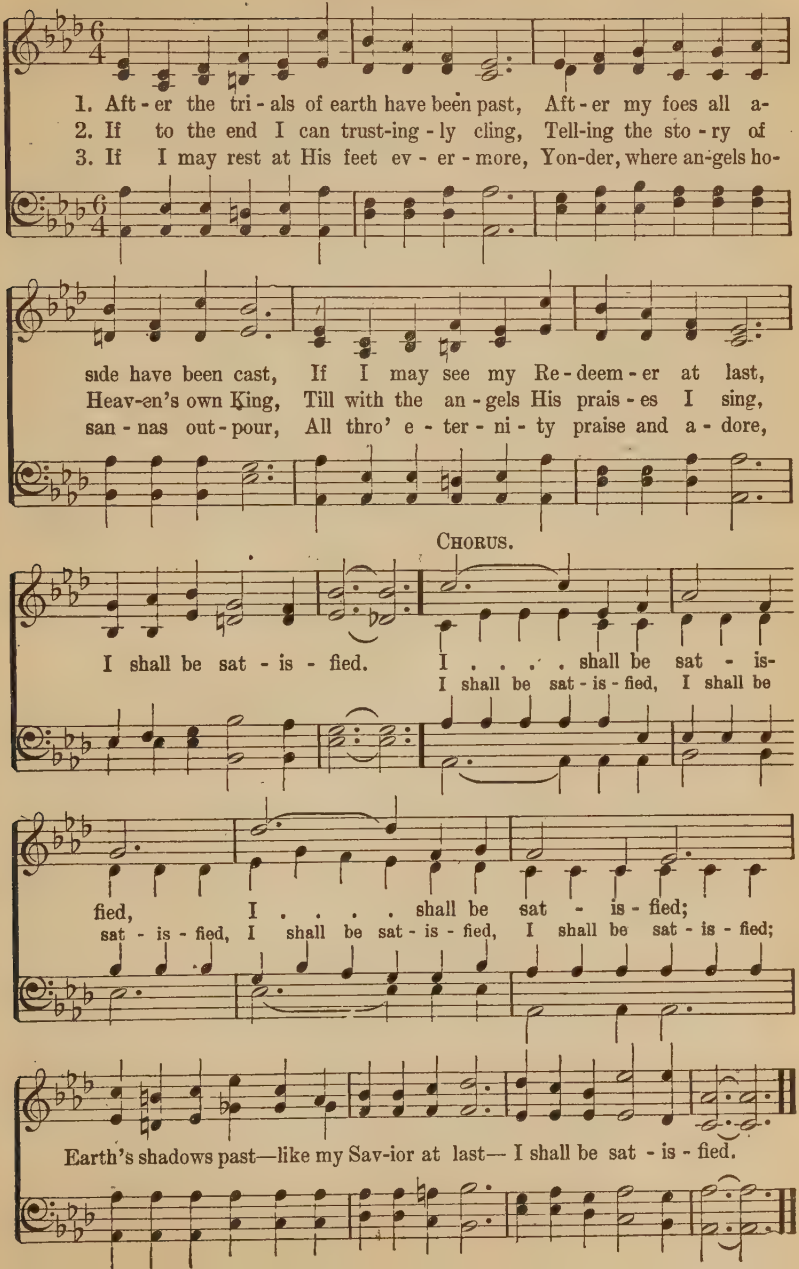
Robert Jolly.


1. The Sav - ior and the sin - ner meet, At the bless - ed cross of
2. Does not there come a sense of guilt? And do you feel your
3. O can't you hear the Sav - ior's call, As there He hangs up-
Cal - va - ry; Just lay your sins at Je sus' feet; There's
self con-demned? For your re - demp - tion blood was spilt; There's
on the tree? From off your heart He'll lift sin's pall; There's
CHORUS.
room at the cross for you. There's room at the cross for you,
for you. for you,
There's room at the cross for you; Make sur - ren - der full, com-plete,
for you;
lay your sins at Je - sus' feet, There's room at the cross for you.
for you.

No. 57.

I Shall Be Satisfied.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

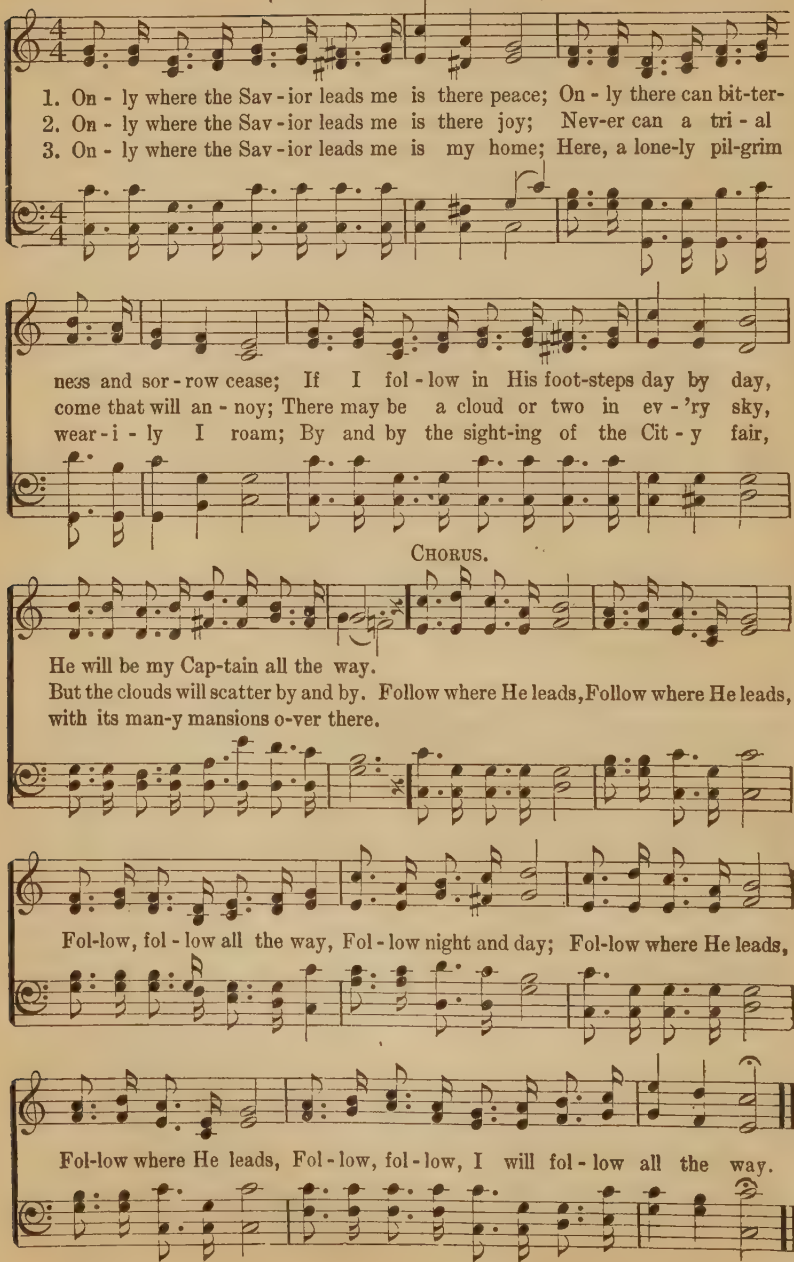
James Rowe. Hamp Sewell.

1. Aft - er the tri - als of earth have been past, Aft - er my foes all a-
2. If to the end I can trust-ing - ly cling, Tell-ing the sto - ry of
3. If I may rest at His feet ev - er - more, Yon-der, where an-gels ho-
side have been cast, If I may see my Re - deem - er at last,
Heav-en's own King, Till with the an - gels His prais - es I sing,
san - nas out - pour, All thro' e - ter - ni - ty praise and a - dore,
CHORUS.
I shall be sat - is - fied. I . . . . shall be sat - is-
I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be
fied, I . . . . shall be sat - is - fied;
sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied, I shall be sat - is - fied;
Earth's shadows past—like my Sav-ior at last— I shall be sat - is - fied.

No. 58. Follow Where He Leads.

Jno. R. Clements.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

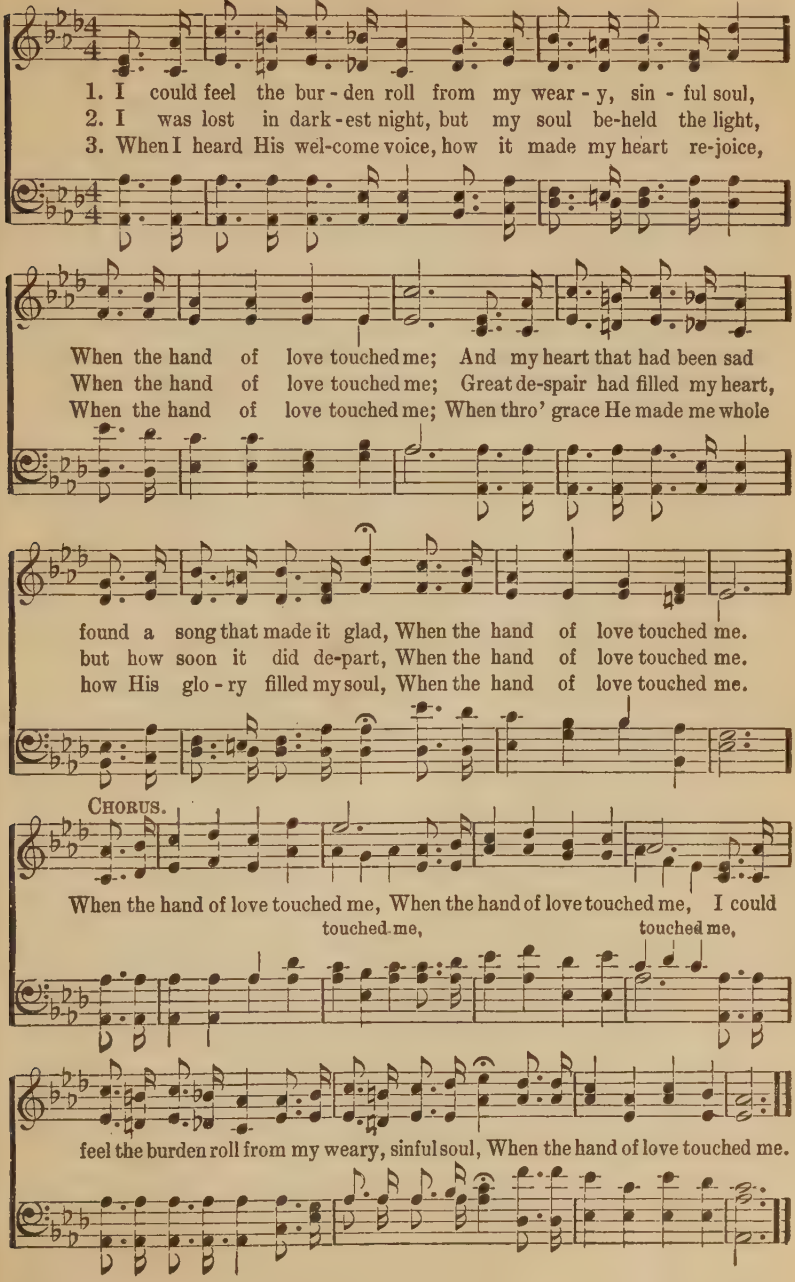
Hamp Sewell.


1. On - ly where the Sav - ior leads me is there peace; On - ly there can bit-ter-
2. On - ly where the Sav - ior leads me is there joy; Nev-er can a tri - al
3. On - ly where the Sav - ior leads me is my home; Here, a lone-ly pil-grim
ness and sor - row cease; If I fol - low in His foot-steps day by day,
come that will an - noy; There may be a cloud or two in ev - 'ry sky,
wear - i - ly I roam; By and by the sight-ing of the Cit - y fair,
CHORUS.
He will be my Cap-tain all the way.
But the clouds will scatter by and by. Follow where He leads, Follow where He leads,
with its man-y mansions o-ver there.
Fol-low, fol - low all the way, Fol - low night and day; Fol-low where He leads,
Fol-low where He leads, Fol - low, fol - low, I will fol - low all the way.

No. 59. When The Hand of Love Touched Me.

James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. Homer F. Morris.

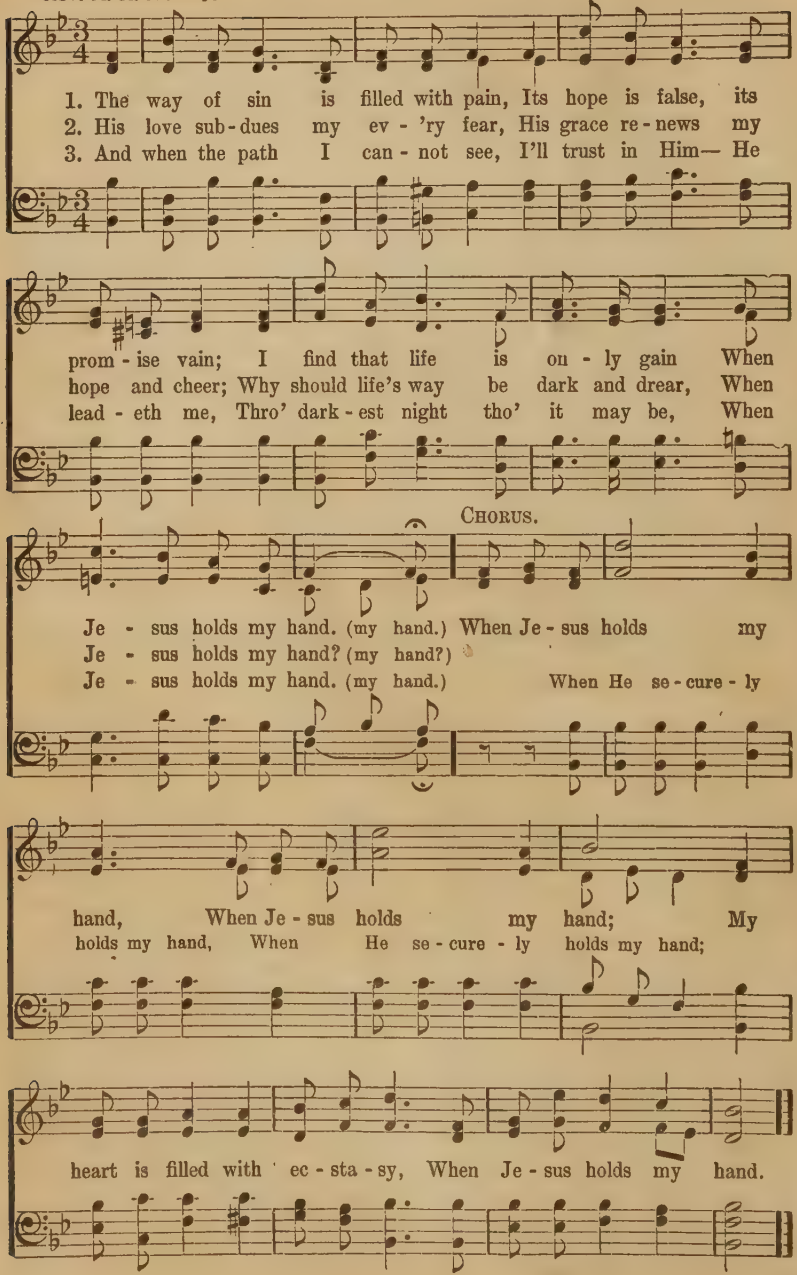
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I could feel the bur - den roll from my wear - y, sin - ful soul,
2. I was lost in dark - est night, but my soul be-held the light,
3. When I heard His wel-come voice, how it made my heart re-joice,
When the hand of love touched me; And my heart that had been sad
When the hand of love touched me; Great de-spair had filled my heart,
When the hand of love touched me; When thro' grace He made me whole
found a song that made it glad, When the hand of love touched me.
but how soon it did de-part, When the hand of love touched me.
how His glo - ry filled my soul, When the hand of love touched me.
CHORUS.
When the hand of love touched me, When the hand of love touched me, I could
touched me, touched me,
feel the burden roll from my weary, sinful soul, When the hand of love touched me.

No. 60. When Jesus Holds My Hand.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY.

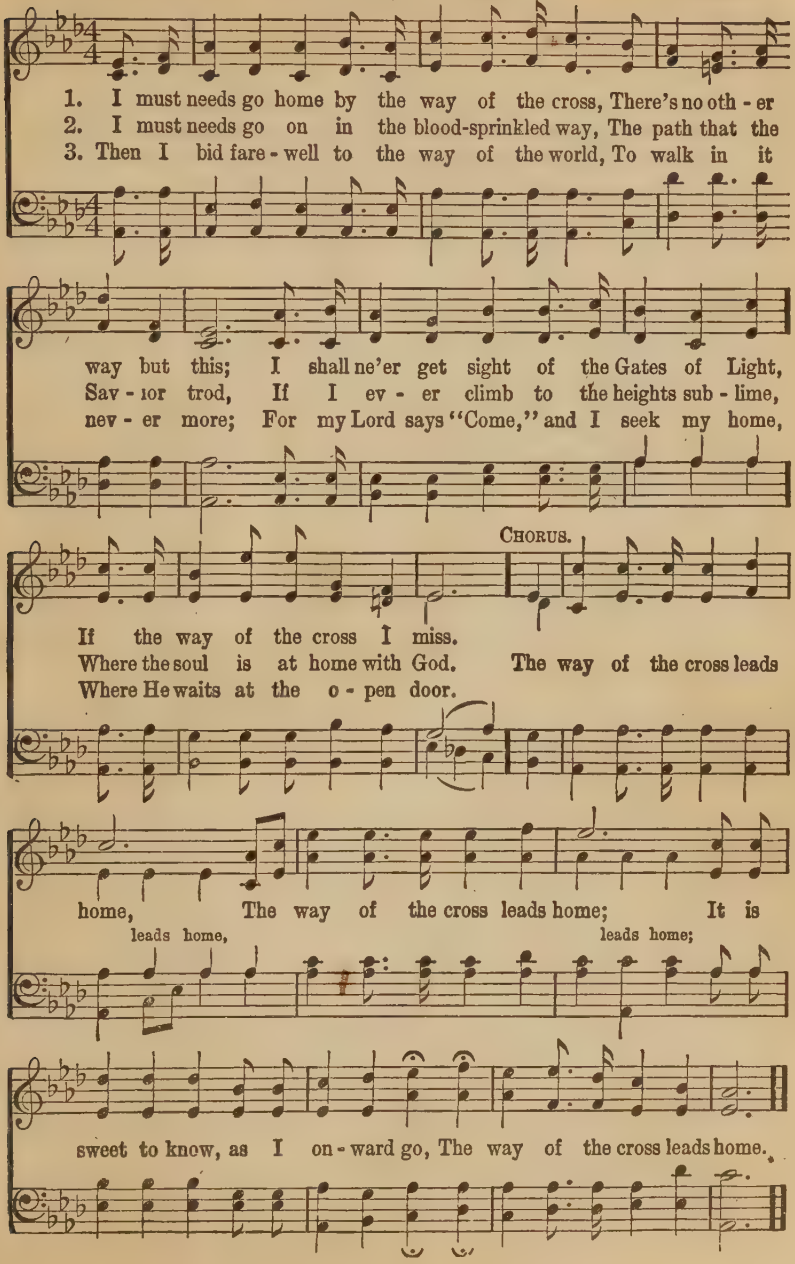
Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.


1. The way of sin is filled with pain, Its hope is false, its
2. His love sub-dues my ev-'ry fear, His grace re-news my
3. And when the path I can-not see, I'll trust in Him— He
prom-ise vain; I find that life is on-ly gain When
hope and cheer; Why should life's way be dark and drear, When
lead-eth me, Thro' dark-est night tho' it may be, When
CHORUS.
Je-sus holds my hand. (my hand.) When Je-sus holds my
Je-sus holds my hand? (my hand?)
Je-sus holds my hand. (my hand.) When He se-cure-ly
hand, When Je-sus holds my hand; My
holds my hand, When He se-cure-ly holds my hand;
heart is filled with ec-sta-sy, When Je-sus holds my hand.

No. 61. The Way of the Cross Leads Home.

Jessie Brown Pounds.

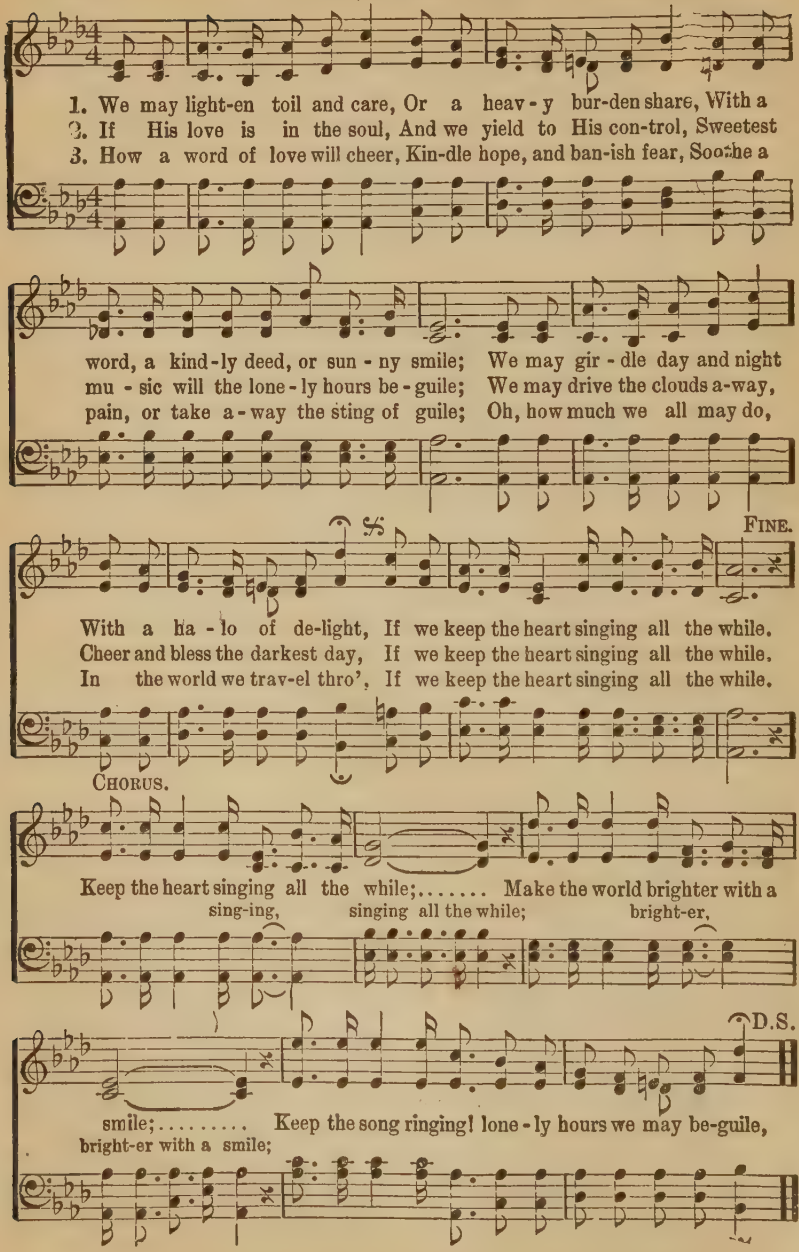
COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I must needs go home by the way of the cross, There's no oth - er
2. I must needs go on in the blood-sprinkled way, The path that the
3. Then I bid fare - well to the way of the world, To walk in it
way but this; I shall ne'er get sight of the Gates of Light,
Sav - ior trod, If I ev - er climb to the heights sub - lime,
nev - er more; For my Lord says "Come," and I seek my home,
CHORUS.
If the way of the cross I miss.
Where the soul is at home with God.
Where He waits at the o - pen door.
The way of the cross leads
home,
The way of the cross leads home;
It is
leads home,
leads home;
sweet to know, as I on - ward go, The way of the cross leads home.

No. 62. Keep the Heart Singing.

C. H. G.

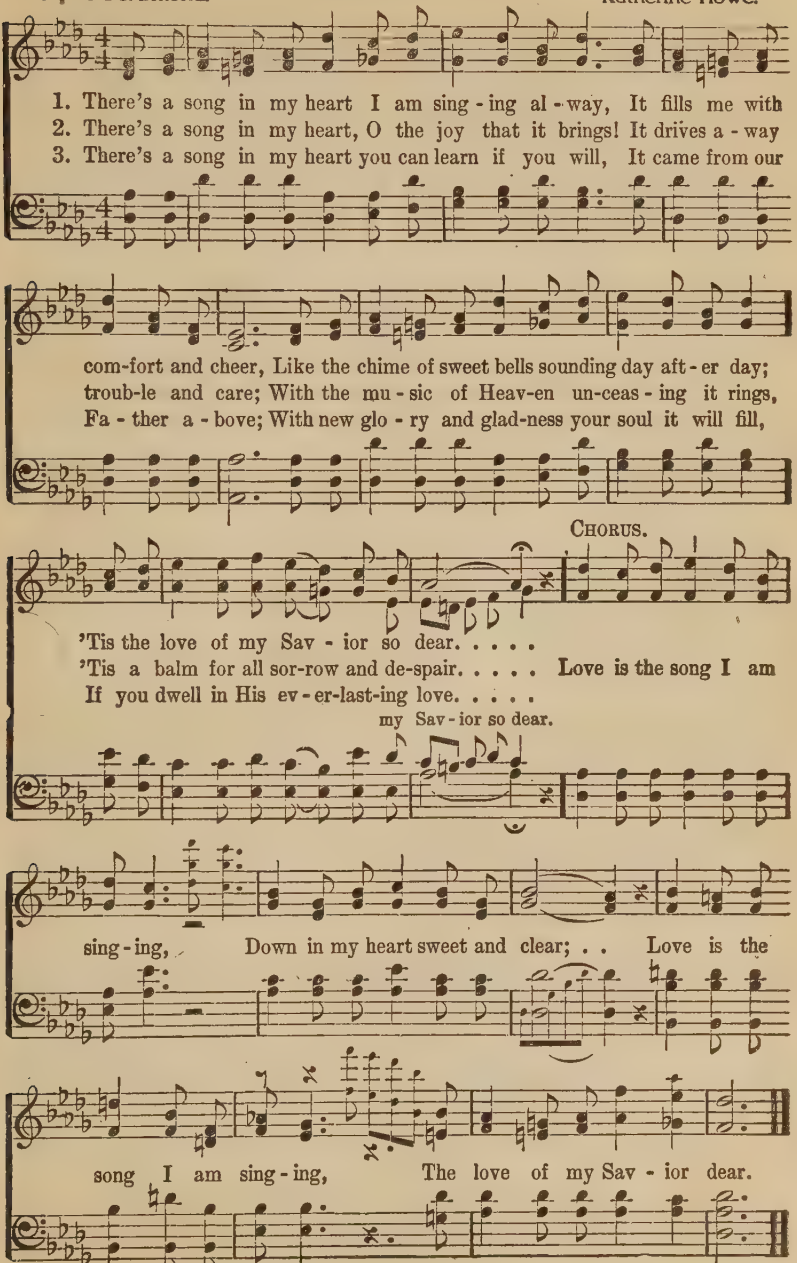
COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. We may light-en toil and care, Or a heav-y bur-den share, With a
2. If His love is in the soul, And we yield to His con-trol, Sweetest
3. How a word of love will cheer, Kin-dle hope, and ban-ish fear, Soothe a
word, a kind-ly deed, or sun-ny smile; We may gir-dle day and night
mu-sic will the lone-ly hours be-guile; We may drive the clouds a-way,
pain, or take a-way the sting of guile; Oh, how much we all may do,
FINE.
With a ha-lo of de-light, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
Cheer and bless the darkest day, If we keep the heart singing all the while.
In the world we trav-el thro', If we keep the heart singing all the while.
CHORUS.
Keep the heart singing all the while;..... Make the world brighter with a
sing-ing, singing all the while; bright-er,
D.S.
smile;..... Keep the song ringing! lone-ly hours we may be-guile,
bright-er with a smile;

No 63. There's a Song in My Heart.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY B. D. ACKLEY.

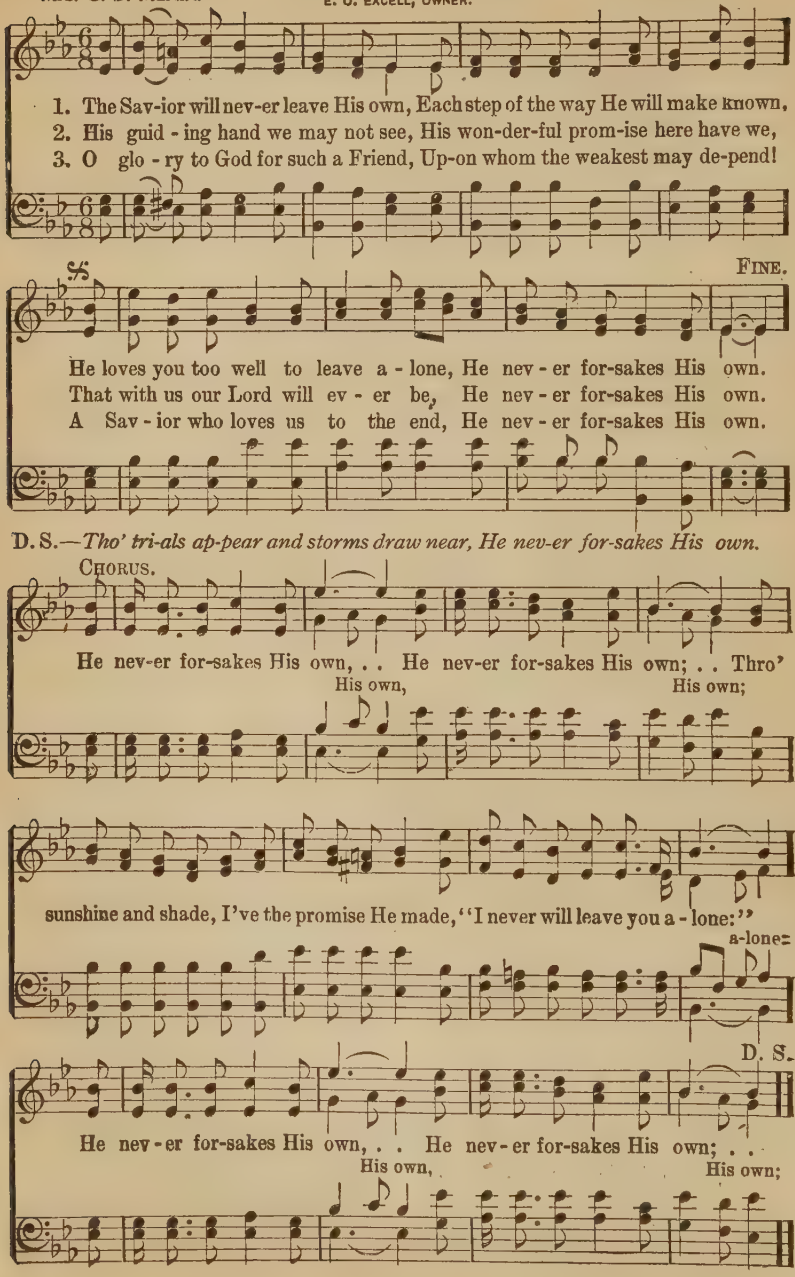
Lizzie DeArmond. Katherine Howe.


1. There's a song in my heart I am sing - ing al - way, It fills me with
2. There's a song in my heart, O the joy that it brings! It drives a - way
3. There's a song in my heart you can learn if you will, It came from our
com-fort and cheer, Like the chime of sweet bells sounding day aft - er day;
troub-le and care; With the mu - sic of Heav-en un-ceas - ing it rings,
Fa - ther a - bove; With new glo - ry and glad-ness your soul it will fill,
CHORUS.
'Tis the love of my Sav - ior so dear. . . . .
'Tis a balm for all sor-row and de-spair. . . . . Love is the song I am
If you dwell in His ev - er-last-ing love. . . . .
my Sav - ior so dear.
sing - ing, Down in my heart sweet and clear; . . Love is the
song I am sing - ing, The love of my Sav - ior dear.

No. 64. He Never Forsakes His Own.

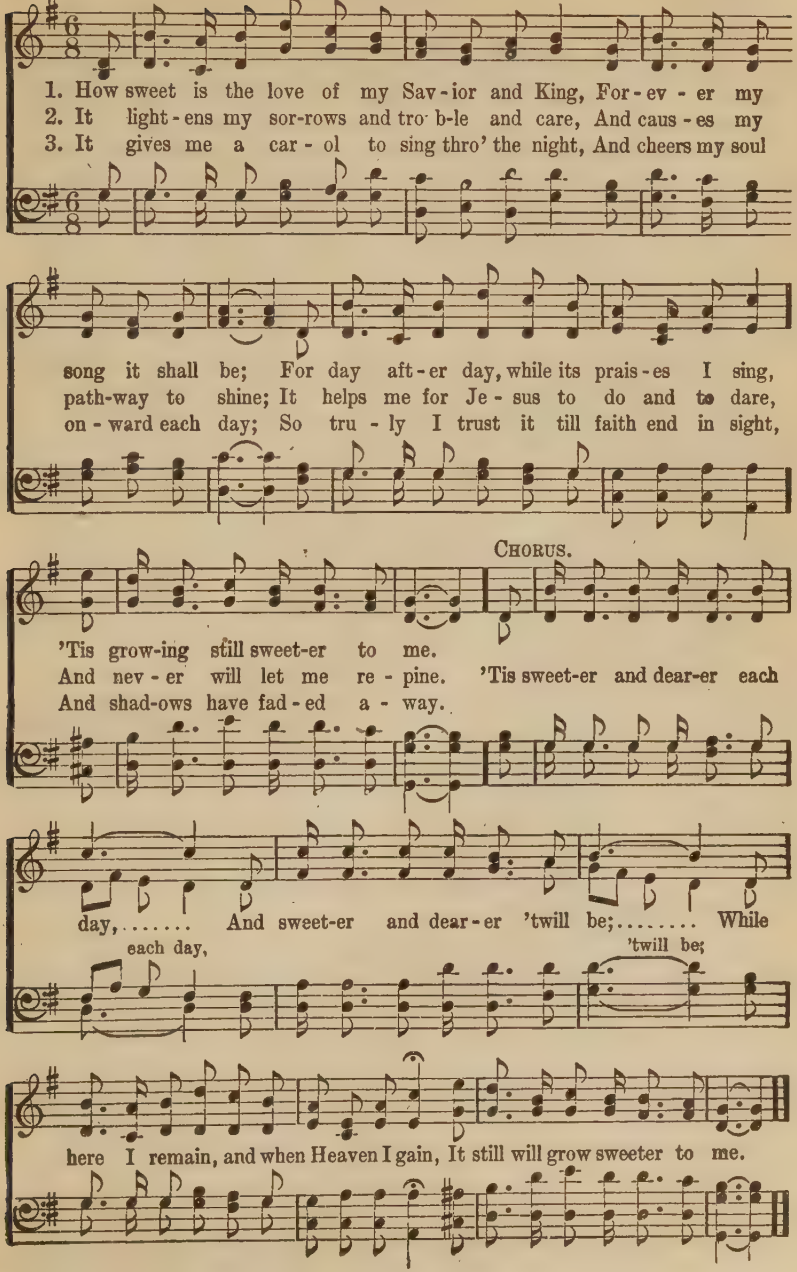
Mrs. C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY HAMP SEWELL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

1. The Sav-ior will nev-er leave His own, Each step of the way He will make known,
2. His guid-ing hand we may not see, His won-der-ful prom-ise here have we,
3. O glo-ry to God for such a Friend, Up-on whom the weakest may de-pend!
FINE.
He loves you too well to leave a-lone, He nev-er for-sakes His own.
That with us our Lord will ev-er be, He nev-er for-sakes His own.
A Sav-ior who loves us to the end, He nev-er for-sakes His own.
D. S.—Tho' tri-als ap-pear and storms draw near, He nev-er for-sakes His own.
CHORUS.
He nev-er for-sakes His own, . . He nev-er for-sakes His own; . . Thro'
His own,
His own;
sunshine and shade, I've the promise He made, "I never will leave you a-lone:"
a-lone:
D. S.
He nev-er for-sakes His own, . . He nev-er for-sakes His own; . .
His own,
His own;

No. 65. Sweeter and Dearer.

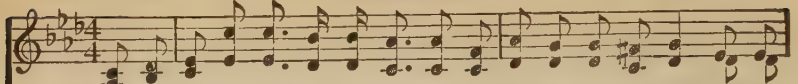
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS. I. E. Reynolds.

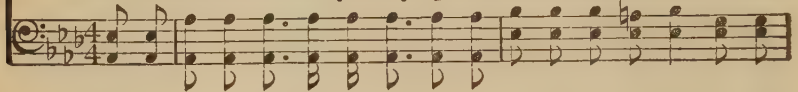

1. How sweet is the love of my Sav - ior and King, For - ev - er my
2. It light - ens my sor-rows and tro b-le and care, And caus - es my
3. It gives me a car - ol to sing thro' the night, And cheers my soul
song it shall be; For day aft - er day, while its prais - es I sing,
path-way to shine; It helps me for Je - sus to do and to dare,
on - ward each day; So tru - ly I trust it till faith end in sight,
CHORUS.
'Tis grow-ing still sweet-er to me.
And nev - er will let me re - pine. 'Tis sweet-er and dear-er each
And shad-ows have fad - ed a - way.
day,..... And sweet-er and dear - er 'twill be;..... While
each day,
'twill be;
here I remain, and when Heaven I gain, It still will grow sweeter to me.

No. 66. We Will Talk It O'er Together By and By.

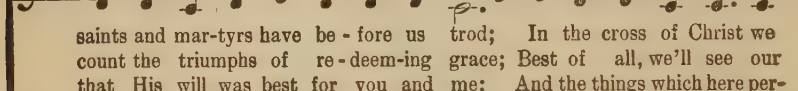
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

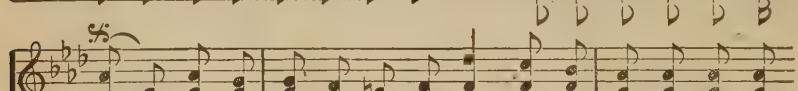
Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. We are trav'ling home to Heav-en by the straight and narrow way, Which the
2. There with Mo-ses and E - li - as, and with Pe-ter and with Paul, We'll re-
3. We will look back o'er the jour-ney by our heav'nly Father planned, Knowing



saints and mar-tyrs have be - fore us trod; In the cross of Christ we
count the triumphs of re - deem-ing grace; Best of all, we'll see our
that His will was best for you and me; And the things which here per-

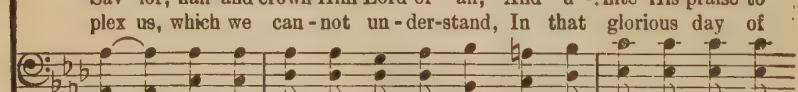


glo - ry as we jour-ney day by day, Press-ing on-ward to the
Sav - ior, hail and crown Him Lord of all, And u - nite His praise to
plex us, which we can - not un - der-stand, In that glorious day of



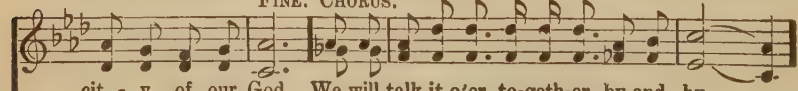
D. S.—*come, and have reached our heav'nly home; We will talk it o'er to-*

FINE. CHORUS.



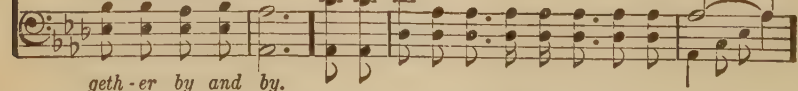
cit - y of our God. We will talk it o'er to-geth-er by and by,.....
sing thro' end-less days.
days made plain will be.

by and by,



geth - er by and by.

D. S.



When we reach that ho-ly cit - y, you and I,.....How thro' grace we've over-

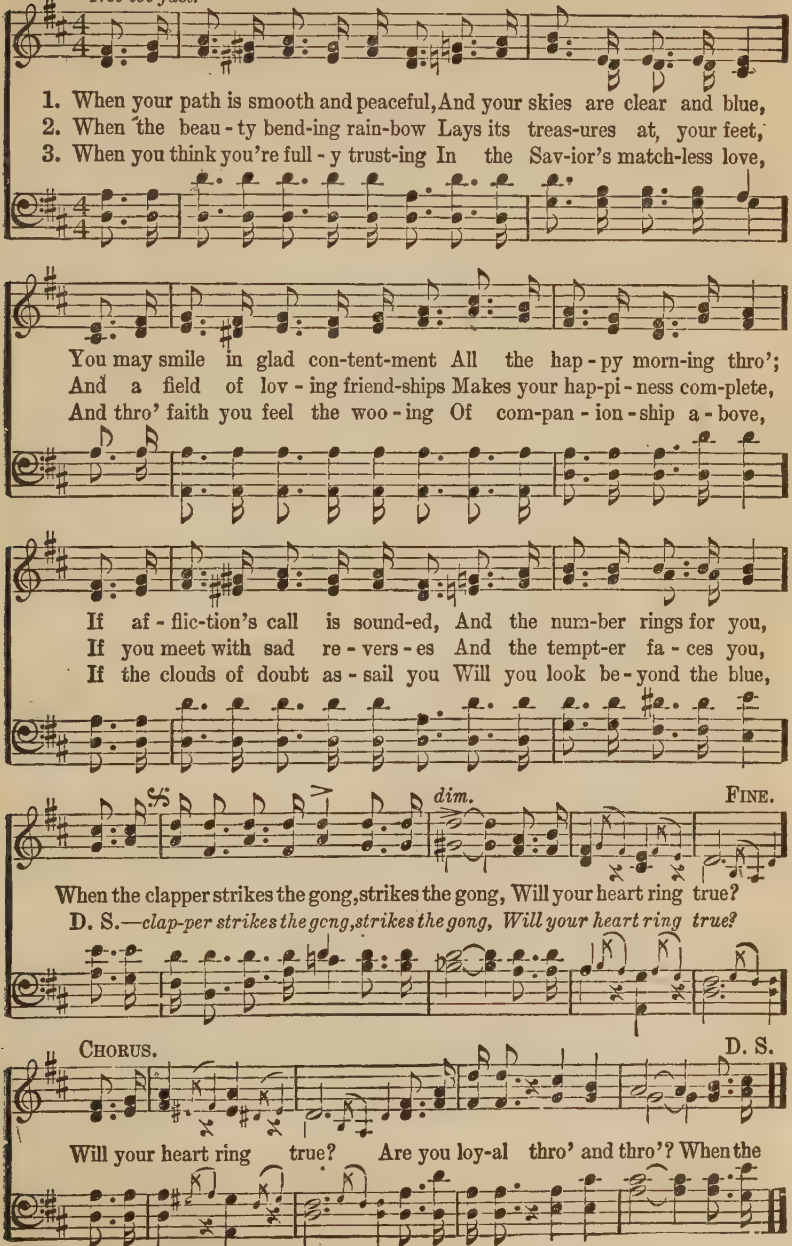
No. 67. Will Your Heart Ring True?

Almeda Hall Tarrant.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

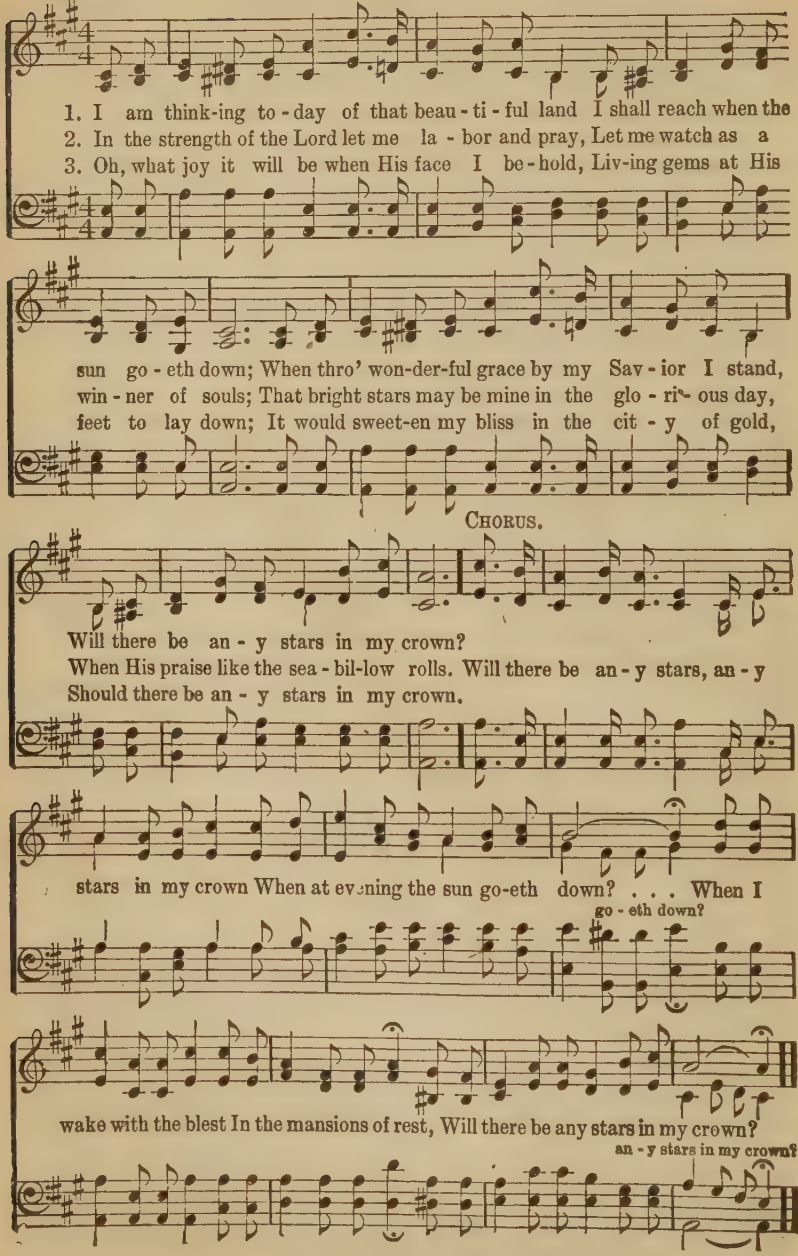
Not too fast.


1. When your path is smooth and peaceful, And your skies are clear and blue,
2. When the beau - ty bend-ing rain-bow Lays its treas-ures at, your feet,
3. When you think you're full - y trust-ing In the Sav-ior's match-less love,
You may smile in glad con-tent-ment All the hap - py morn-ing thro';
And a field of lov - ing friend-ships Makes your hap-pi - ness com-plete,
And thro' faith you feel the woo - ing Of com-pan - ion - ship a - bove,
If af - flic-tion's call is sound-ed, And the num-ber rings for you,
If you meet with sad re - vers - es And the tempt-er fa - ces you,
If the clouds of doubt as - sail you Will you look be - yond the blue,
dim.
FINE.
When the clapper strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
D. S.—clap-per strikes the gong, strikes the gong, Will your heart ring true?
CHORUS.
D. S.
Will your heart ring true? Are you loy-al thro' and thro'? When the

No. 68. Will There Be Any Stars?

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY JNO. R. SWENEY.
USED BY PER. OF L. E. SWENEY, EXECUTRIX.

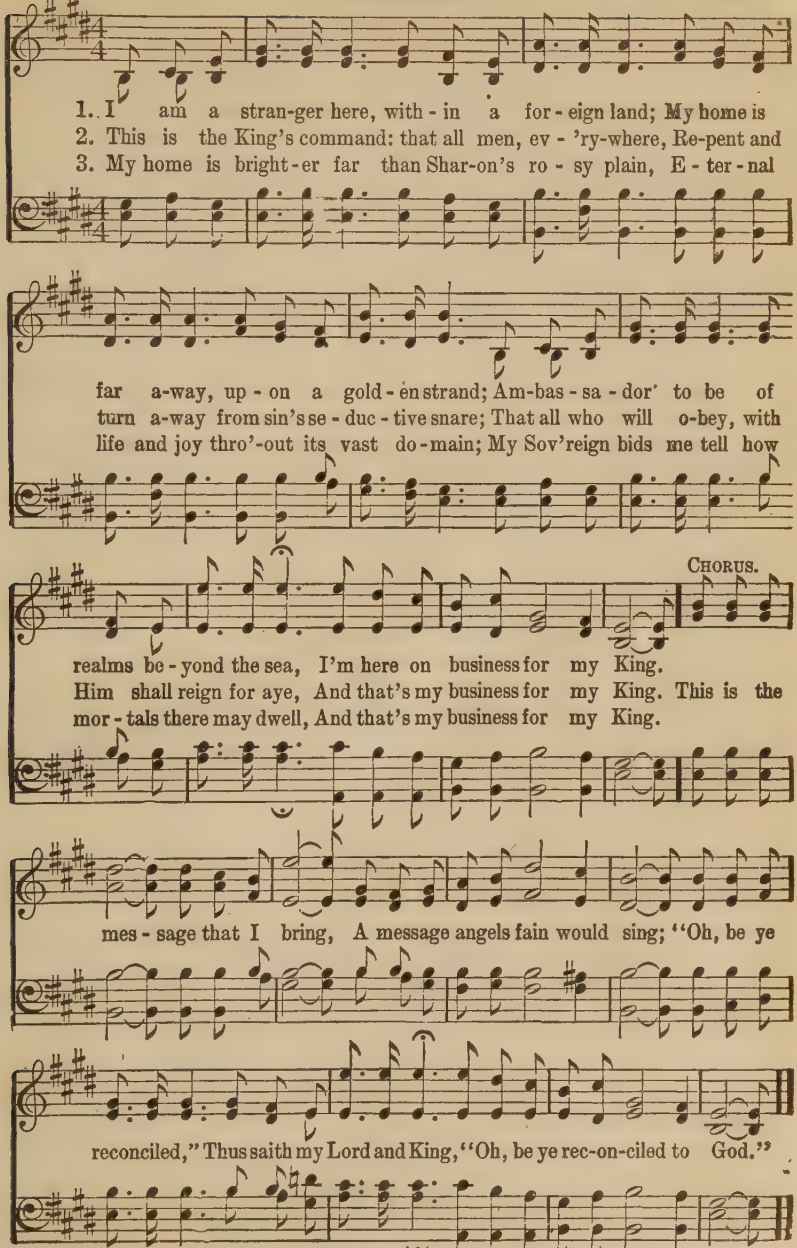
E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.


1. I am think-ing to-day of that beau-ti-ful land I shall reach when the
sun go-eth down; When thro' won-der-ful grace by my Sav-ior I stand,
2. In the strength of the Lord let me la-bor and pray, Let me watch as a
win-ner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glo-ri-ous day,
3. Oh, what joy it will be when His face I be-hold, Liv-ing gems at His
feet to lay down; It would sweet-en my bliss in the cit-y of gold,
CHORUS.
Will there be an-y stars in my crown?
When His praise like the sea-bil-low rolls. Will there be an-y stars, an-y
Should there be an-y stars in my crown.
stars in my crown When at evening the sun go-eth down? . . . When I
go-eth down?
wake with the blest In the mansions of rest, Will there be any stars in my crown?
an-y stars in my crown?

No. 69. The King's Business.

Dr. E. T. Cassel. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY E O EXCELL Flora H. Cassel.

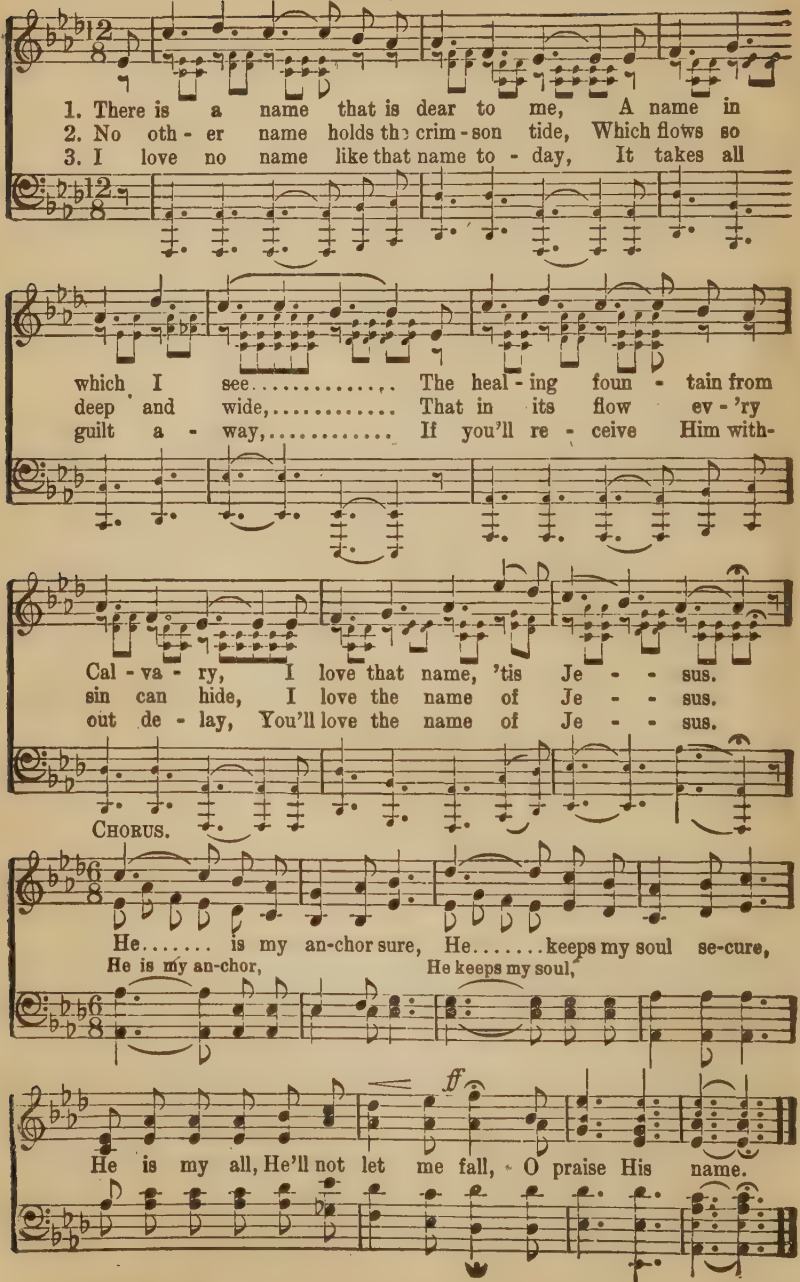
WORDS AND MUSIC.


1. I am a stran-ger here, with-in a for-eign land; My home is far a-way, up-on a gold-en strand; Am-bas-sa-dor' to be of realms be-yond the sea, I'm here on business for my King.
2. This is the King's command: that all men, ev-'ry-where, Re-pent and turn a-way from sin's se-duc-tive snare; That all who will o-bey, with Him shall reign for aye, And that's my business for my King. This is the
3. My home is bright-er far than Shar-on's ro-sy plain, E-ter-nal life and joy thro'-out its vast do-main; My Sov'reign bids me tell how mor-tals there may dwell, And that's my business for my King.
CHORUS.
mes-sage that I bring, A message angels fain would sing; "Oh, be ye reconciled," Thus saith my Lord and King, "Oh, be ye rec-on-ciled to God."

No. 70. Wonderful Name.

J. P. S. *Unison.*

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN, DALLAS, TEXAS.

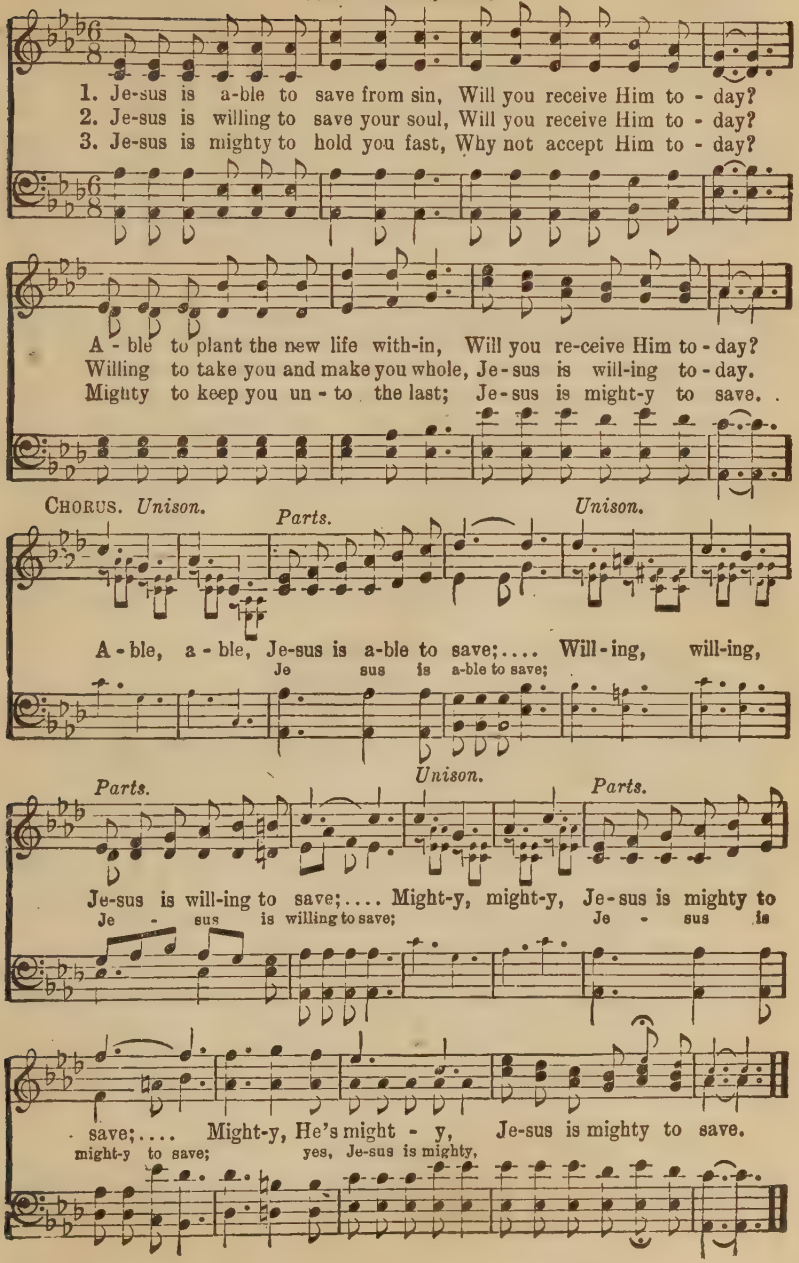
J. P. Scholfield.

1. There is a name that is dear to me, A name in
2. No oth - er name holds the crim - son tide, Which flows so
3. I love no name like that name to - day, It takes all
which I see..... The heal - ing foun - tain from
deep and wide,..... That in its flow ev - 'ry
guilt a - way,..... If you'll re - ceive Him with-
Cal - va - ry, I love that name, 'tis Je - - sus.
sin can hide, I love the name of Je - - sus.
out de - lay, You'll love the name of Je - - sus.
CHORUS.
He..... is my an-chor sure, He.....keeps my soul se-cure,
He is my an-chor, He keeps my soul,
ff
He is my all, He'll not let me fall, O praise His name.

No. 71.

Able, Willing, Mighty.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY J. P. SCHOLFIELD.
ROBT. H. COLEMAN, OWNER.

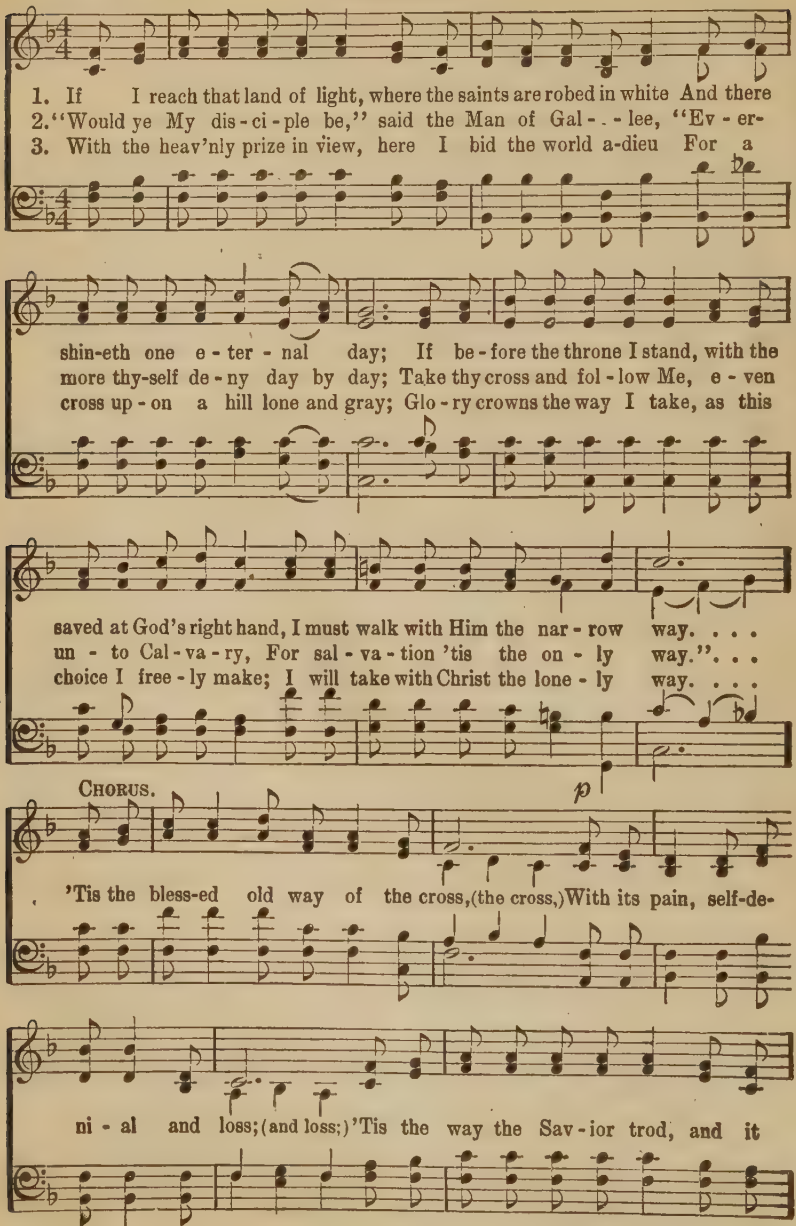
J. P. Scholfield.

1. Je-sus is a-ble to save from sin, Will you receive Him to - day?
2. Je-sus is willing to save your soul, Will you receive Him to - day?
3. Je-sus is mighty to hold you fast, Why not accept Him to - day?
A - ble to plant the new life with-in, Will you re-ceive Him to - day?
Willing to take you and make you whole, Je-sus is will-ing to - day.
Mighty to keep you un - to the last; Je-sus is might-y to save.
CHORUS. Unison.
Parts.
Unison.
A - ble, a - ble, Je-sus is a-ble to save;.... Will - ing, will-ing,
Je sus is a-ble to save;
Unison.
Parts.
Parts.
Je-sus is will-ing to save;.... Might-y, might-y, Je-sus is mighty to
Je - sus is willing to save;
Je - sus is
save;.... Might-y, He's might - y, Je-sus is mighty to save.
might-y to save; yes, Je-sus is mighty,

No. 72. The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.

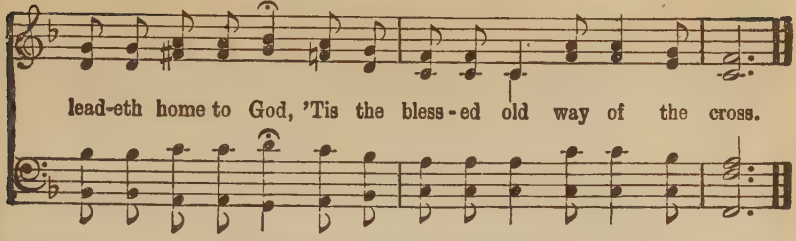
Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs C. H. Morris.

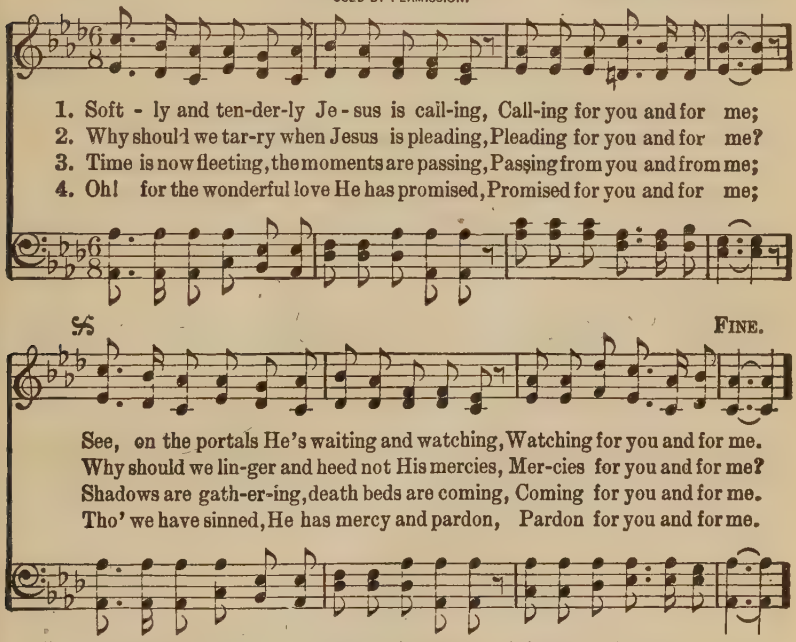

1. If I reach that land of light, where the saints are robed in white And there
2. "Would ye My dis-ci-ple be," said the Man of Gal-lee, "Ev-er-
3. With the heav'nly prize in view, here I bid the world a-dieu For a
shin-eth one e-ter-nal day; If be-fore the throne I stand, with the
more thy-self de-ny day by day; Take thy cross and fol-low Me, e-ven
cross up-on a hill lone and gray; Glo-ry crowns the way I take, as this
saved at God's right hand, I must walk with Him the nar-row way. . . .
un-to Cal-va-ry, For sal-va-tion 'tis the on-ly way." . . .
choice I free-ly make; I will take with Christ the lone-ly way. . . .
Chorus.
p
'Tis the bless-ed old way of the cross, (the cross,) With its pain, self-de-
ni-al and loss; (and loss;) 'Tis the way the Sav-ior trod, and it

The Blessed Old Way of the Cross.



No. 73. Softly and Tenderly.

W. L. T. HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS. USED BY PERMISSION. Will L. Thompson.

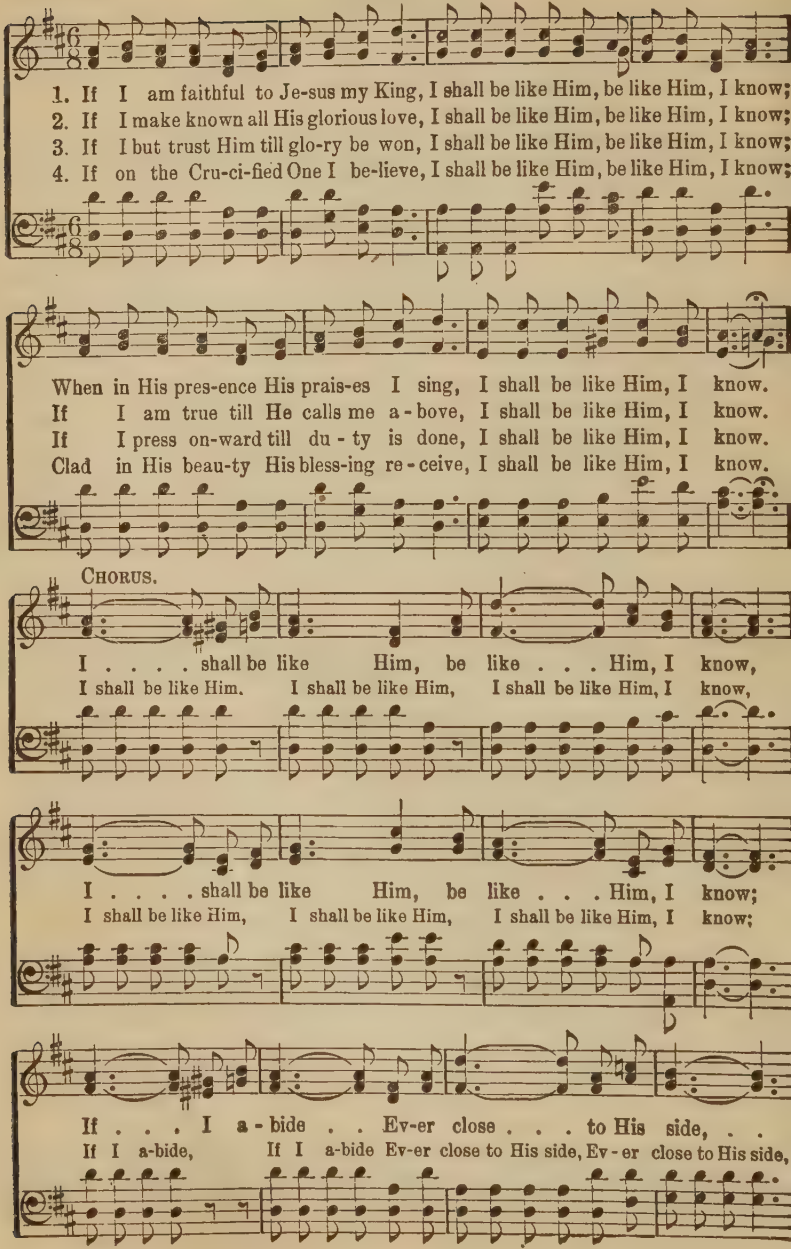

1. Soft - ly and ten-der-ly Je - sus is cail-ing, Call-ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tar-ry when Jesus is pleading, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the wonderful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;
FINE.
See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we lin-ger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gath-er-ing, death beds are coming, Coming for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Pardon for you and for me.
D.S.—*Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je-sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!*
CHORUS.
Come home, come home, Ye who are wear-y, come home,
Come home, come home,
D.S.

No. 74.

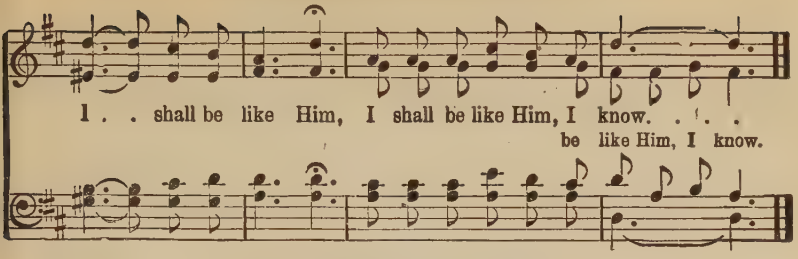
I Shall Be Like Him.

James Rowe.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

B. D. Ackley.

1. If I am faithful to Je-sus my King, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
2. If I make known all His glorious love, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
3. If I but trust Him till glo-ry be won, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
4. If on the Cru-ci-fied One I be-lieve, I shall be like Him, be like Him, I know;
When in His pres-ence His prais-es I sing, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I am true till He calls me a-bove, I shall be like Him, I know.
If I press on-ward till du-ty is done, I shall be like Him, I know.
Clad in His beau-ty His bless-ing re-ceive, I shall be like Him, I know.
CHORUS.
I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know,
I shall be like Him. I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know,
I . . . . shall be like Him, be like . . . Him, I know;
I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I shall be like Him, I know;
If . . . I a-bide . . Ev-er close . . . to His side, . .
If I a-bide, If I a-bide Ev-er close to His side, Ev-er close to His side,

I Shall Be Like Him.



No. 75. The Broken Heart.

As sung by Wm. McEwan.
COPYRIGHT, BY T. DENNIS.
Words and Music by T. Dennis.

Tenderly.

1. Have you read the sto - ry of the Cross, Where Je-sus bled and died;
2. Have you read how they placed the crown of thorns Upon His love - ly brow?
3. Have you read how He saved the dy - ing thief, When hanging on the tree?
4. Have you read that He looked to Heav'n and said, 'Tis finished—'twas for thee?

Where your debt was paid by His precious blood That flowed from His wounded side?
When He prayed, For-give them, oh! for-give, They know not what they do.
Who looked with pit - y-ing eyes and said, Dear Lord, re-mem - ber me.
Have you ev - er said, I thank Thee, Lord, For giv-ing Thy life for me?

CHORUS.

He died of a bro-ken heart for Thee, He died of a bro - ken heart;

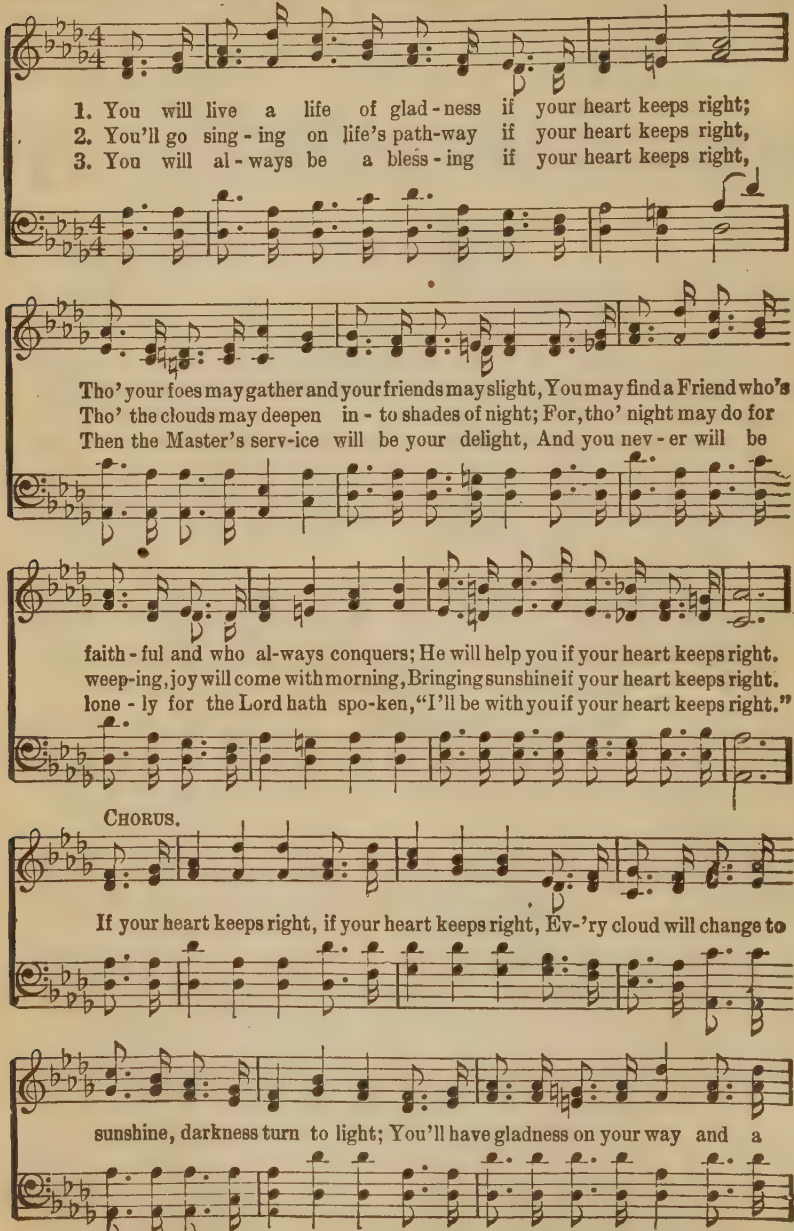
Oh, wondrous love! it was for thee He died of a bro - ken heart.

No. 76. If Your Heart Keeps Right.

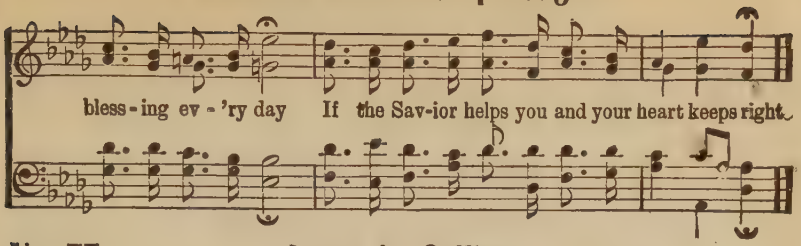
Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY HAMP SEWELL.
W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Hamp Sewell.

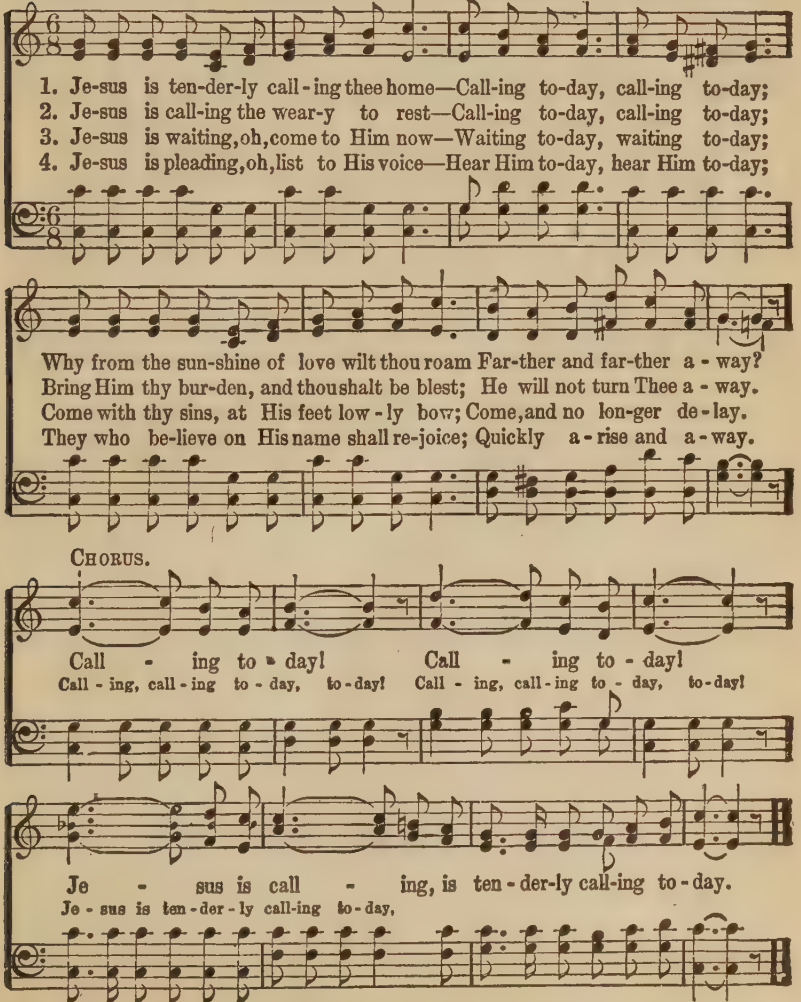

1. You will live a life of glad - ness if your heart keeps right;
2. You'll go sing - ing on life's path-way if your heart keeps right,
3. You will al - ways be a bless - ing if your heart keeps right,
Tho' your foes may gather and your friends may slight, You may find a Friend who's
Tho' the clouds may deepen in - to shades of night; For, tho' night may do for
Then the Master's serv-ice will be your delight, And you nev - er will be
faith - ful and who al-ways conquers; He will help you if your heart keeps right.
weep-ing, joy will come with morning, Bringing sunshine if your heart keeps right.
lone - ly for the Lord hath spo-ken, "I'll be with you if your heart keeps right."
CHORUS.
If your heart keeps right, if your heart keeps right, Ev-'ry cloud will change to
sunshine, darkness turn to light; You'll have gladness on your way and a

If Your Heart Keeps Right.



No. 77. Jesus is Calling.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY GEO. C. STEBBINS, RENEWAL. Geo. C. Stebbins.

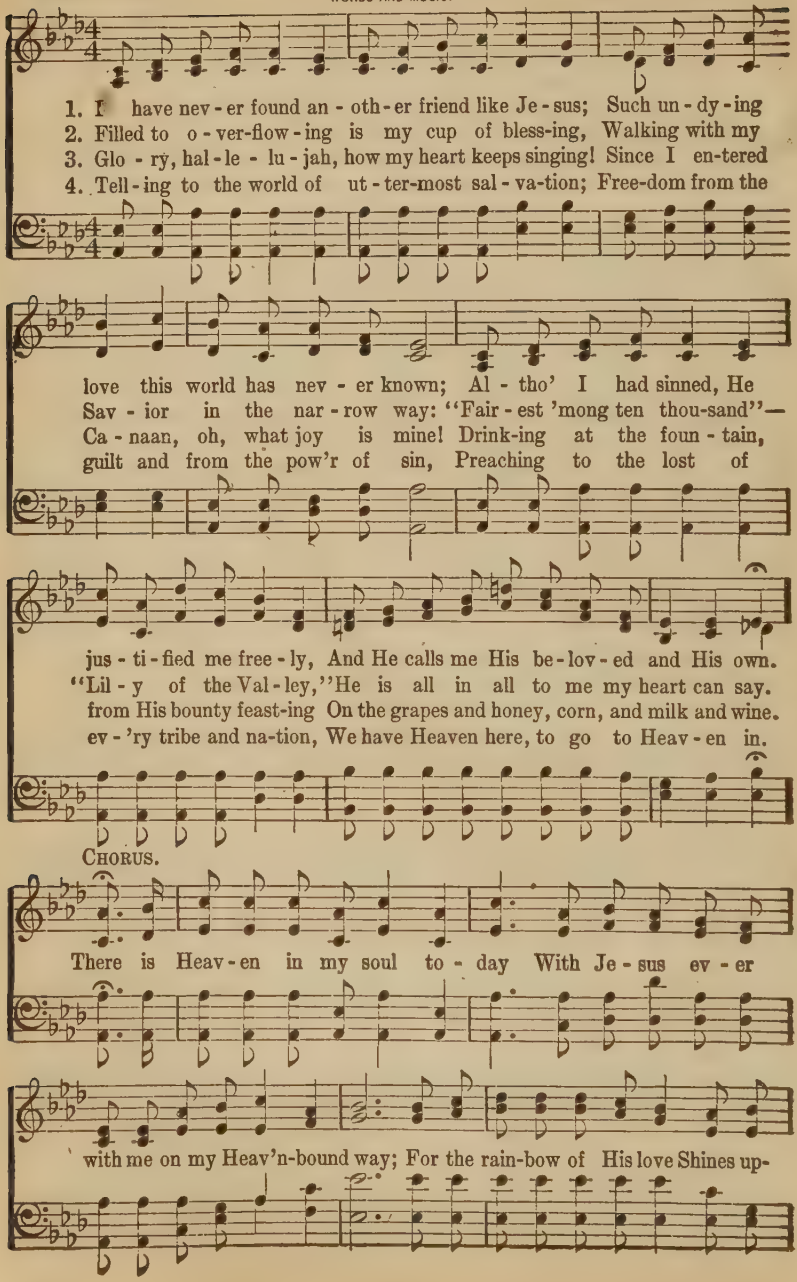

1. Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing thee home—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
2. Je-sus is call-ing the wear-y to rest—Call-ing to-day, call-ing to-day;
3. Je-sus is waiting, oh, come to Him now—Waiting to-day, waiting to-day;
4. Je-sus is pleading, oh, list to His voice—Hear Him to-day, hear Him to-day;
Why from the sun-shine of love wilt thou roam Far-ther and far-ther a-way?
Bring Him thy bur-den, and thou shalt be blest; He will not turn Thee a-way.
Come with thy sins, at His feet low-ly bow; Come, and no lon-ger de-lay.
They who be-lieve on His name shall re-joice; Quickly a-rise and a-way.
CHORUS.
Call - ing to - day! Call - ing to - day!
Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day! Call - ing, call - ing to - day, to - day!
Je - sus is call - ing, is ten - der-ly call-ing to - day.
Je - sus is ten - der - ly call-ing to - day,

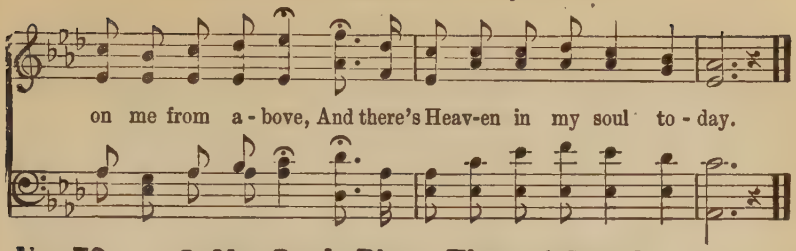
No. 78. There's Heaven In My Soul.

Mrs. C. H. M.

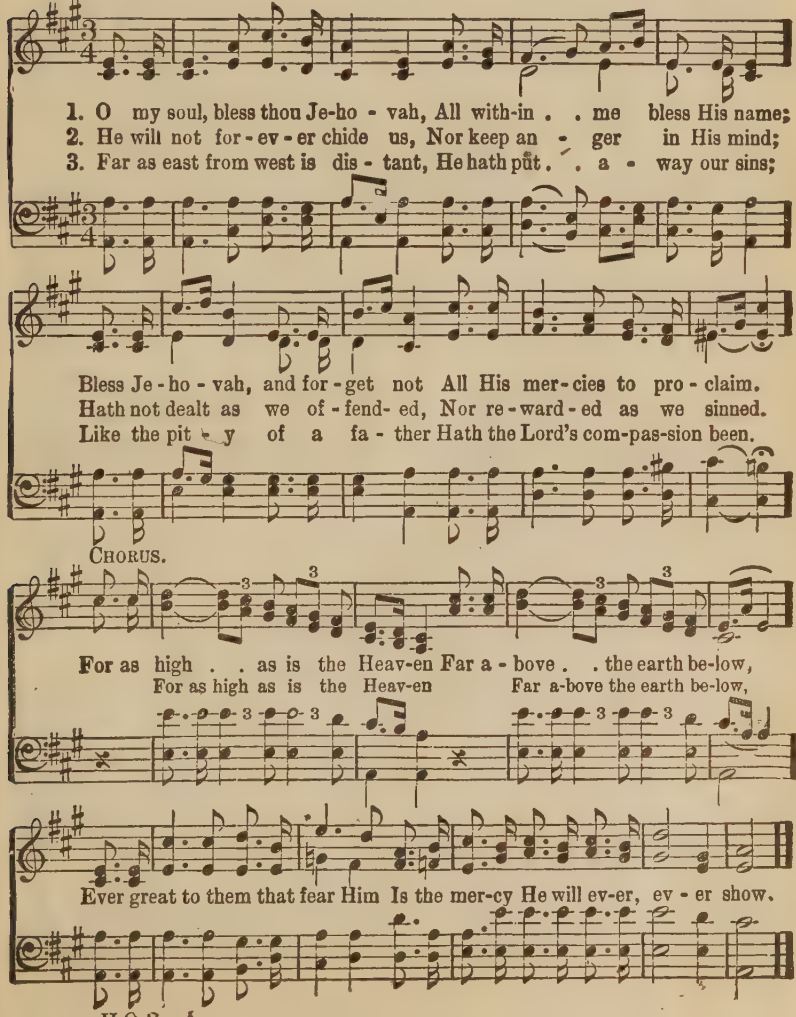
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I have nev - er found an - oth - er friend like Je - sus; Such un - dy - ing
2. Filled to o - ver-flow - ing is my cup of bless-ing, Walking with my
3. Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah, how my heart keeps singing! Since I en-tered
4. Tell - ing to the world of ut - ter-most sal - va-tion; Free-dom from the
love this world has nev - er known; Al - tho' I had sinned, He
Sav - ior in the nar - row way: "Fair - est 'mong ten thou-sand"—
Ca - naan, oh, what joy is mine! Drink-ing at the foun - tain,
guilt and from the pow'r of sin, Preaching to the lost of
jus - ti - fied me free - ly, And He calls me His be - lov - ed and His own.
"Lil - y of the Val - ley," He is all in all to me my heart can say.
from His bounty feast-ing On the grapes and honey, corn, and milk and wine.
ev - 'ry tribe and na-tion, We have Heaven here, to go to Heav - en in.
CHORUS.
There is Heav - en in my soul to - day With Je - sus ev - er
with me on my Heav'n-bound way; For the rain-bow of His love Shines up-

There's Heaven In My Soul.

No. 79. O My Soul, Bless Thou Jehovah.

Psalm 103. Donizetti. Arr. by E. O. E.

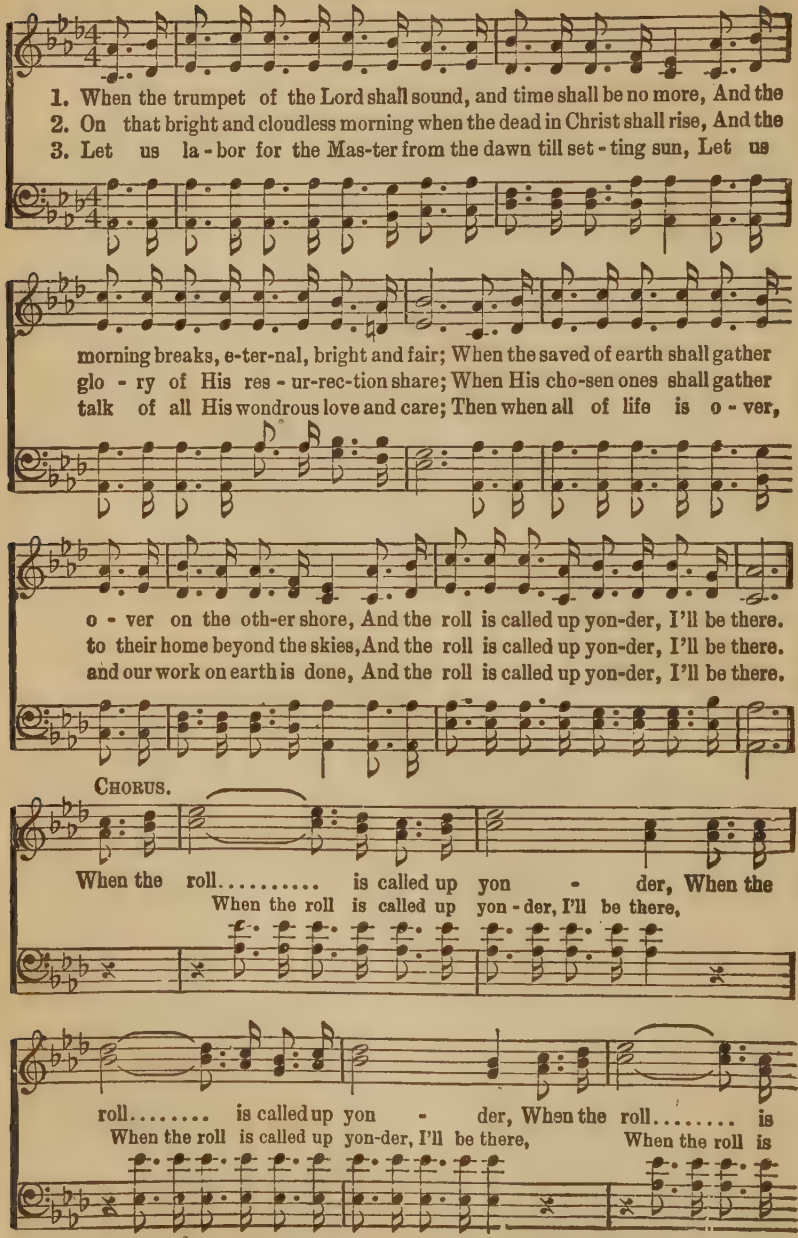

1. O my soul, bless thou Je-ho - vah, All with-in . . me bless His name;
2. He will not for-ev-er chide us, Nor keep an - ger in His mind;
3. Far as east from west is dis - tant, He hath put . . a - way our sins;
Bless Je - ho - vah, and for-get not All His mer-cies to pro - claim.
Hath not dealt as we of-fend-ed, Nor re-ward-ed as we sinned.
Like the pit - y of a fa - ther Hath the Lord's com-pas-sion been.
CHORUS.
For as high . . as is the Heav-en Far a - bove . . the earth be-low,
For as high as is the Heav-en Far a-bove the earth be-low,
Ever great to them that fear Him Is the mer-cy He will ev-er, ev - er show.

No. 80. When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

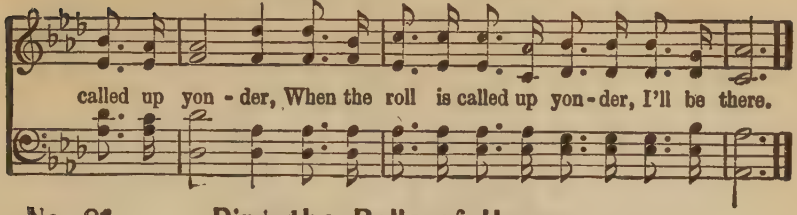
J. M. B.

J. M. BLACK, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.
USED BY PERMISSION.

J. M. Black.


1. When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound, and time shall be no more, And the
2. On that bright and cloudless morning when the dead in Christ shall rise, And the
3. Let us la - bor for the Mas-ter from the dawn till set - ting sun, Let us
morning breaks, e-ter-nal, bright and fair; When the saved of earth shall gather
glo - ry of His res - ur-rec-tion share; When His cho-sen ones shall gather
talk of all His wondrous love and care; Then when all of life is o - ver,
o - ver on the oth-er shore, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
to their home beyond the skies, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
and our work on earth is done, And the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there.
Chorus.
When the roll..... is called up yon - der, When the
When the roll is called up yon - der, I'll be there,
roll..... is called up yon - der, When the roll..... is
When the roll is called up yon-der, I'll be there, When the roll is

When the Roll is Called Up Yonder.

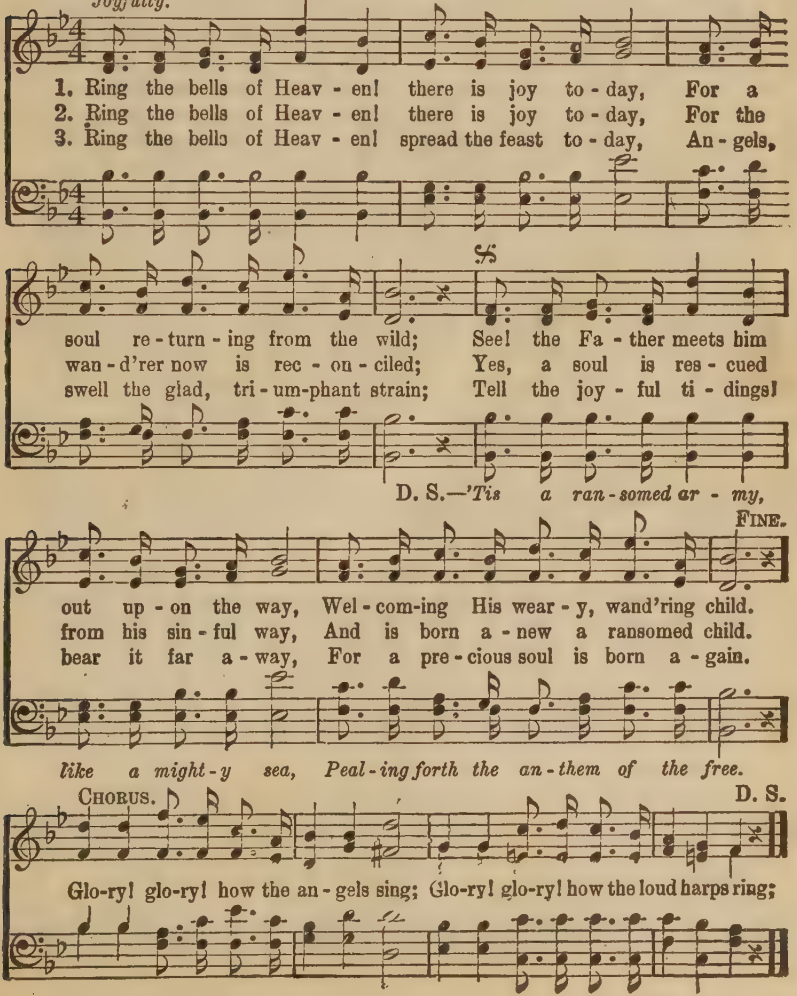


No. 81. Ring the Bells of Heaven.

Rev. Wm. O. Cushing.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

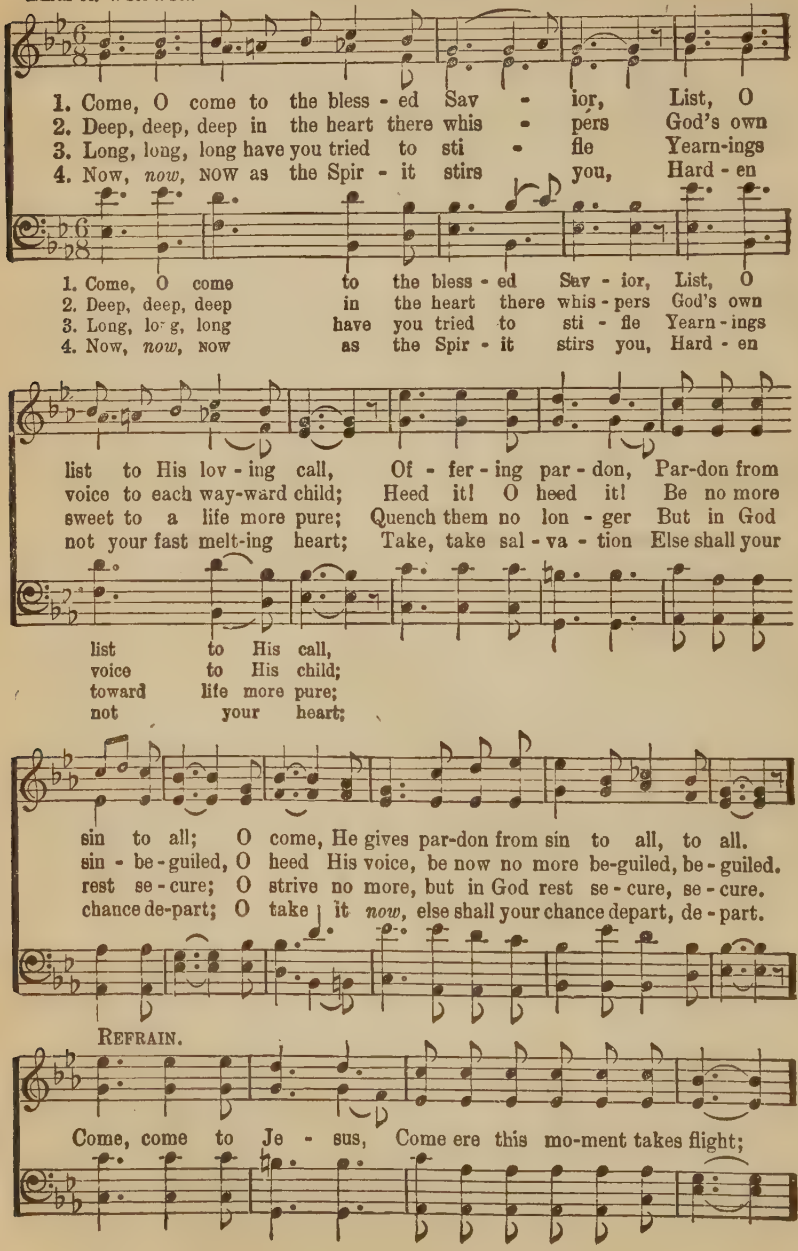
Geo. F. Root.

Joyfully.

1. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For a
2. Ring the bells of Heav - en! there is joy to - day, For the
3. Ring the bells of Heav - en! spread the feast to - day, An - gels,
soul re - turn - ing from the wild; See! the Fa - ther meets him
wan - d'rer now is rec - on - ciled; Yes, a soul is res - cued
swell the glad, tri - um-phant strain; Tell the joy - ful ti - dings!
D. S.—'Tis a ran - somed ar - my,
FINE.
out up - on the way, Wel - com-ing His wear - y, wand'ring child.
from his sin - ful way, And is born a - new a ransomed child.
bear it far a - way, For a pre - cious soul is born a - gain.
like a might - y sea, Peal - ing forth the an - them of the free.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the an - gels sing; Glo-ry! glo-ry! how the loud harps ring;

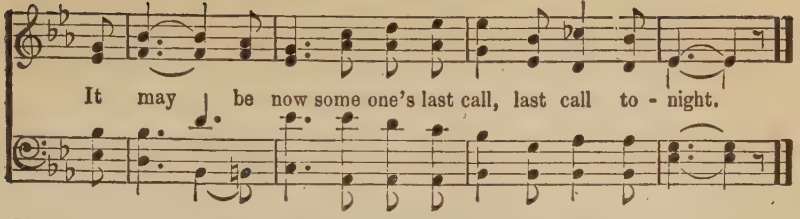
No. 82. Some One's Last Call.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY BIEDERWOLF & STROUSE.
LAKESIDE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

Edna R. Worrwell. Clarence B. Strouse. Arr.

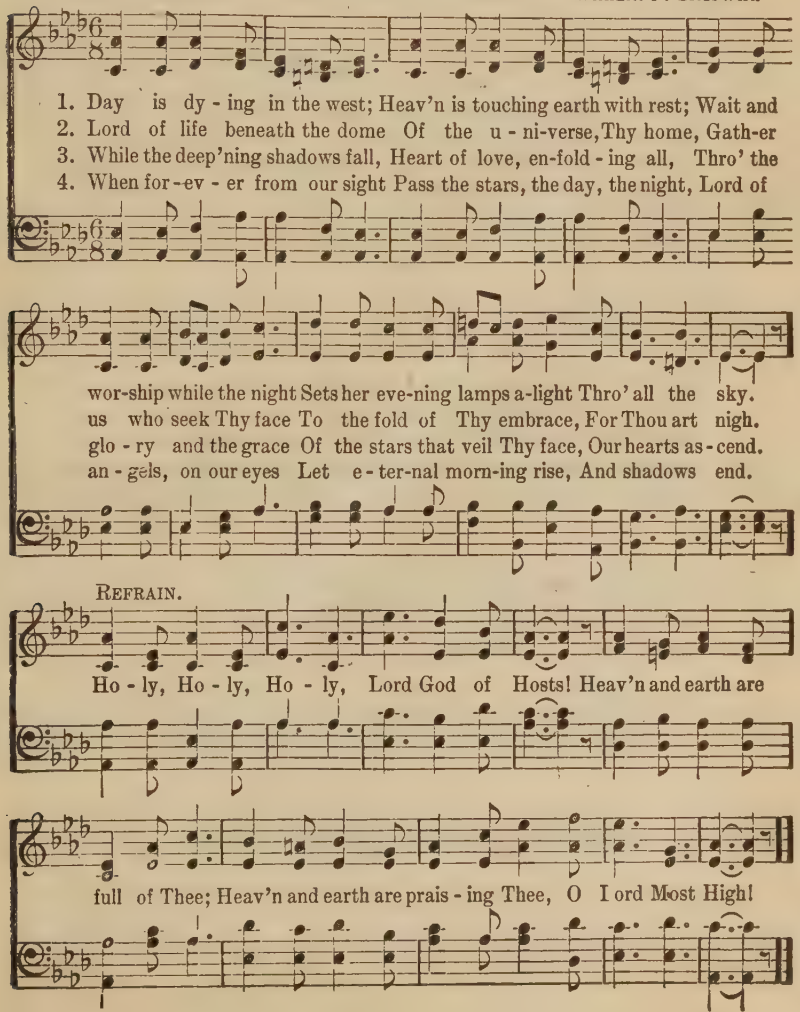

1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
3. Long, long, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn-ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en
1. Come, O come to the bless - ed Sav - ior, List, O
2. Deep, deep, deep in the heart there whis - pers God's own
3. Long, lo- g, long have you tried to sti - fle Yearn - ings
4. Now, *now*, NOW as the Spir - it stirs you, Hard - en
list to His lov - ing call, Of - fer - ing par - don, Par-don from
voice to each way-ward child; Heed it! O heed it! Be no more
sweet to a life more pure; Quench them no lon - ger But in God
not your fast melt-ing heart; Take, take sal - va - tion Else shall your
list to His call,
voice to His child;
toward life more pure;
not your heart;
sin to all; O come, He gives par-don from sin to all, to all.
sin - be - guiled, O heed His voice, be now no more be-guiled, be - guiled.
rest se - cure; O strive no more, but in God rest se - cure, se - cure.
chance de-part; O take it *now*, else shall your chance depart, de - part.
REFRAIN.
Come, come to Je - sus, Come ere this mo-ment takes flight;

Some One's Last Call.



No. 83. Day is Dying in the West.

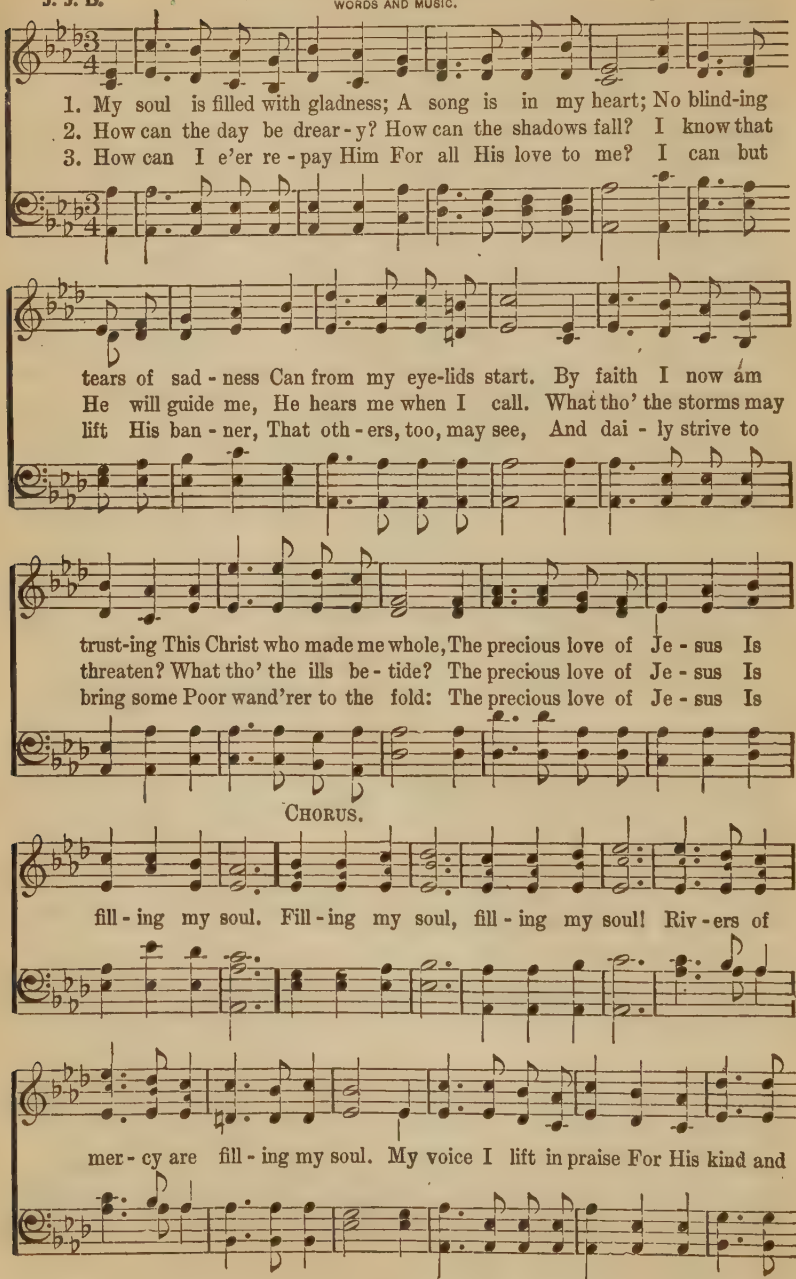
Mary Ann Lathbury. COPYRIGHT, 1877, BY J. H. VINCENT. William F. Sherwin.


1. Day is dy - ing in the west; Heav'n is touching earth with rest; Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
2. Lord of life beneath the dome Of the u - ni-verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of Thy embrace, For Thou art nigh.
3. While the deep'ning shadows fall, Heart of love, en-fold - ing all, Thro' the glo - ry and the grace Of the stars that veil Thy face, Our hearts as - cend.
4. When for - ev - er from our sight Pass the stars, the day, the night, Lord of an - gels, on our eyes Let e - ter-nal morn-ing rise, And shadows end.
REFRAIN.
Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heav'n and earth are full of Thee; Heav'n and earth are prais - ing Thee, O Lord Most High!

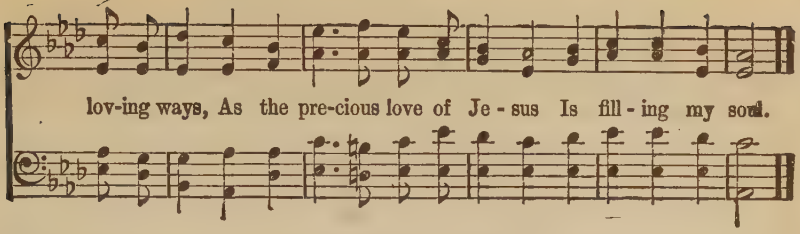
No. 84. His Love Is Filling My Soul.

J. J. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Jas. J. Bell.

1. My soul is filled with gladness; A song is in my heart; No blind-ing
2. How can the day be drear-y? How can the shadows fall? I know that
3. How can I e'er re-pay Him For all His love to me? I can but
tears of sad-ness Can from my eye-lids start. By faith I now am
He will guide me, He hears me when I call. What tho' the storms may
lift His ban-ner, That oth-ers, too, may see, And dai-ly strive to
trust-ing This Christ who made me whole, The precious love of Je-sus Is
threaten? What tho' the ills be-tide? The precious love of Je-sus Is
bring some Poor wand'rer to the fold: The precious love of Je-sus Is
CHORUS.
fill-ing my soul. Fill-ing my soul, fill-ing my soul! Riv-ers of
mer-cy are fill-ing my soul. My voice I lift in praise For His kind and

His Love Is Filling My Soul.



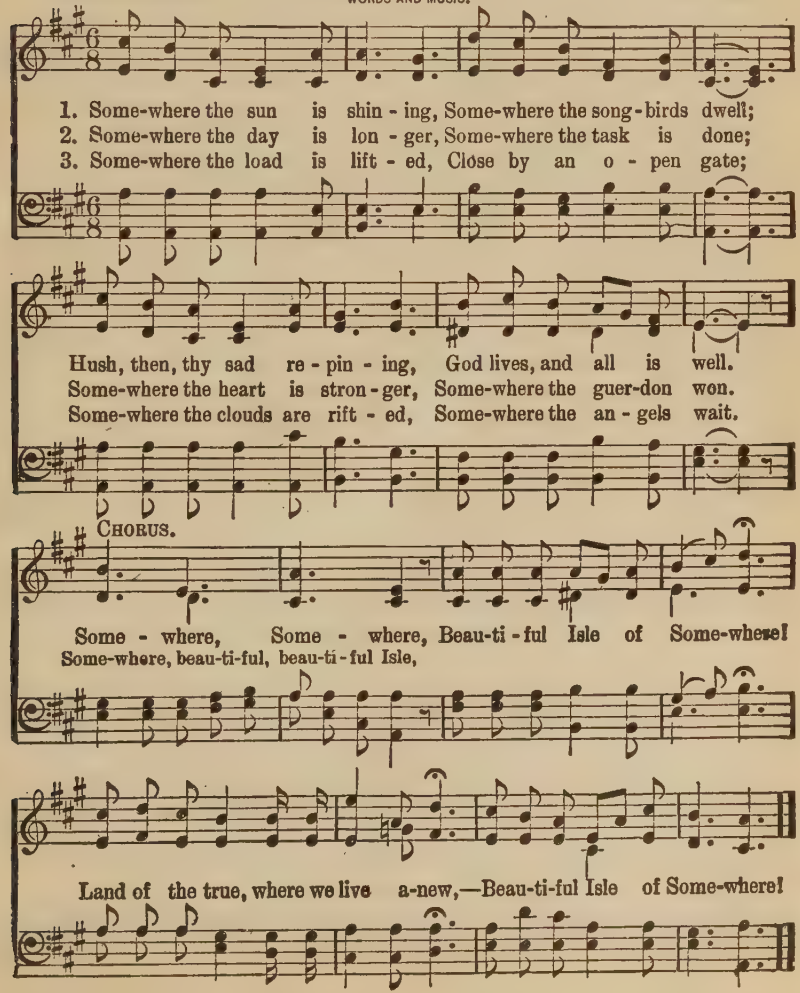
No. 85. Beautiful Isle.

Jessie B. Pounds.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

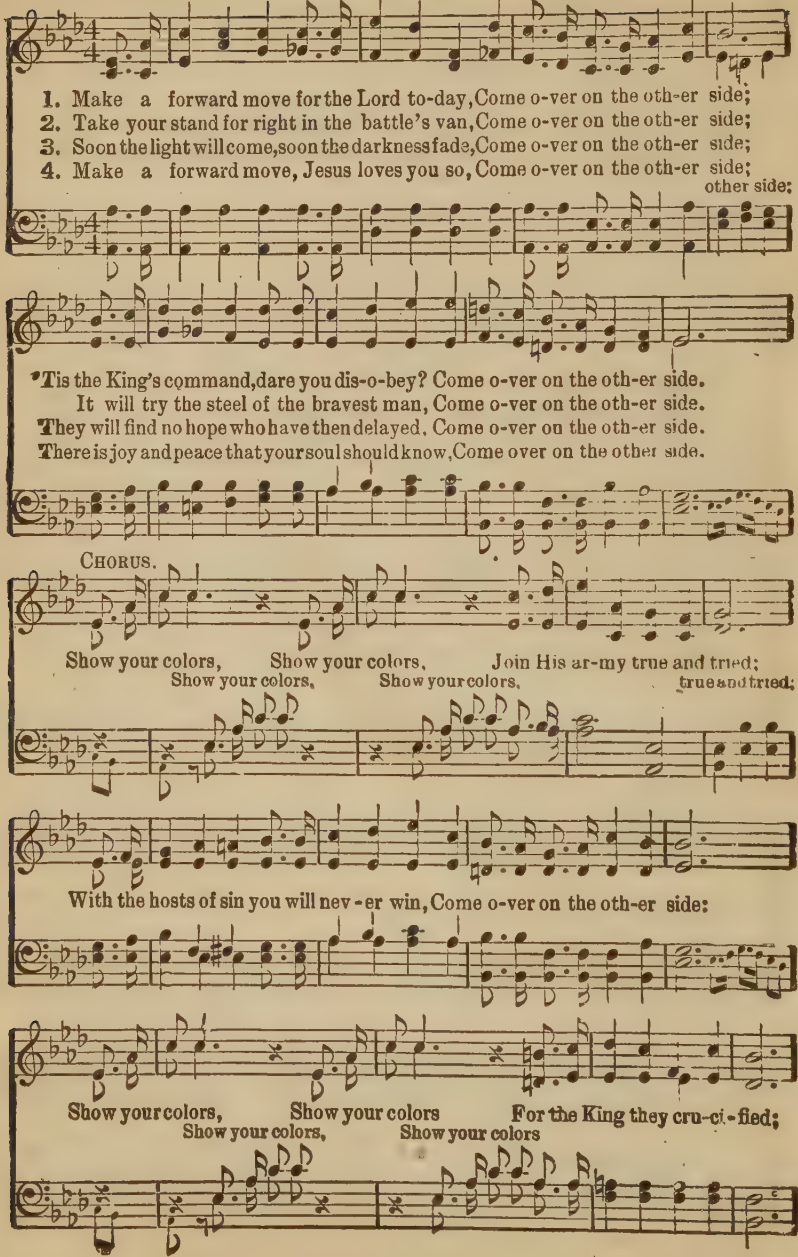
J. S. Fearis.

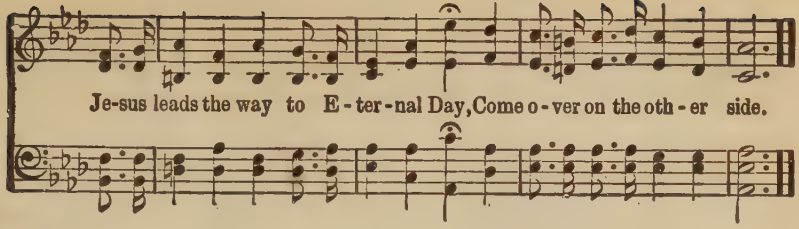

1. Some-where the sun is shin-ing, Some-where the song-birds dwell;
2. Some-where the day is lon-ger, Some-where the task is done;
3. Some-where the load is lift-ed, Close by an o-pen gate;
Hush, then, thy sad re-pin-ing, God lives, and all is well.
Some-where the heart is stron-ger, Some-where the guer-don won.
Some-where the clouds are rift-ed, Some-where the an-gels wait.
CHORUS.
Some-where, Some-where, Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!
Some-where, beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Isle,
Land of the true, where we live a-new,—Beau-ti-ful Isle of Some-where!

No. 86.

Show Your Colors.

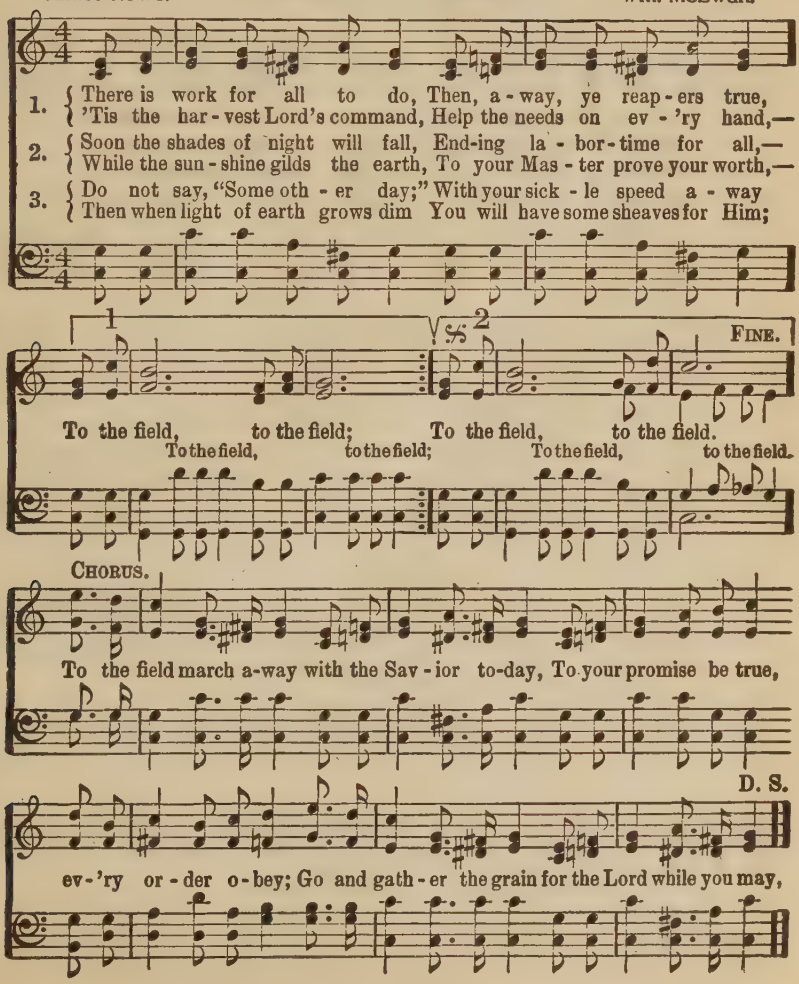
Lizzie DeArmond. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. B. D. Ackley.


1. Make a forward move for the Lord to-day, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
2. Take your stand for right in the battle's van, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
3. Soon the light will come, soon the darkness fade, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
4. Make a forward move, Jesus loves you so, Come o-ver on the oth-er side;
other side;
'Tis the King's command, dare you dis-o-bey? Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
It will try the steel of the bravest man, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
They will find no hope who have then delayed, Come o-ver on the oth-er side.
There is joy and peace that your soul should know, Come over on the other side.
CHORUS.
Show your colors, Show your colors, Join His ar-my true and tried;
Show your colors, Show your colors, true and tried;
With the hosts of sin you will nev-er win, Come o-ver on the oth-er side:
Show your colors, Show your colors For the King they cru-ci-fied;
Show your colors, Show your colors

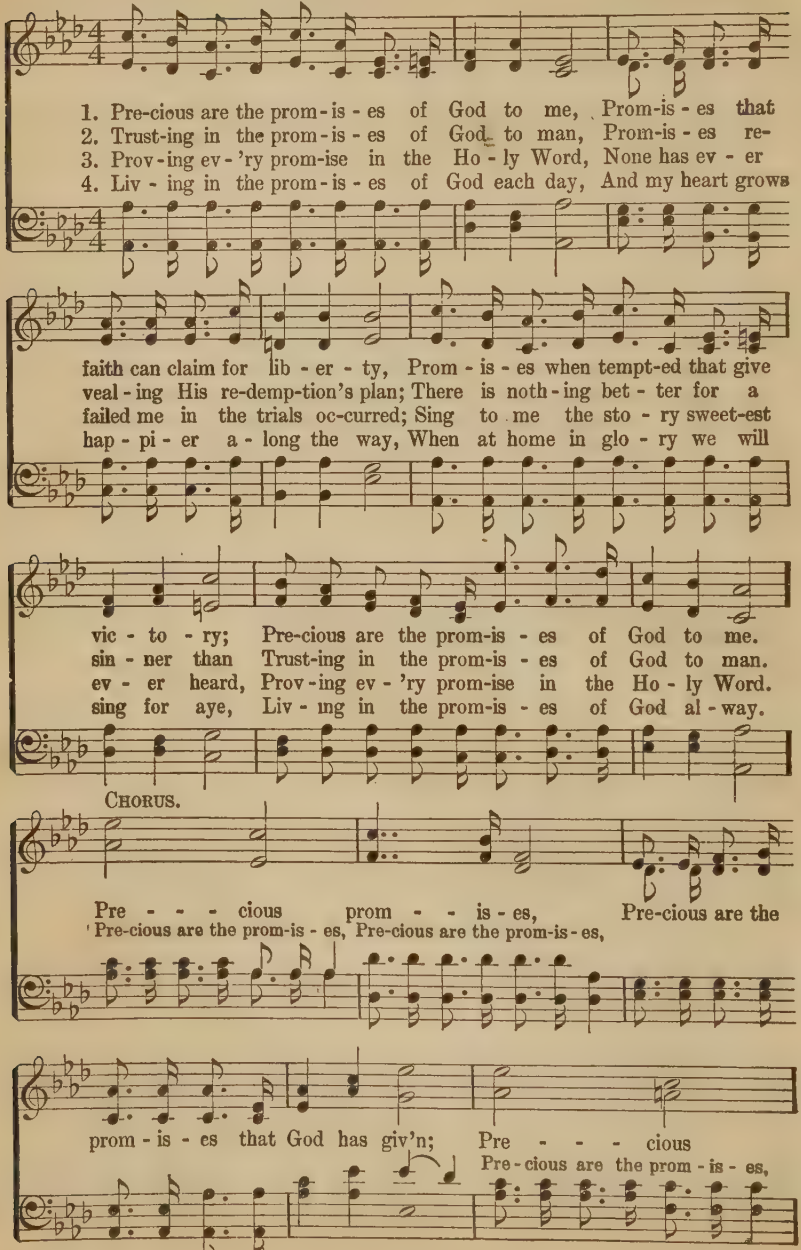


No. 87. To the Field.

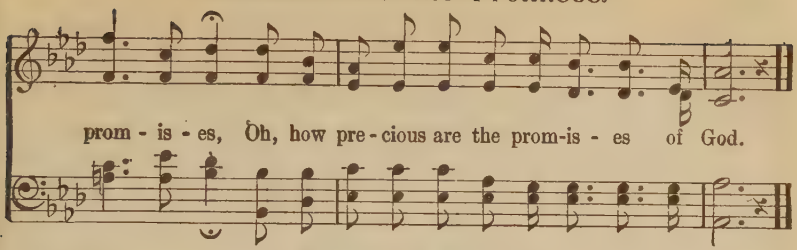
James Rowe. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY W. E. BIEDERWOLF. Wm. McEwan.


1. There is work for all to do, Then, a-way, ye reap-ers true,
'Tis the har-vest Lord's command, Help the needs on ev-'ry hand,—
2. Soon the shades of night will fall, End-ing la-bor-time for all,—
While the sun-shine gilds the earth, To your Mas-ter prove your worth,—
3. Do not say, "Some oth-er day;" With your sick-le speed a-way
Then when light of earth grows dim You will have some sheaves for Him;
1
2
FINE.
To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.
To the field, to the field; To the field, to the field.
CHORUS.
To the field march a-way with the Sav-ior to-day, To your promise be true,
D. S.
ev-'ry or-der o-bey; Go and gath-er the grain for the Lord while you may,

No. 88. Precious Are the Promises.

O. A. Newlin. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY O. A. NEWLIN. Roy Gourley.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

1. Pre-cious are the prom-is-es of God to me, Prom-is-es that
2. Trust-ing in the prom-is-es of God to man, Prom-is-es re-
3. Prov-ing ev-'ry prom-ise in the Ho-ly Word, None has ev-er
4. Liv-ing in the prom-is-es of God each day, And my heart grows
faith can claim for lib-er-ty, Prom-is-es when tempt-ed that give
veal-ing His re-demp-tion's plan; There is noth-ing bet-ter for a
failed me in the trials oc-curred; Sing to me the sto-ry sweet-est
hap-pi-er a-long the way, When at home in glo-ry we will
vic-to-ry; Pre-cious are the prom-is-es of God to me.
sin-ner than Trust-ing in the prom-is-es of God to man.
ev-er heard, Prov-ing ev-'ry prom-ise in the Ho-ly Word.
sing for aye, Liv-ing in the prom-is-es of God al-way.
CHORUS.
Pre-cious prom-is-es, Pre-cious are the
Pre-cious are the prom-is-es, Pre-cious are the prom-is-es,
prom-is-es that God has giv'n; Pre-cious
Pre-cious are the prom-is-es,

Precious Are the Promises.

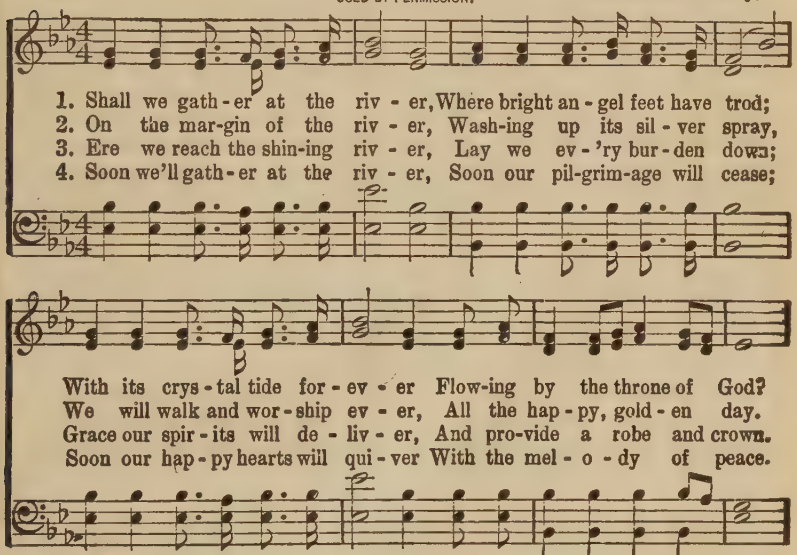


No. 89. Beautiful River.

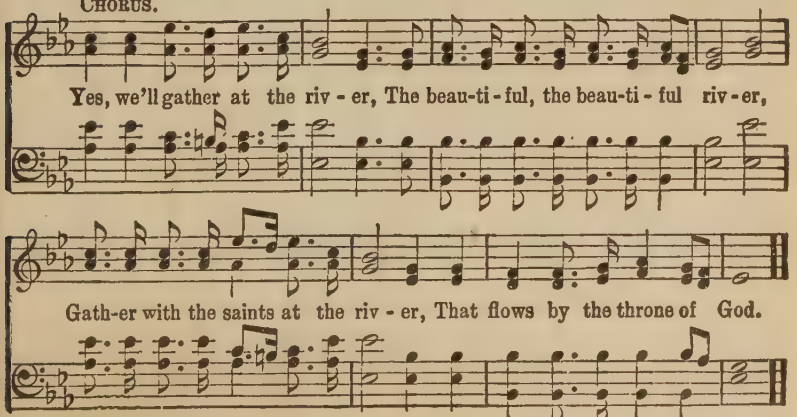
R. L.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYON LOWRY.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.

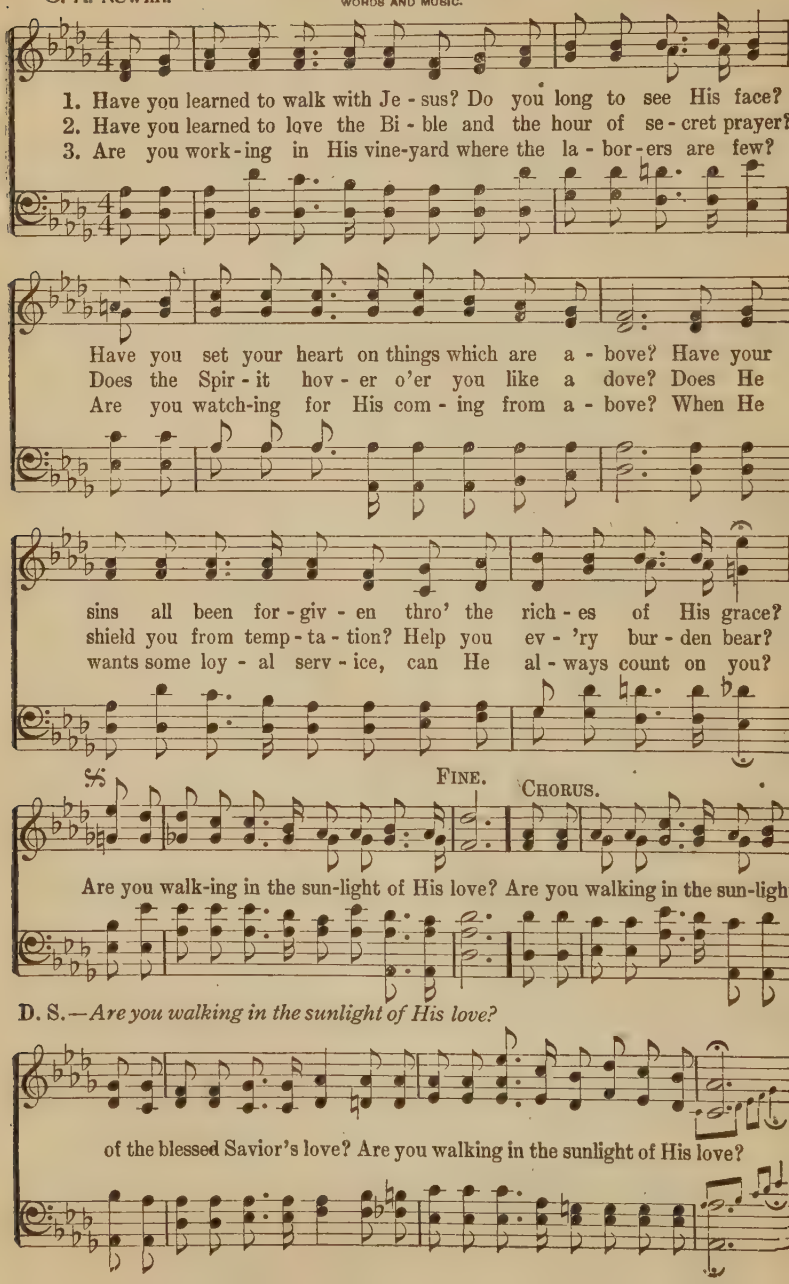

1. Shall we gath - er at the riv - er, Where bright an - gel feet have trod;
2. On the mar-gin of the riv - er, Wash-ing up its sil - ver spray,
3. Ere we reach the shin-ing riv - er, Lay we ev - 'ry bur - den down;
4. Soon we'll gath - er at the riv - er, Soon our pil-grim-age will cease;
With its crys - tal tide for - ev - er Flow-ing by the throne of God?
We will walk and wor - ship ev - er, All the hap - py, gold - en day.
Grace our spir - its will de - liv - er, And pro-vide a robe and crown.
Soon our hap - py hearts will qui - ver With the mel - o - dy of peace.

CHORUS.

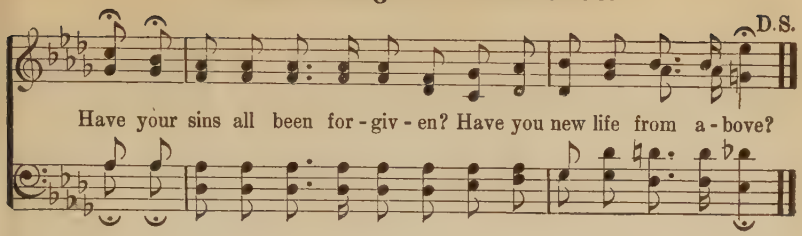

Yes, we'll gather at the riv - er, The beau-ti - ful, the beau-ti - ful riv-er,
Gath-er with the saints at the riv - er, That flows by the throne of God.

No. 90. In the Sunlight of His Love.

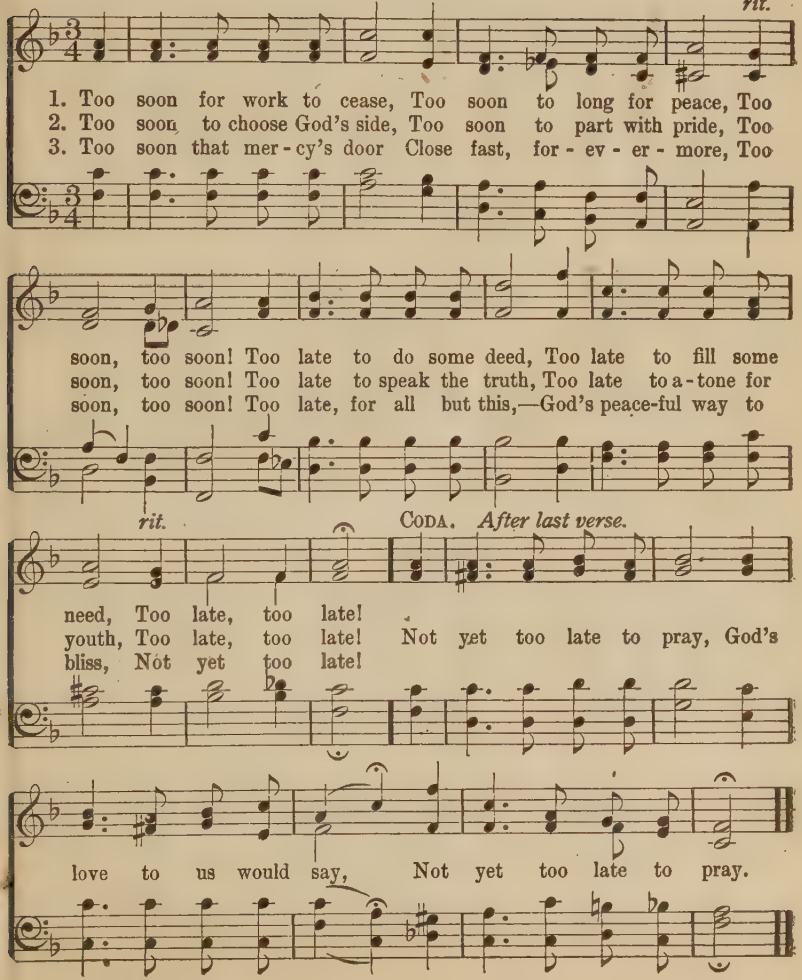
O. A. Newlin. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY REV. O. A. NEWLIN. WORDS AND MUSIC. Roy Gourley.


1. Have you learned to walk with Je - sus? Do you long to see His face?
2. Have you learned to love the Bi - ble and the hour of se - cret prayer?
3. Are you work - ing in His vine-yard where the la - bor - ers are few?
Have you set your heart on things which are a - bove? Have your
Does the Spir - it hov - er o'er you like a dove? Does He
Are you watch-ing for His com - ing from a - bove? When He
sins all been for - giv - en thro' the rich - es of His grace?
shield you from temp - ta - tion? Help you ev - 'ry bur - den bear?
wants some loy - al serv - ice, can He al - ways count on you?
FINE.
CHORUS.
Are you walk-ing in the sun-light of His love? Are you walking in the sun-ligh
D. S.—Are you walking in the sunlight of His love?
of the blessed Savior's love? Are you walking in the sunlight of His love?

In the Sunlight of His Love.



No. 91. Too Soon, Too Late.

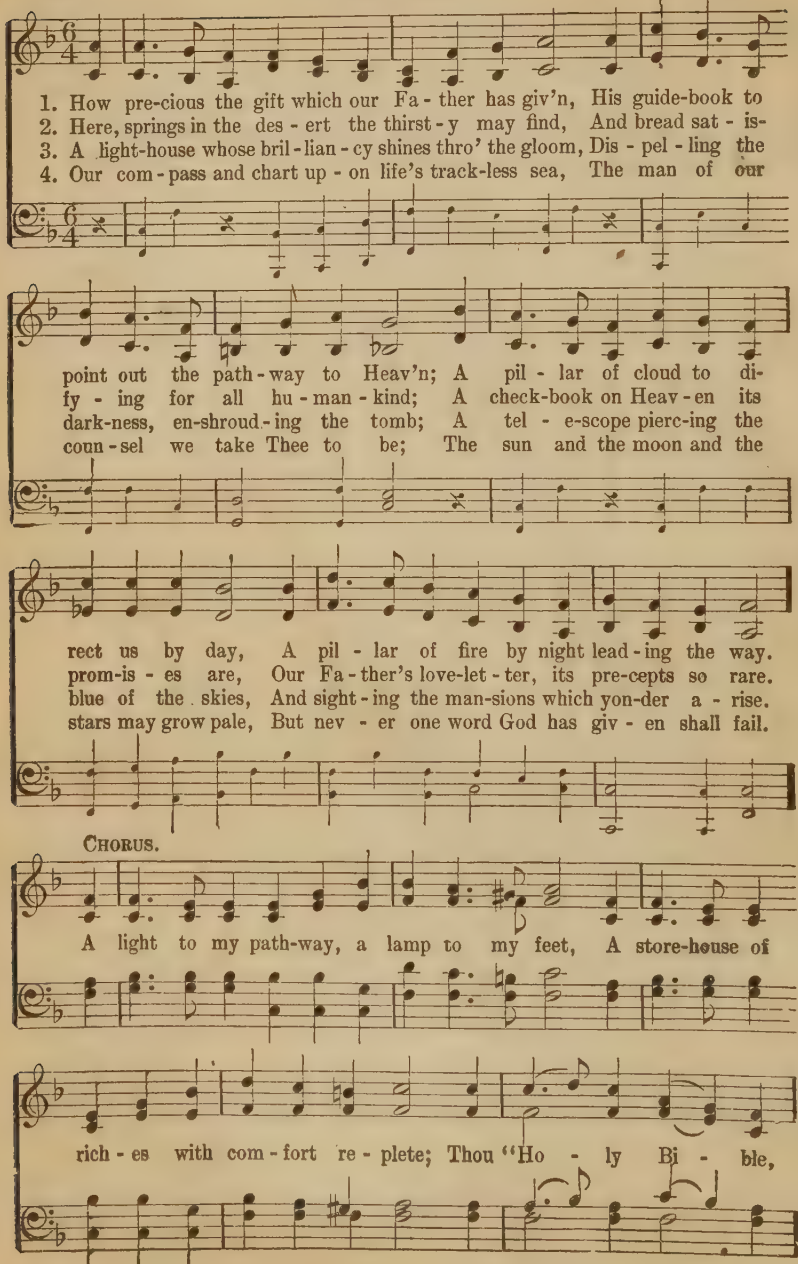
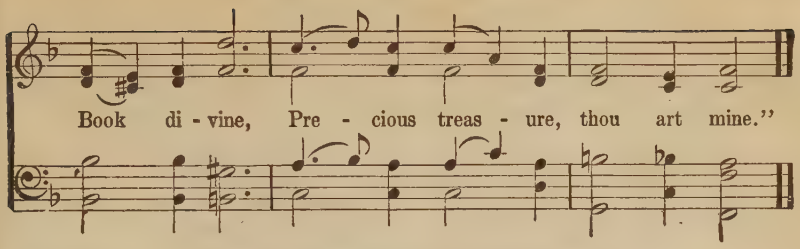
Kathleen Wheeler Ross. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. WORDS AND MUSIC. Geo. F. Rosche.

rit.
1. Too soon for work to cease, Too soon to long for peace, Too
2. Too soon to choose God's side, Too soon to part with pride, Too
3. Too soon that mer - cy's door Close fast, for - ev - er - more, Too
soon, too soon! Too late to do some deed, Too late to fill some
soon, too soon! Too late to speak the truth, Too late to a - tone for
soon, too soon! Too late, for all but this,—God's peace-ful way to
rit.
Coda. After last verse.
need, Too late, too late!
youth, Too late, too late! Not yet too late to pray, God's
bliss, Not yet too late!
love to us would say, Not yet too late to pray.

No. 92. Holy Bible, Book Divine.

Mrs. C. H. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. How pre-cious the gift which our Fa-ther has giv'n, His guide-book to
2. Here, springs in the des-ert the thirst-y may find, And bread sat-is-
3. A light-house whose bril-lian-cy shines thro' the gloom, Dis-pel-ling the
4. Our com-pass and chart up-on life's track-less sea, The man of our
point out the path-way to Heav'n; A pil-lar of cloud to di-
fy-ing for all hu-man-kind; A check-book on Heav-en its
dark-ness, en-shroud-ing the tomb; A tel-e-scope pierc-ing the
coun-sel we take Thee to be; The sun and the moon and the
rect us by day, A pil-lar of fire by night lead-ing the way.
prom-is-es are, Our Fa-ther's love-let-ter, its pre-cepts so rare.
blue of the skies, And sight-ing the man-sions which yon-der a-rise.
stars may grow pale, But nev-er one word God has giv-en shall fail.
CHORUS.
A light to my path-way, a lamp to my feet, A store-house of
rich-es with com-fort re-plete; Thou "Ho-ly Bi-ble,

No. 93. Wonderful Words of Life.

P. P. B.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

P. P. Bliss.

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der - ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der - ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der - ful words of Life;

Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der - ful words of Life.
Of - fer par - don and peace to all, Won-der - ful words of Life.

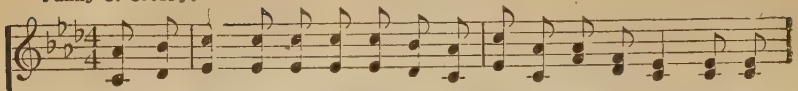
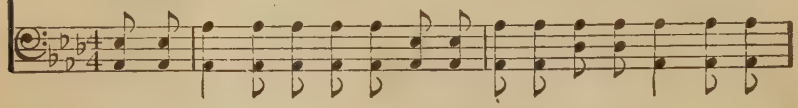
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:

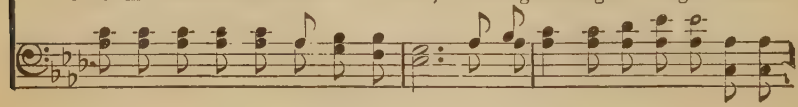
REFRAIN.

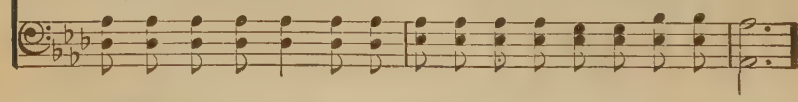
1 2

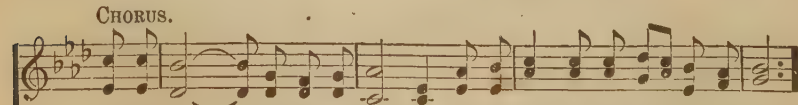
Beau-ti-ful words, beau-ti-ful words, Wonderful words of Life; Life.

No. 94. My Savior First of All.

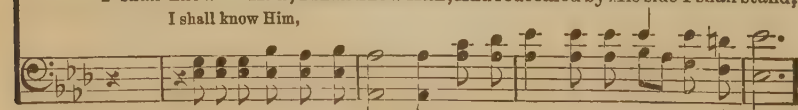
Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY JNO. R. SWENEY. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. When my life-work is end-ed and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. O, the soul-thrill-ing rapture when I view His bless-ed face, And the
3. O, the dear ones in glo-ry, how they beck-on me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit-y, in a robe of spot-less white He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see, I shall know my Redeemer when I
lus-ter of His kind-ly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise Him for the
part-ing at the riv-er I re-call; To the sweet vales of E-den they will
lead me where no tears will ev-er fall; In the glad song of a-ges I shall



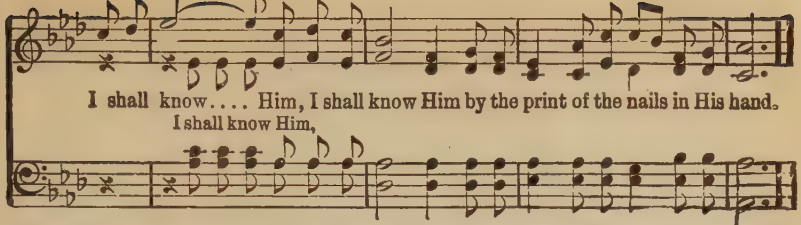
reach the oth-er side, And His smile will be the first to welcome me.
mer-cy, love and grace, That prepare for me a man-sion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.
min-gle with de-light; But I long to meet my Sav-ior first of all.

CHORUS.



I shall know Him, I shall know Him, And redeemed by His side I shall stand;
I shall know Him,



My Savior First of All.

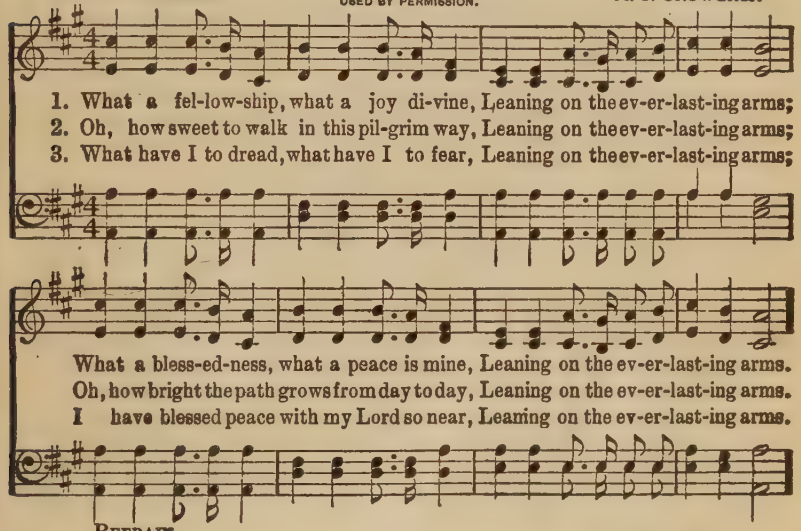


No. 95. Leaning On the Everlasting Arms.

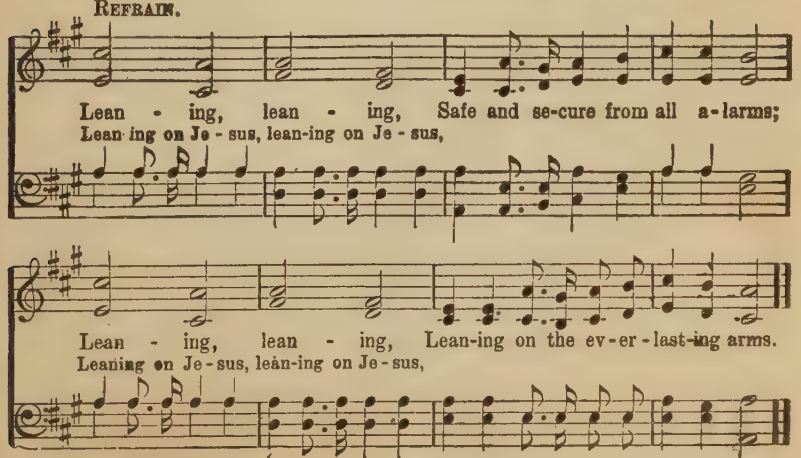
Rev. E. A. Hoffman.

COPYRIGHT BY A. J. SHOWALTER.
USED BY PERMISSION.

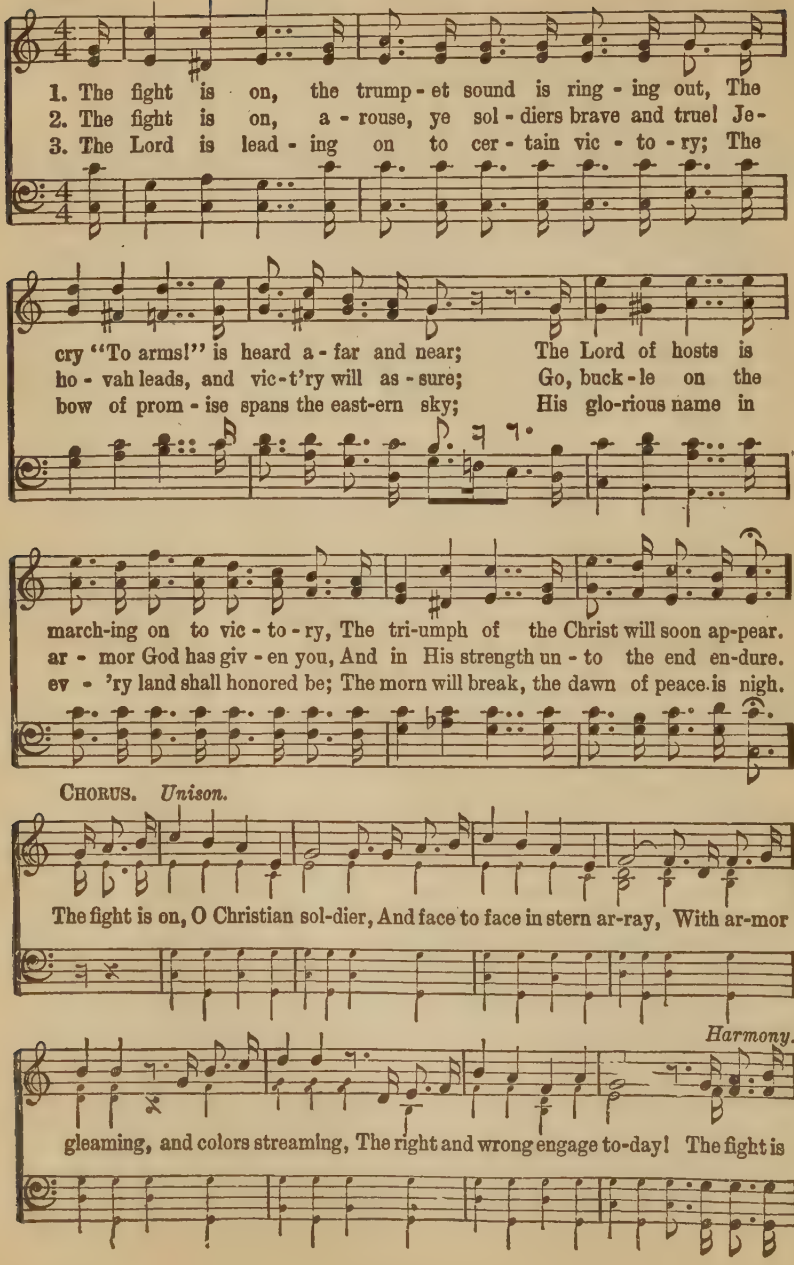
A. J. Showalter.


1. What a fel-low-ship, what a joy di-vine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pil-grim way, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms;
What a bless-ed-ness, what a peace is mine, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
I have blessed peace with my Lord so near, Leaning on the ev-er-last-ing arms.

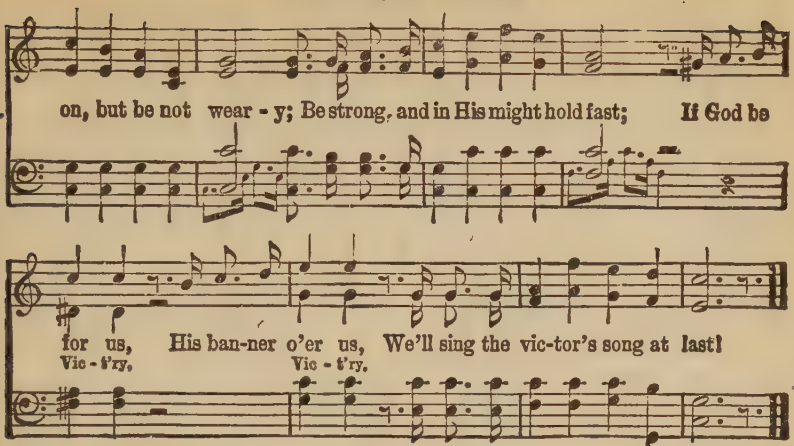
REFRAIN.


Lean - ing, lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a-larms;
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,
Lean - ing, lean - ing, Lean-ing on the ev-er-last-ing arms.
Leaning on Je - sus, lean-ing on Je - sus,

No. 96. The Fight Is On.

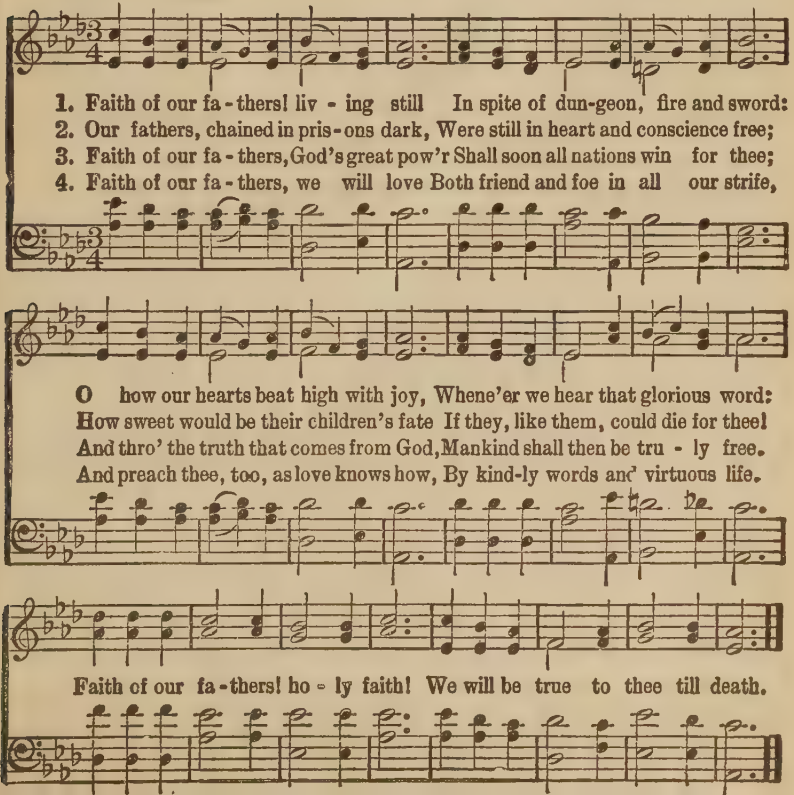
Mrs. C. H. M. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. The fight is on, the trump - et sound is ring - ing out, The
2. The fight is on, a - rouse, ye sol - diers brave and true! Je-
3. The Lord is lead - ing on to cer - tain vic - to - ry; The
cry "To arms!" is heard a - far and near; The Lord of hosts is
ho - vah leads, and vic - t'ry will as - sure; Go, buck - le on the
bow of prom - ise spans the east-ern sky; His glo-rious name in
march-ing on to vic - to - ry, The tri-umph of the Christ will soon ap-pear.
ar - mor God has giv - en you, And in His strength un - to the end en-dure.
ev - 'ry land shall honored be; The morn will break, the dawn of peace is nigh.
CHORUS. Unison.
The fight is on, O Christian sol-dier, And face to face in stern ar-ray, With ar-mor
Harmony.
gleaming, and colors streaming, The right and wrong engage to-day! The fight is

The Fight Is On.


on, but be not wear - y; Be strong, and in His might hold fast; If God be
for us, His ban-ner o'er us, We'll sing the vic-tor's song at last!
Vic - t'ry. Vic - t'ry.

No. 97. Faith of Our Fathers!

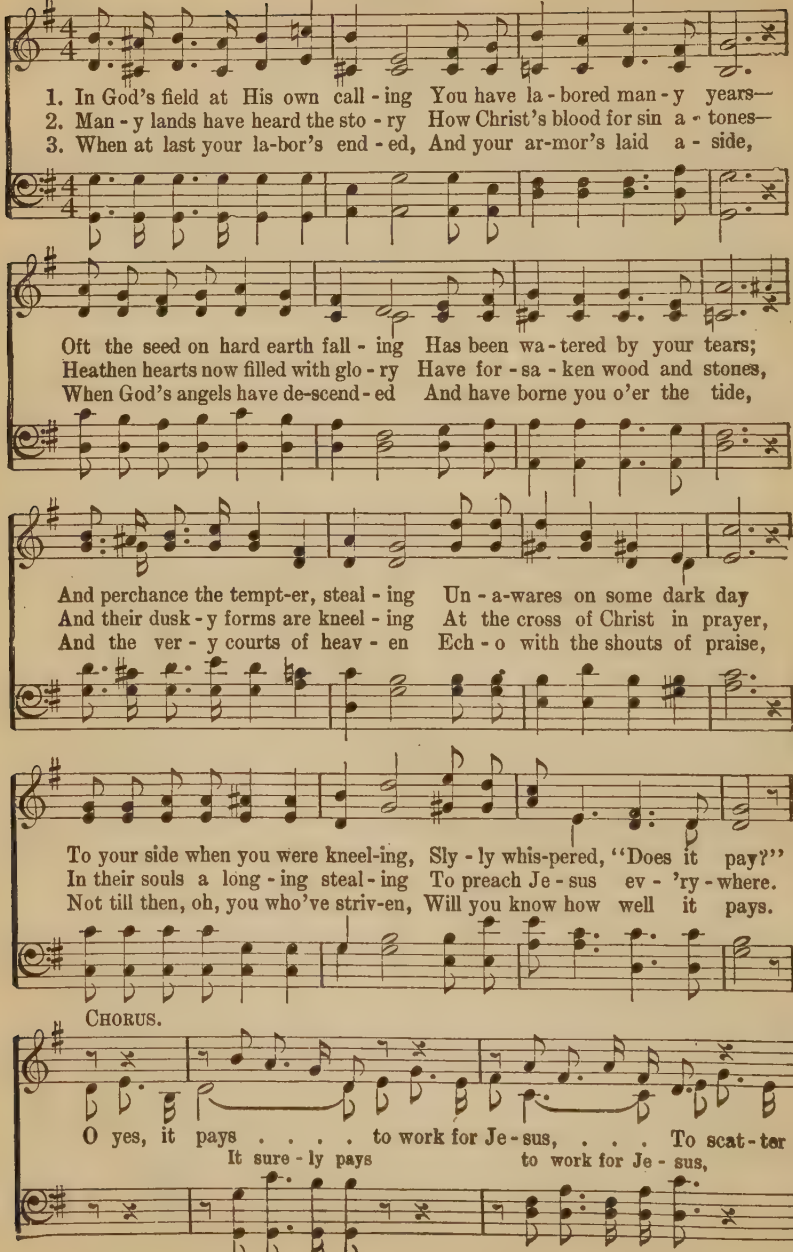
Frederick W. Faber. H. F. Hemy, adpt.


1. Faith of our fa - thers! liv - ing still In spite of dun-geon, fire and sword:
2. Our fathers, chained in pris - ons dark, Were still in heart and conscience free;
3. Faith of our fa - thers, God's great pow'r Shall soon all nations win for thee;
4. Faith of our fa - thers, we will love Both friend and foe in all our strife,
O how our hearts beat high with joy, Whene'er we hear that glorious word:
How sweet would be their children's fate If they, like them, could die for thee!
And thro' the truth that comes from God, Mankind shall then be tru - ly free.
And preach thee, too, as love knows how, By kind-ly words and virtuous life.
Faith of our fa - thers! ho - ly faith! We will be true to thee till death.

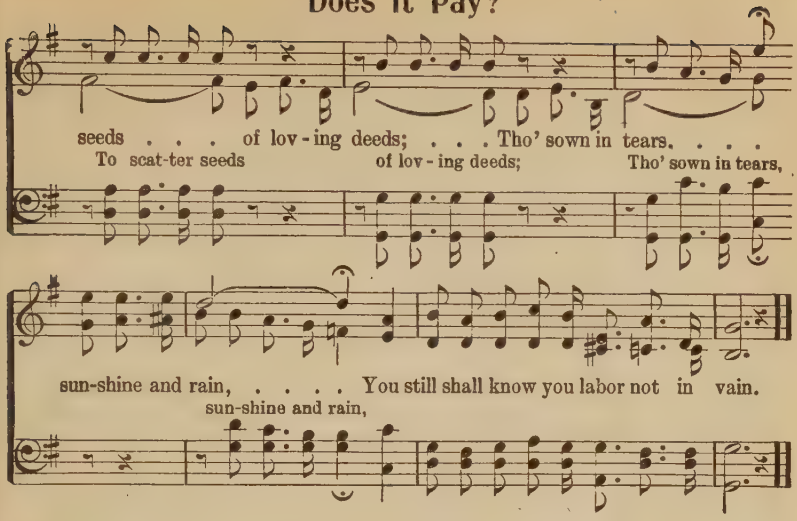
No. 98. Does It Pay?

Mrs. J. D. Jones.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

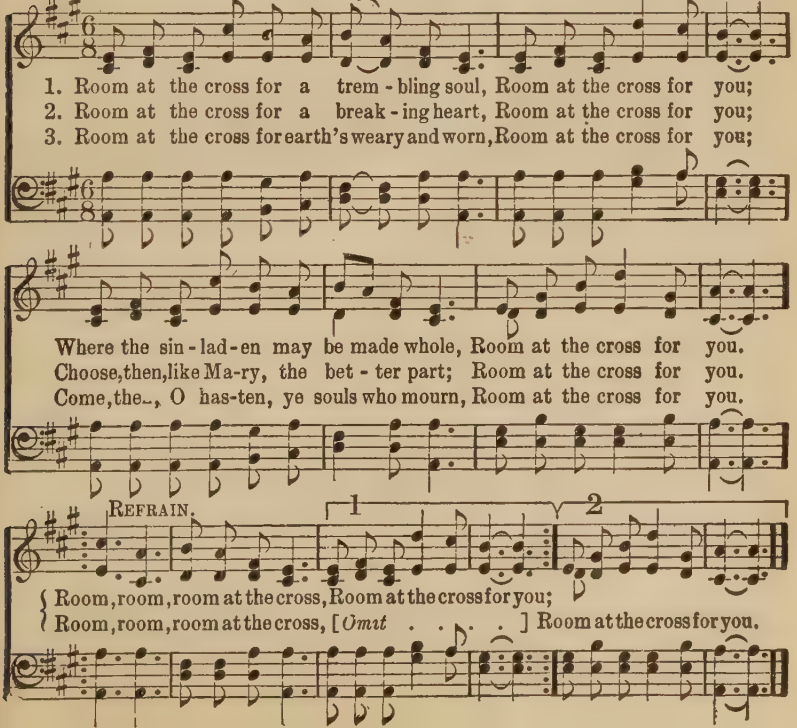
Rev. Ola S. Oatley.

1. In God's field at His own call - ing You have la - bored man - y years—
2. Man - y lands have heard the sto - ry How Christ's blood for sin a - tones—
3. When at last your la-bor's end - ed, And your ar-mor's laid a - side,
Oft the seed on hard earth fall - ing Has been wa - tered by your tears;
Heathen hearts now filled with glo - ry Have for - sa - ken wood and stones,
When God's angels have de-scend - ed And have borne you o'er the tide,
And perchance the tempt-er, steal - ing Un - a-wares on some dark day
And their dusk - y forms are kneel - ing At the cross of Christ in prayer,
And the ver - y courts of heav - en Ech - o with the shouts of praise,
To your side when you were kneel-ing, Sly - ly whis-pered, "Does it pay?"
In their souls a long - ing steal - ing To preach Je - sus ev - 'ry - where.
Not till then, oh, you who've striv-en, Will you know how well it pays.
CHORUS.
O yes, it pays . . . . to work for Je - sus, . . . To scat - ter
It sure - ly pays to work for Je - sus,

Does It Pay?


seeds . . . of lov-ing deeds; . . . Tho' sown in tears. . . .
To scat-ter seeds of lov-ing deeds; Tho' sown in tears,
sun-shine and rain, ... You still shall know you labor not in vain.
sun-shine and rain,

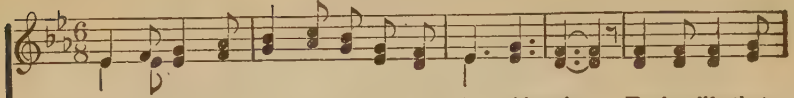
No. 99. Room At the Cross.

W. B. B. Wm. B. Blake.

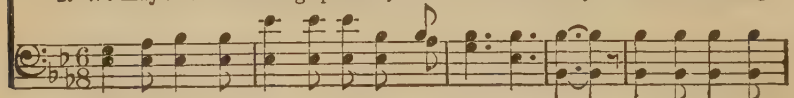

1. Room at the cross for a trem-bling soul, Room at the cross for you;
2. Room at the cross for a break-ing heart, Room at the cross for you;
3. Room at the cross for earth's weary and worn, Room at the cross for you;
Where the sin-lad-en may be made whole, Room at the cross for you.
Choose, then, like Ma-ry, the bet-ter part; Room at the cross for you.
Come, the-, O has-ten, ye souls who mourn, Room at the cross for you.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Room, room, room at the cross, Room at the cross for you;
Room, room, room at the cross, [Omit . . .] Room at the cross for you.

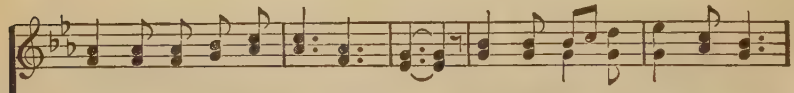
No. 100. When Love Shines In.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. USED BY PERMISSION. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

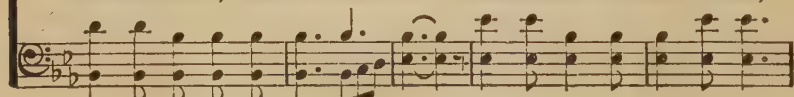


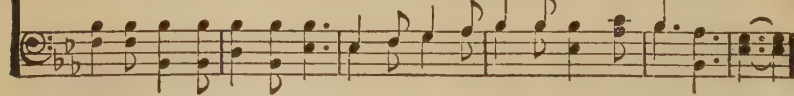
1. Je-sus comes with pow'r to gladden, When love shines in, Ev-'ry life that
2. How the world will glow with beauty, When love shines in, And the heart re-
3. Dark-est sor-row will grow brighter, When love shines in, And the heaviest
4. We may have un-fad-ing splendor, When love shines in, And a friendship

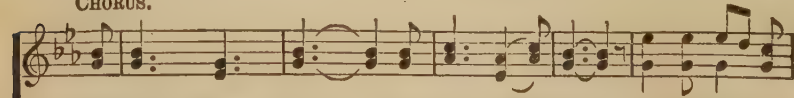


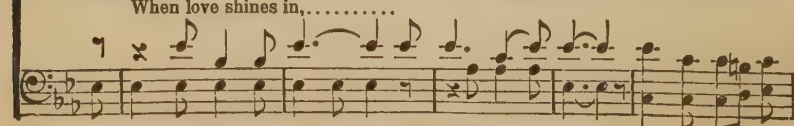


woe can sad-den, When love shines in. Love will teach us how to pray,
joice in du-ty, When love shines in. Tri-als may be sanc-ti-fied,
bur-den light-er, When love shines in. 'Tis the glo-ry that will throw
true and ten-der, When love shines in. When earth-vict'ries shall be won,

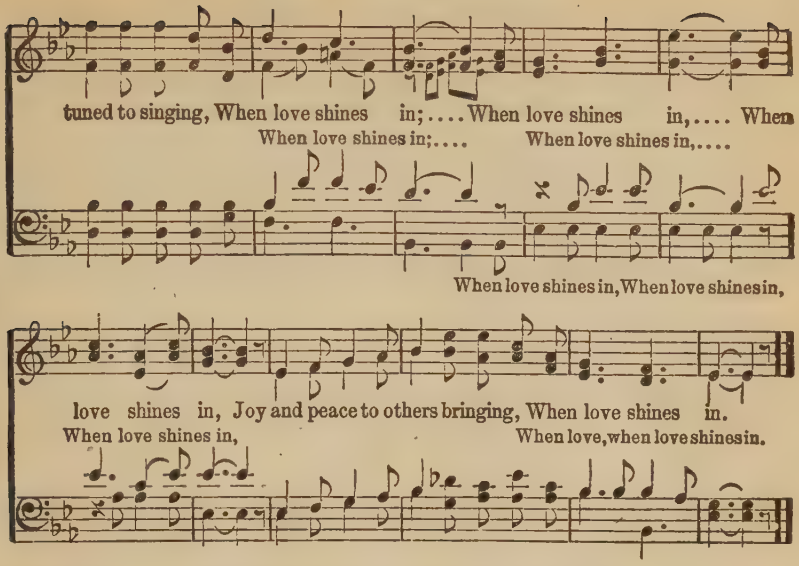


Love will drive the gloom away, Turn our darkness in-to day, When love shines in.
And the soul in peace abide, Life will all be glo-ri-fied, When love shines in.
Light to show us where to go; O, the heart shall blessing know, When love shines in.
And our life in heav'n begun, There will be no need of sun, When love shines in.

CHORUS.



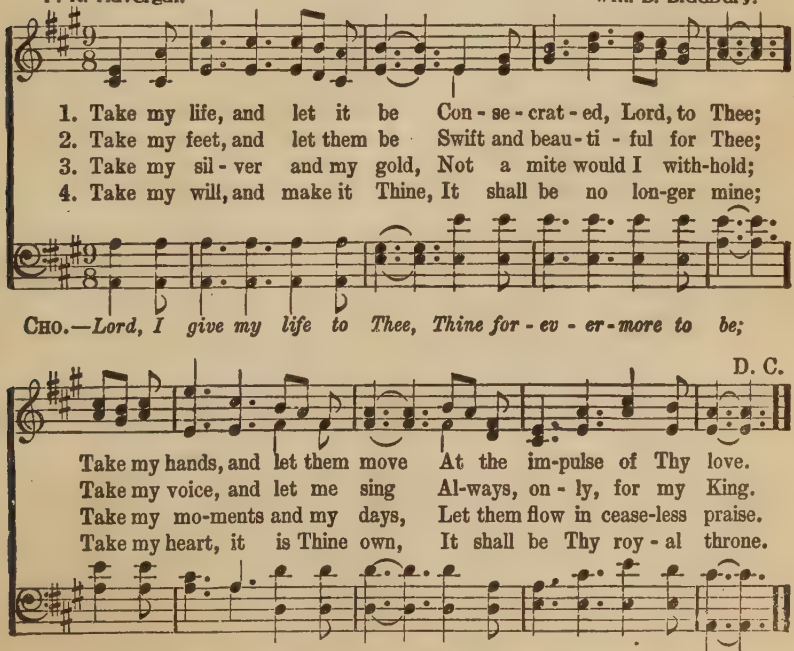
When love shines in,.... When love shines in, How the heart is
When love shines in,.....

When love shines in, When love shines in, When love shines in,

When Love Shines In.


tuned to singing, When love shines in;.... When love shines in,.... When
When love shines in;.... When love shines in,....
When love shines in, When love shines in,
love shines in, Joy and peace to others bringing, When love shines in.
When love shines in, When love, when love shines in.

No. 101. Take My Life, and Let it Be.

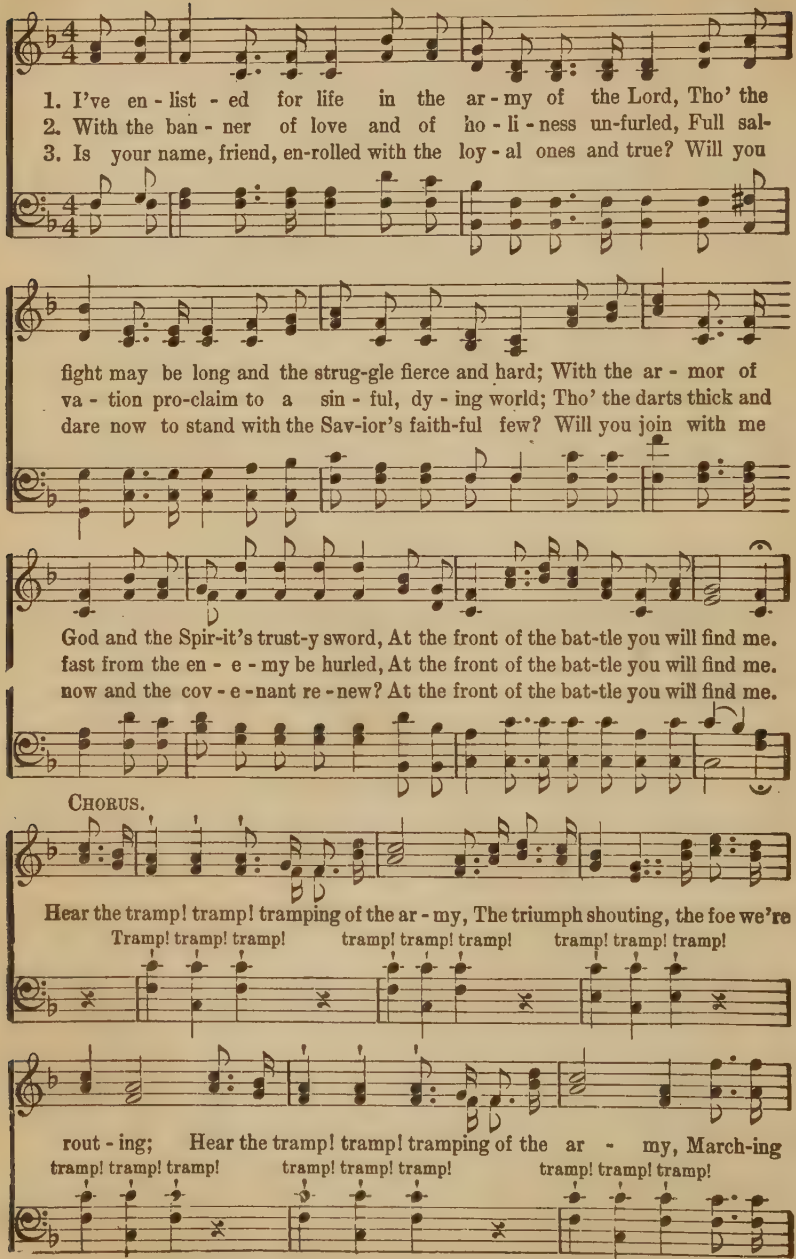
F. R. Havergal. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crat - ed, Lord, to Thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for Thee;
3. Take my sil - ver and my gold, Not a mite would I with-hold;
4. Take my will, and make it Thine, It shall be no lon-ger mine;
Cho.—Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be;
D. C.
Take my hands, and let them move At the im-pulse of Thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al-ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my mo-ments and my days, Let them flow in cease-less praise.
Take my heart, it is Thine own, It shall be Thy roy - al throne.
Lord, I give my life to Thee, Thine for - ev - er - more to be.

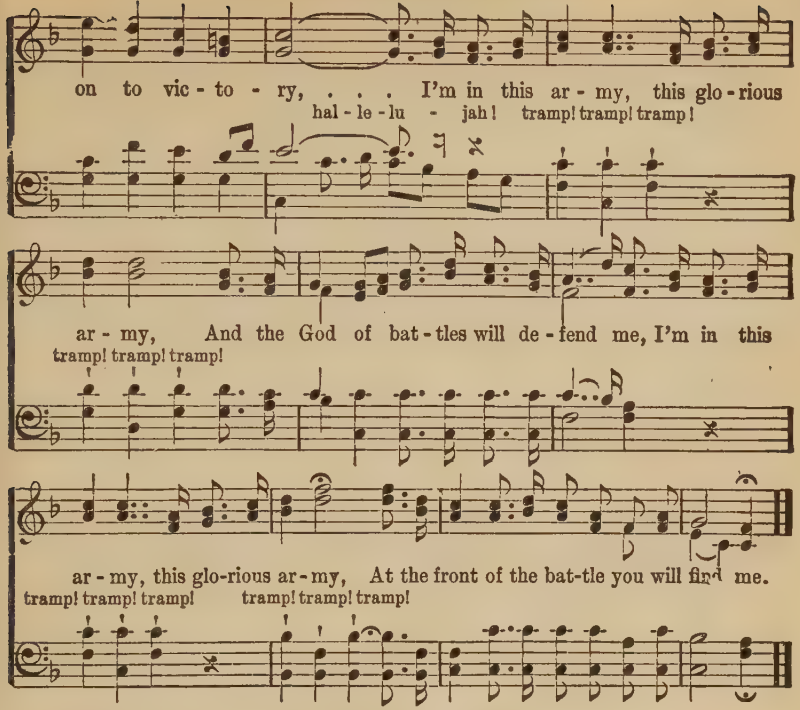
No. 102. At the Battle's Front.

COPYRIGHT, 1906, BY H. L. GILMOUR, WENONAH, N. J.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. I've en - list - ed for life in the ar - my of the Lord, Tho' the
2. With the ban - ner of love and of ho - li - ness un-furled, Full sal-
3. Is your name, friend, en-rolled with the loy - al ones and true? Will you
fight may be long and the strug-gle fierce and hard; With the ar - mor of
va - tion pro-claim to a sin - ful, dy - ing world; Tho' the darts thick and
dare now to stand with the Sav-ior's faith-ful few? Will you join with me
God and the Spir-it's trust-y sword, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
fast from the en - e - my be hurled, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
now and the cov - e - nant re - new? At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
CHORUS.
Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, The triumph shouting, the foe we're
Tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!
rout - ing; Hear the tramp! tramp! tramping of the ar - my, March-ing
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

At the Battle's Front.

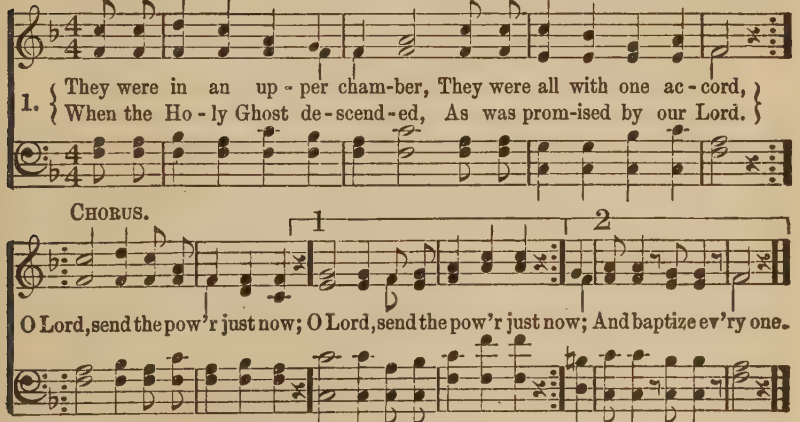

on to vic - to - ry, . . . I'm in this ar - my, this glo - rious
hal - le - lu - jah! tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my, And the God of bat - tles will de - fend me, I'm in this
tramp! tramp! tramp!
ar - my, this glo-rious ar - my, At the front of the bat-tle you will find me.
tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp! tramp!

No. 103. Old-Time Power.

C. D. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1895, BY CHARLIE D. TILLMAN. USED BY PERMISSION.

Charlie D. Tillman.


1. They were in an up - per cham-ber, They were all with one ac - cord,
When the Ho - ly Ghost de - scend - ed, As was prom-ised by our Lord.
CHORUS.
1
2
O Lord, send the pow'r just now; O Lord, send the pow'r just now; And baptize ev'ry one.

2 Yes, this power from Heaven decended
With the sound of rushing wind;
Tongues of fire came down upon them,
As the Lord said He would send.

3 Yes, the "old-time" power was given
To our fathers who were true;
This is promised to believers,
And we all may have it, too.

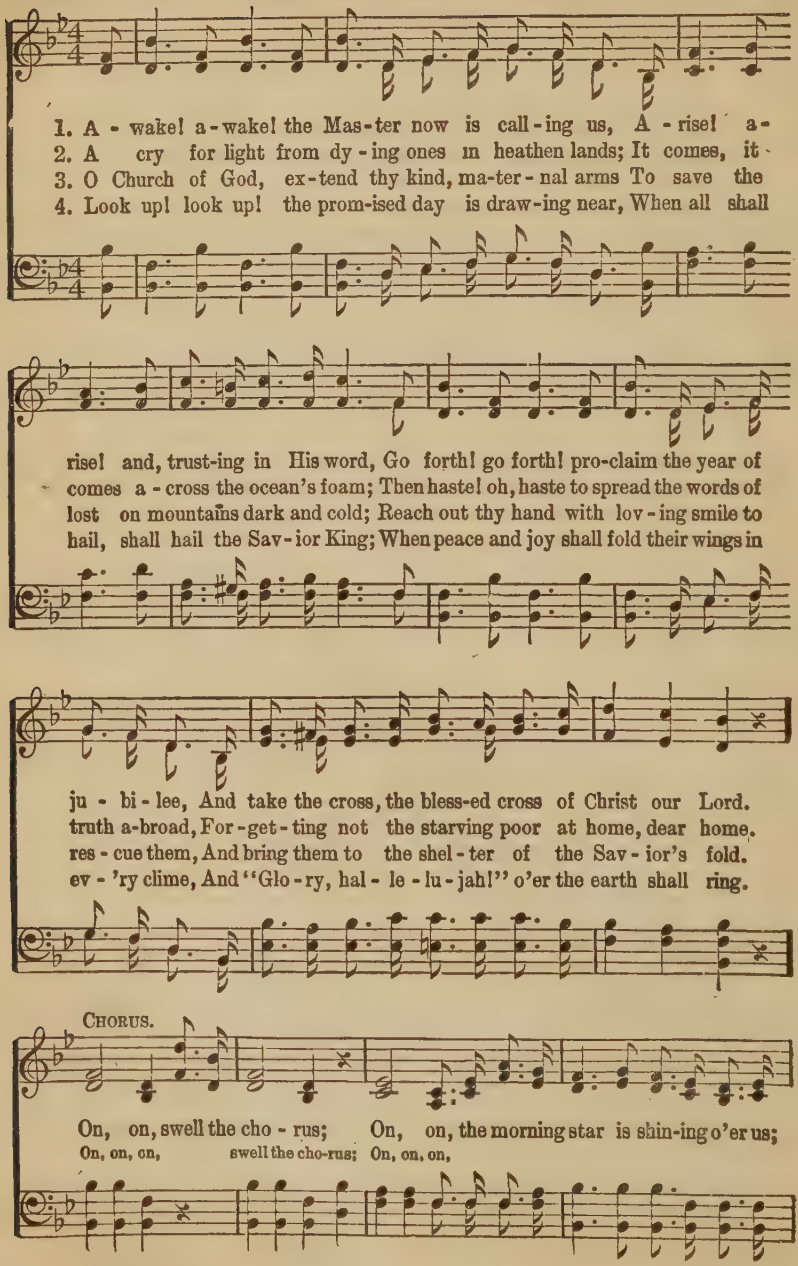
No. 104.

Awake! Awake!

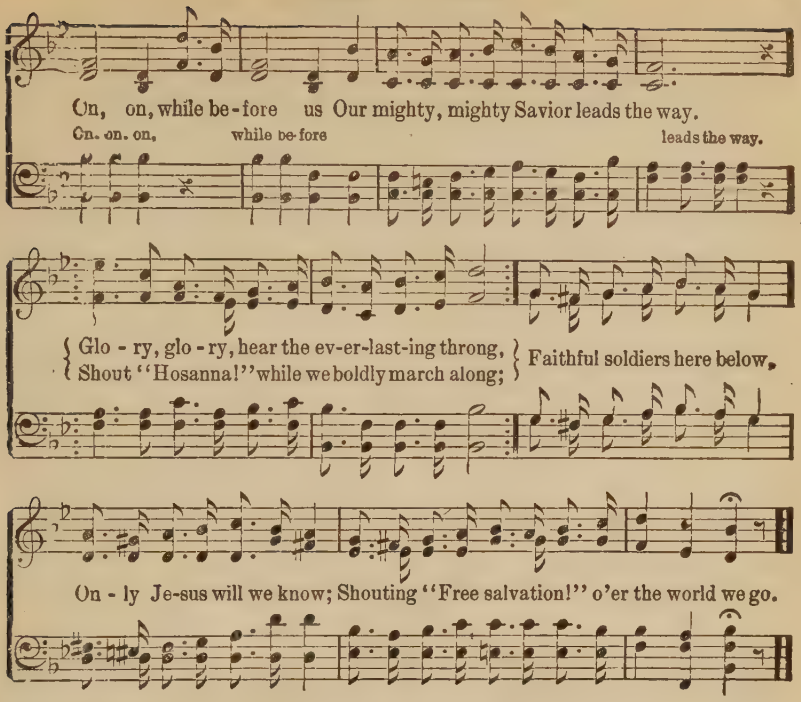
Fanny J. Crosby.

COPYRIGHT, 1883, BY JOHN J. HOOD.
USED BY PERMISSION OF MRS. L. E. SWENEY.

John R. Sweney.

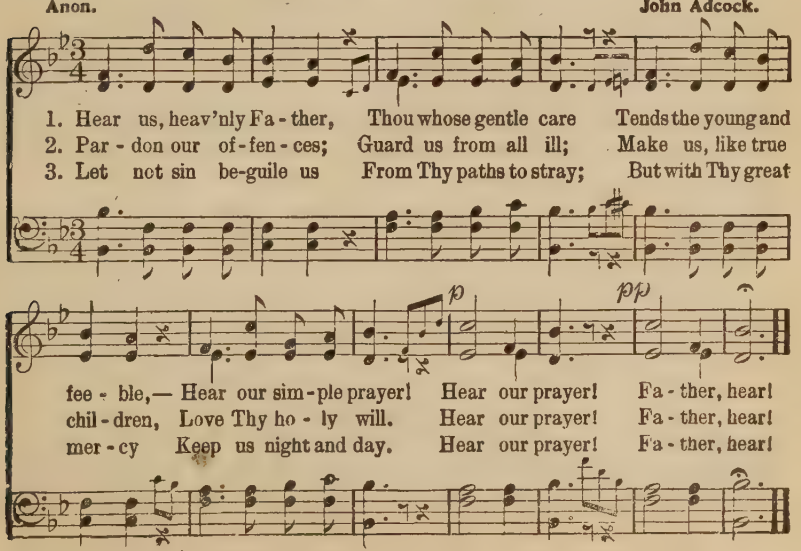

1. A - wake! a - wake! the Mas - ter now is call - ing us, A - rise! a -
2. A cry for light from dy - ing ones in heathen lands; It comes, it -
3. O Church of God, ex - tend thy kind, ma - ter - nal arms To save the
4. Look up! look up! the prom - ised day is draw - ing near, When all shall
rise! and, trust - ing in His word, Go forth! go forth! pro - claim the year of
comes a - cross the ocean's foam; Then haste! oh, haste to spread the words of
lost on mountains dark and cold; Reach out thy hand with lov - ing smile to
hail, shall hail the Sav - ior King; When peace and joy shall fold their wings in
ju - bi - lee, And take the cross, the bless - ed cross of Christ our Lord.
truth a - broad, For - get - ting not the starving poor at home, dear home.
res - cue them, And bring them to the shel - ter of the Sav - ior's fold.
ev - 'ry clime, And "Glo - ry, hal - le - lu - jah!" o'er the earth shall ring.
Chorus.
On, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, the morning star is shin - ing o'er us;
On, on, on, swell the cho - rus; On, on, on,

Awake! Awake!


On, on, while be-fore us Our mighty, mighty Savior leads the way.
On. on. on, while be-fore leads the way.
Glo-ry, glo-ry, hear the ev-er-last-ing throng,
Shout "Hosanna!" while we boldly march along;
Faithful soldiers here below,
On-ly Je-sus will we know; Shouting "Free salvation!" o'er the world we go.

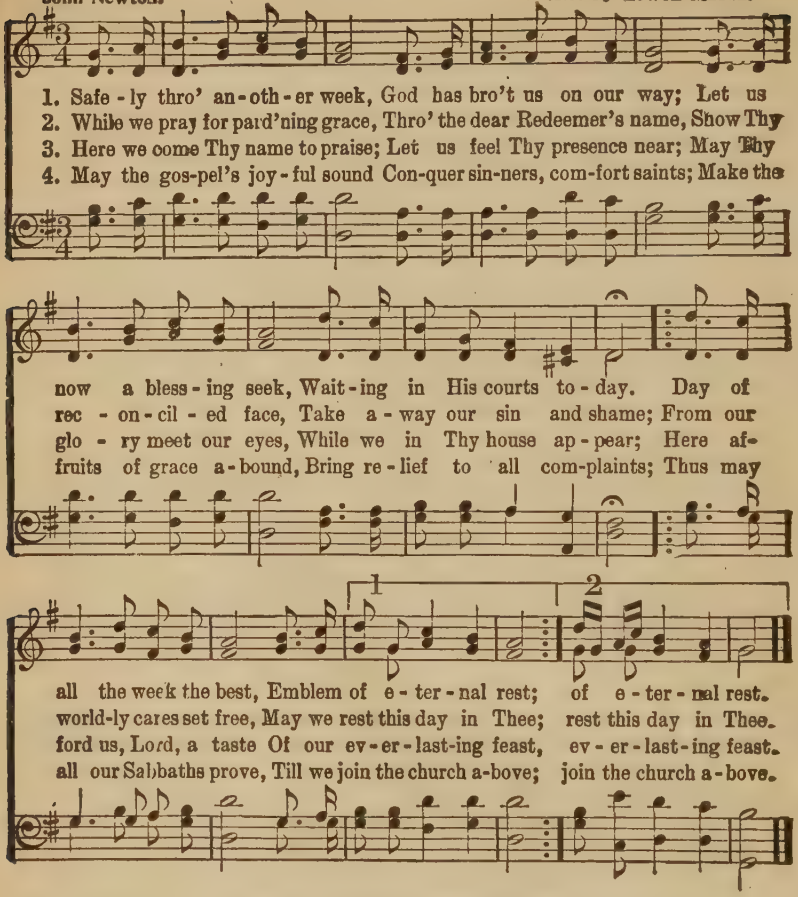
No. 105. Hear Our Prayer.

Anon. John Adcock.


1. Hear us, heav'nly Fa-ther, Thou whose gentle care Tends the young and
2. Par-don our of-fen-ces; Guard us from all ill; Make us, like true
3. Let not sin be-guile us From Thy paths to stray; But with Thy great
p
pp
fee-ble,— Hear our sim-ple prayer! Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
chil-dren, Love Thy ho-ly will. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!
mer-cy Keep us night and day. Hear our prayer! Fa-ther, hear!

No. 106. Safely Through Another Week.

John Newton. Arr. by Lowell Mason.

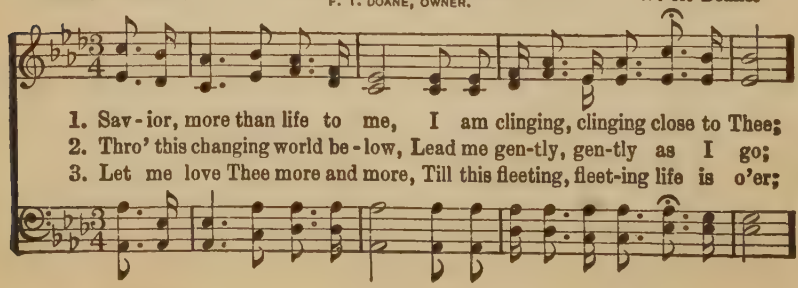

1. Safe - ly thro' an - oth - er week, God has bro't us on our way; Let us
2. While we pray for pard'ning grace, Thro' the dear Redeemer's name, Show Thy
3. Here we come Thy name to praise; Let us feel Thy presence near; May Thy
4. May the gos-pel's joy - ful sound Con-quer sin-ners, com-fort saints; Make the
now a bless - ing seek, Wait - ing in His courts to - day. Day of
rec - on - cil - ed face, Take a - way our sin and shame; From our
glo - ry meet our eyes, While we in Thy house ap - pear; Here af-
fruits of grace a - bound, Bring re - lief to all com-plaints; Thus may
1
2
all the week the best, Emblem of e - ter - nal rest; of e - ter - nal rest.
world-ly cares set free, May we rest this day in Thee; rest this day in Thee.
ford us, Lord, a taste Of our ev - er - last - ing feast, ev - er - last - ing feast.
all our Sabbaths prove, Till we join the church a-bove; join the church a - bove.

No. 107. Savior, More Than Life.

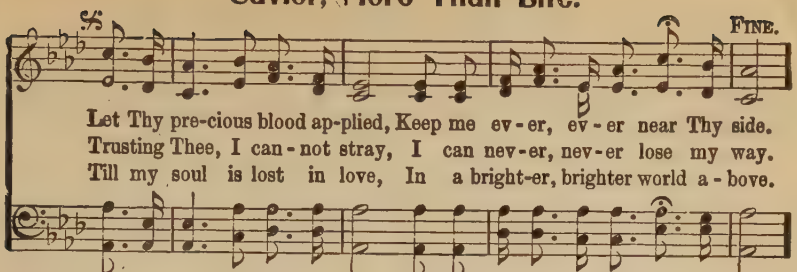
Fanny J. Crosby.

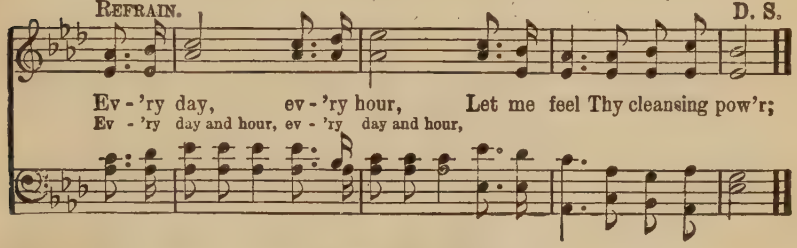
COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY W. H. DOANE.
F. T. DOANE, OWNER.

W. H. Doane.


1. Sav - ior, more than life to me, I am clinging, clinging close to Thee;
2. Thro' this changing world be - low, Lead me gen-tly, gen-tly as I go;
3. Let me love Thee more and more, Till this fleeting, fleet-ing life is o'er;

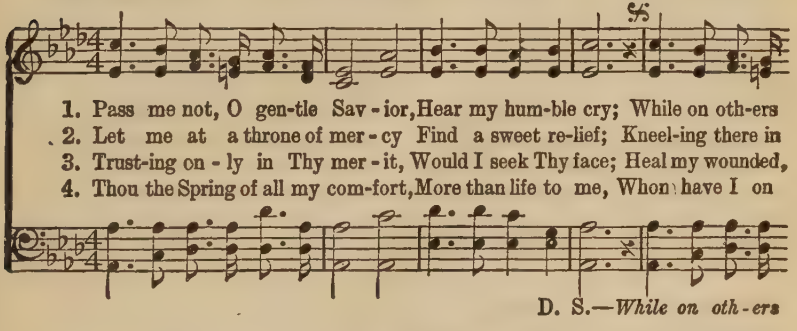
Savior, More Than Life.

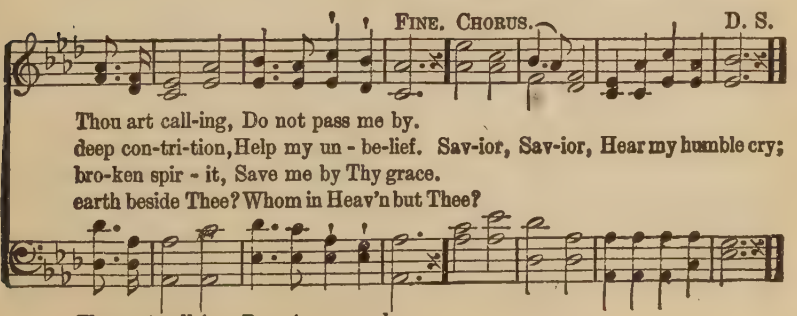

FINE.
Let Thy pre-cious blood ap-plied, Keep me ev-er, ev-er near Thy side.
Trusting Thee, I can-not stray, I can nev-er, nev-er lose my way.
Till my soul is lost in love, In a bright-er, brighter world a-bove.
D. S.—May Thy ten-der love to me Bind me clos-er, clos-er, Lord, to Thee.



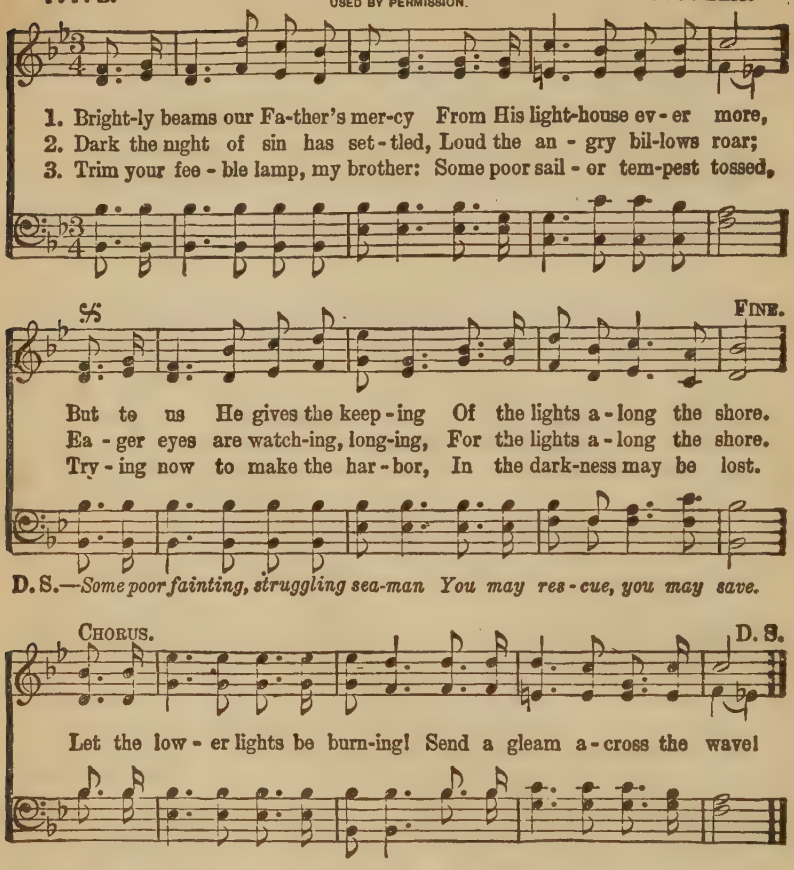
No. 108. Pass Me Not.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF F. T. DOANE. **W. H. Doane.**


1. Pass me not, O gen-tle Sav-ior, Hear my hum-ble cry; While on oth-ers
2. Let me at a throne of mer-cy Find a sweet re-lief; Kneel-ing there in
3. Trust-ing on-ly in Thy mer-it, Would I seek Thy face; Heal my wounded,
4. Thou the Spring of all my com-fort, More than life to me, Whom have I on
D. S.—While on oth-ers

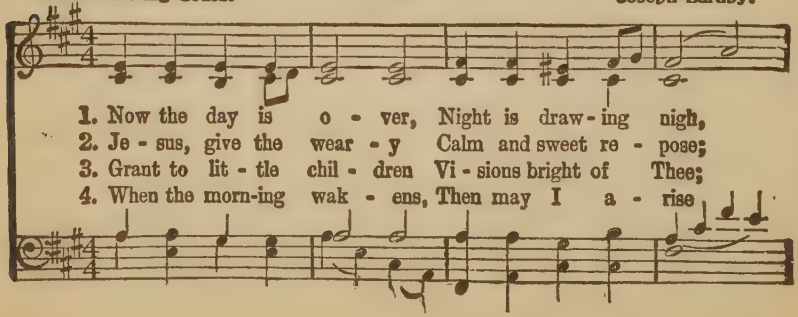

FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.
deep con-tri-tion, Help my un-be-lief. Sav-ior, Sav-ior, Hear my humble cry;
bro-ken spir-it, Save me by Thy grace.
earth beside Thee? Whom in Heav'n but Thee?
Thou art call-ing, Do not pass me by.

No. 109. Let the Lower Lights Be Burning.

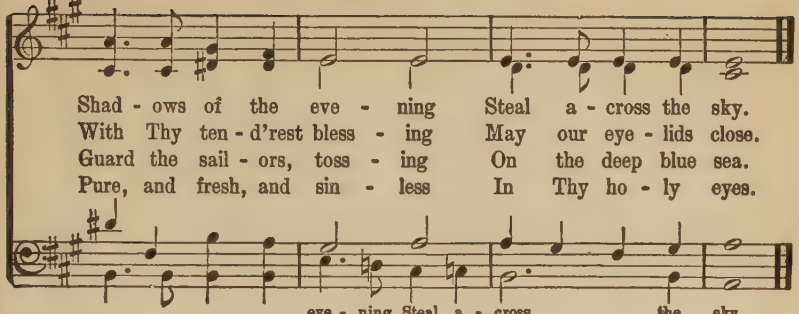
P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.

1. Bright-ly beams our Fa-ther's mer-cy From His light-house ev-er more,
2. Dark the night of sin has set-tled, Loud the an-gry bil-lows roar;
3. Trim your fee-ble lamp, my brother: Some poor sail-or tem-pest tossed,
But to us He gives the keep-ing Of the lights a-long the shore.
Ea-ger eyes are watch-ing, long-ing, For the lights a-long the shore.
Try-ing now to make the har-bor, In the dark-ness may be lost.
D. S.—Some poor fainting, struggling sea-man You may res-cue, you may save.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Let the low-er lights be burn-ing! Send a gleam a-cross the wave!

No. 110. Now the Day is Over.

Sabine Baring-Gould. Joseph Barnby.


1. Now the day is o-ver, Night is draw-ing nigh,
2. Je-sus, give the wear-y Calm and sweet re-pose;
3. Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vi-sions bright of Thee;
4. When the morn-ing wak-ens, Then may I a-rise

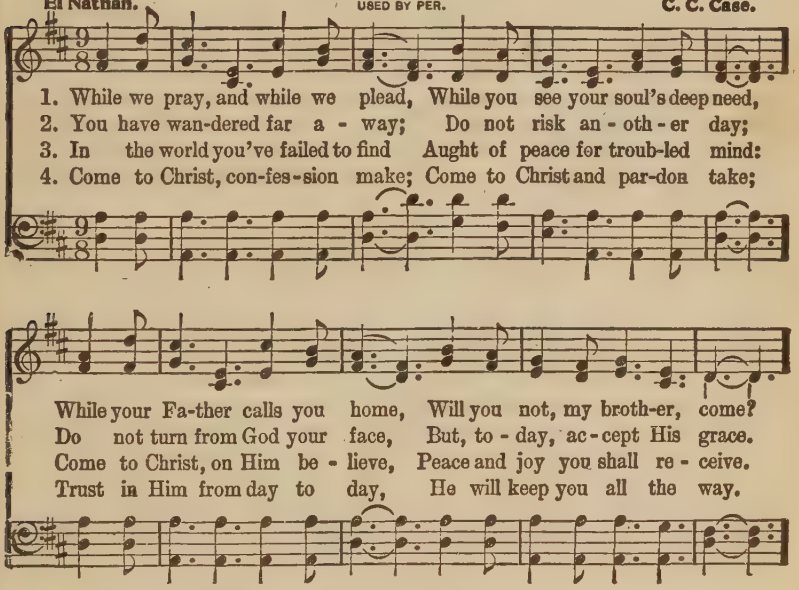
Now the Day is Over.

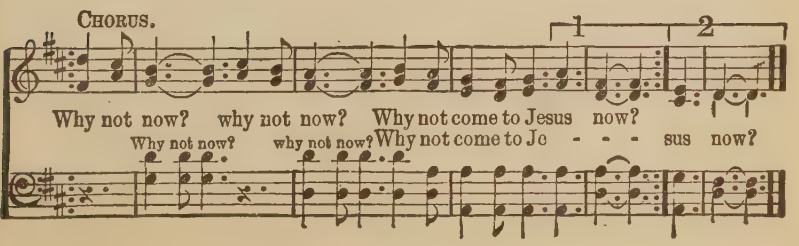

Shad - ows of the eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.
With Thy ten - d'rest bless - ing May our eye - lids close.
Guard the sail - ors, toss - ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure, and fresh, and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.
eve - ning Steal a - cross the sky.

No. 111. Why Not Now?

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY C. C. CASE.
USED BY PER.

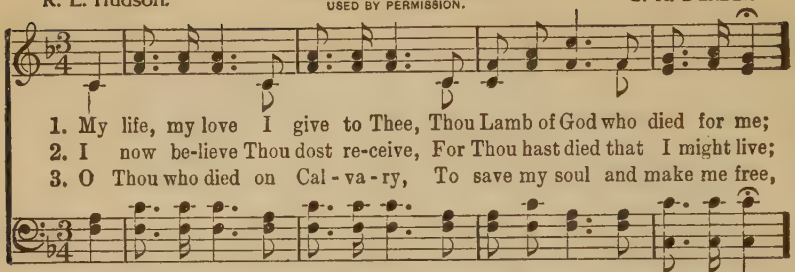
El Nathan. C. C. Case.


1. While we pray, and while we plead, While you see your soul's deep need,
2. You have wan-dered far a - way; Do not risk an - oth - er day;
3. In the world you've failed to find Aught of peace for troub-led mind:
4. Come to Christ, con-fes-sion make; Come to Christ and par-don take;
While your Fa-ther calls you home, Will you not, my broth-er, come?
Do not turn from God your face, But, to - day, ac - cept His grace.
Come to Christ, on Him be - lieve, Peace and joy you shall re - ceive.
Trust in Him from day to day, He will keep you all the way.



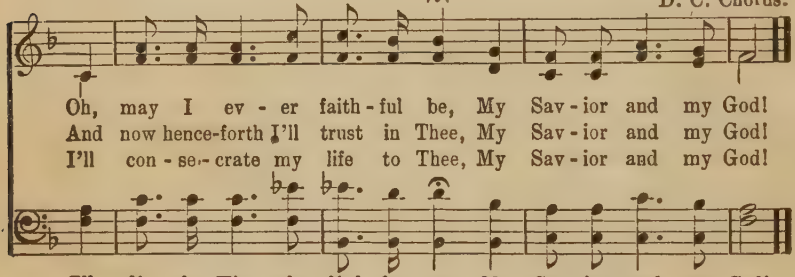
No. 112. I'll Live For Him.

R. E. Hudson. COPYRIGHT, 1882, BY R. E. HUDSON. USED BY PERMISSION. C. R. Dunbar.


1. My life, my love I give to Thee, Thou Lamb of God who died for me;
2. I now be-lieve Thou dost re-ceive, For Thou hast died that I might live;
3. O Thou who died on Cal-va-ry, To save my soul and make me free,

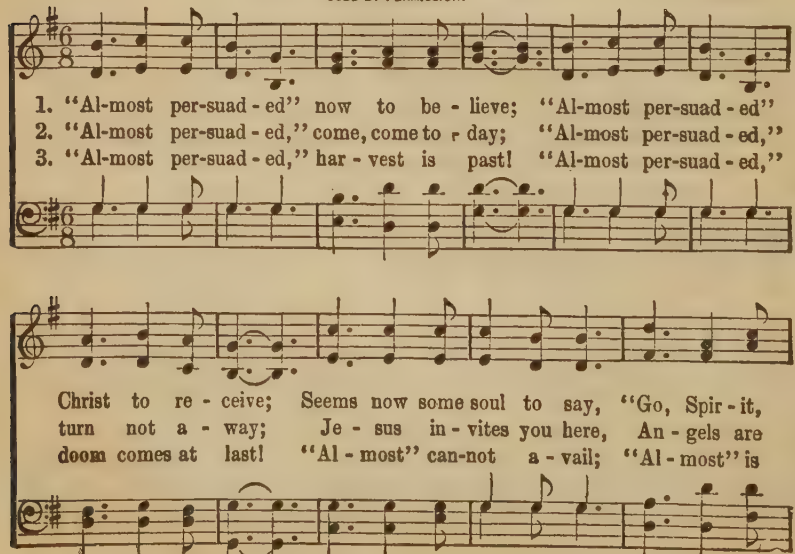
CHO.—*I'll live for Him who died for me, How hap-py then my life shall be!*

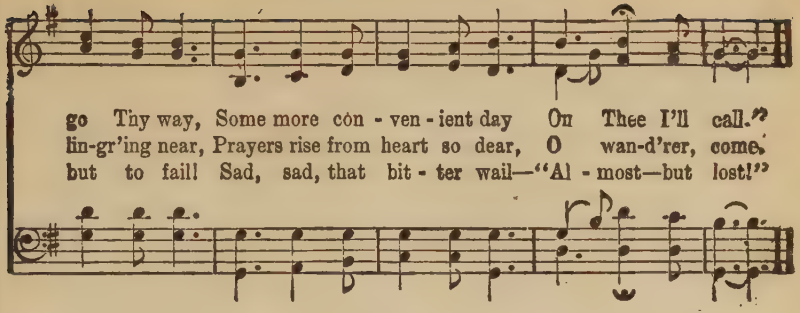
D. C. Chorus.


Oh, may I ev-er faith-ful be, My Sav-ior and my God!
And now hence-forth I'll trust in Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll con-se-crate my life to Thee, My Sav-ior and my God!
I'll live for Him who died for me, My Sav-ior and my God!

No. 113 "Almost Persuaded."

P. P. B. COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO. USED BY PERMISSION. P. P. Bliss.


1. "Al-most per-suad-ed" now to be-lieve; "Al-most per-suad-ed"
2. "Al-most per-suad-ed," come, come to-day; "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
3. "Al-most per-suad-ed," har-vest is past! "Al-most per-suad-ed,"
Christ to re-ceive; Seems now some soul to say, "Go, Spir-it,
turn not a-way; Je-sus in-vites you here, An-gels are
doom comes at last! "Al-most" can-not a-vail; "Al-most" is


go Thy way, Some more con - ven - ient day On Thee I'll call."
lin-gr'ing near, Prayers rise from heart so dear, O wan-d'rer, come,
but to fail! Sad, sad, that bit - ter wail—"Al - most—but lost!"

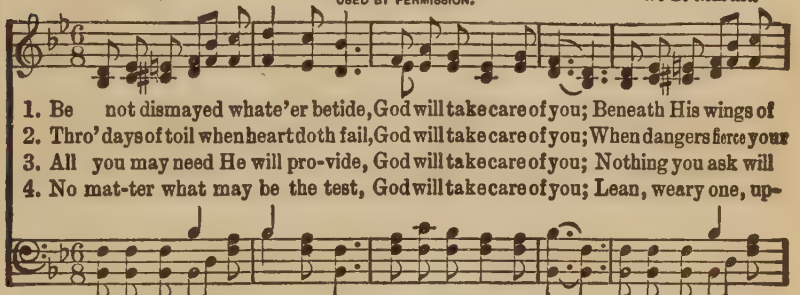
No. 114. God Will Take Care of You.

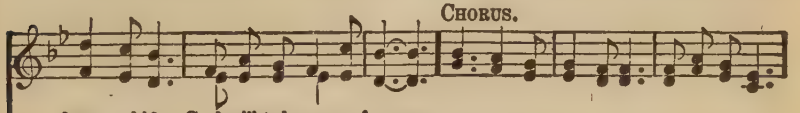
Dedicated to my wife, Mrs. John A. Davis.

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY JOHN A. DAVIS.
USED BY PERMISSION.

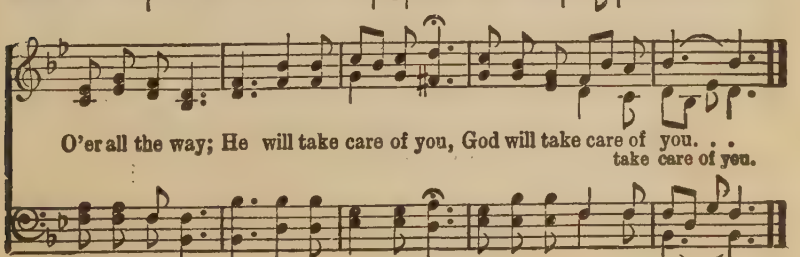
W. S. Martin.


1. Be not dismayed whate'er betide, God will take care of you; Beneath His wings of
2. Thro' days of toil when heart doth fail, God will take care of you; When dangers fierce your
3. All you may need He will pro-vide, God will take care of you; Nothing you ask will
4. No mat-ter what may be the test, God will take care of you; Lean, weary one, up-



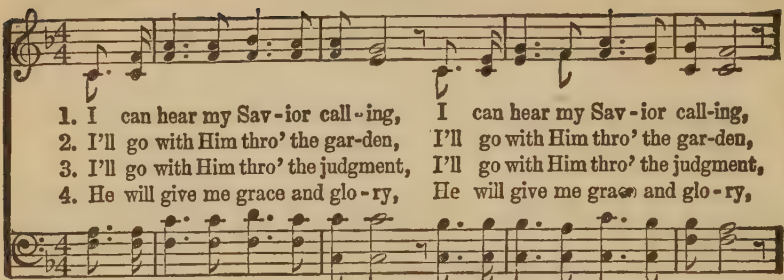
CHORUS.

love a-bide, God will take care of you.
path as-sail, God will take care of you. God will take care of you, Thro' ev'ry day,
be de-nied, God will take care of you.
on His breast, God will take care of you.



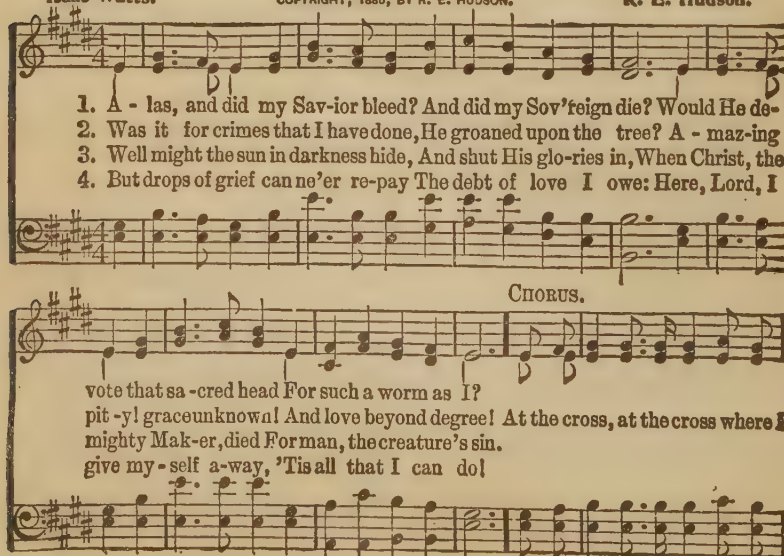
No. 115. Where He Leads Me.

E. W. Blandly. COPYRIGHT, 1890, BY J. S. NORRIS. USED BY PER. J. S. Norris.


1. I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar-den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him thro' the judgment,
4. He will give me grace and glo-ry, He will give me grace and glo-ry,
D.C.—Where He leads me I will fol-low, Where He leads me I will fol-low,
D.C.
I can hear my Sav-ior call-ing, "Take thy cross and fol-low, fol-low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the garden, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judgment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo-ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol-low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

No. 116. At the Cross.

Isaac Watts. COPYRIGHT, 1885, BY R. E. HUDSON. R. E. Hudson.


1. A-las, and did my Sav-ior bleed? And did my Sov'reign die? Would He de-
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned upon the tree? A-maz-ing
3. Well might the sun in darkness hide, And shut His glo-ries in, When Christ, the
4. But drops of grief can ne'er re-pay The debt of love I owe: Here, Lord, I
Chorus.
vote that sa-cred head For such a worm as I?
pit-y! grace unknown! And love beyond degree! At the cross, at the cross where I
mighty Mak-er, died For man, the creature's sin.
give my-self a-way, 'Tis all that I can do!

At the Cross.

first saw the light, And the burden of my heart rolled away, (rolled away,) It was

there by faith I received my sight, And now I am hap-py all the day!

No. 117. I Love Him.

London Hymn Book. USED BY PERMISSION. S. C. Foster.

1. Gone from my heart the world with all its charm; Gone are my sins and all that would a-larm; Gone ev-er-more, and by His grace I know The
2. Once I was lost up-on the plains of sin; Once was a slave to doubts and fears within; Once was a-fraid to trust a lov-ing God, But
3. Once I was bound, but now I am set free; Once I was blind, but now the light I see; Once I was dead, but now in Christ I live, To

D. S.—*Because He first loved me, And*

FINE. CHORUS. D.S.

pre-cious blood of Je-sus cleanses white as snow.
now my guilt is washed a-way in Je-sus' blood. I love Him, I love Him,
tell the world the peace that He a-lone can give.

purchased my sal-va-tion On Calv'ry's tree.

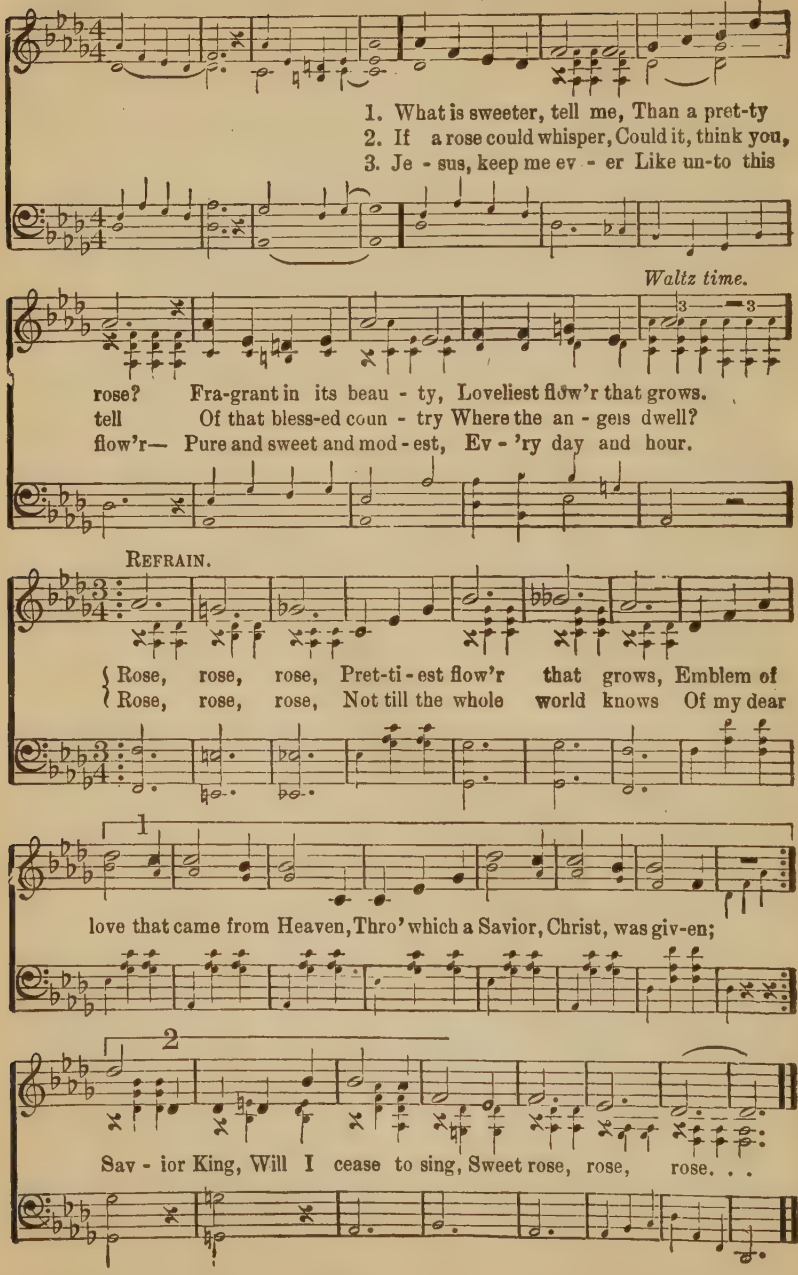
No. 118

Rose, Rose, Rose.

Charlotte G. Homer.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

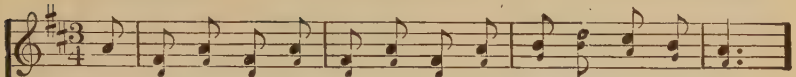

1. What is sweeter, tell me, Than a pret-ty
2. If a rose could whisper, Could it, think you,
3. Je - sus, keep me ev - er Like un-to this
Waltz time.
rose? Fra-grant in its beau - ty, Loveliest flow'r that grows.
tell Of that bless-ed coun - try Where the an - gels dwell?
flow'r— Pure and sweet and mod - est, Ev - 'ry day and hour.
REFRAIN.
Rose, rose, rose, Pret-ti - est flow'r that grows, Emblem of
Rose, rose, rose, Not till the whole world knows Of my dear
1
love that came from Heaven, Thro' which a Savior, Christ, was giv-en;
2
Sav - ior King, Will I cease to sing, Sweet rose, rose, rose. . .

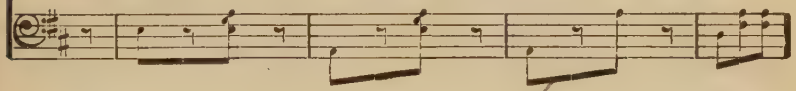
No. 119.

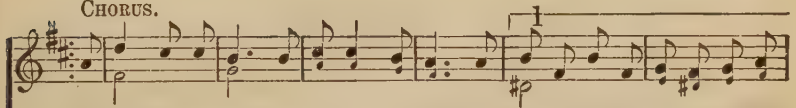
Our Colors So True.

Lizzie DeArmond.

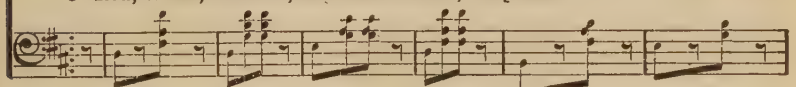
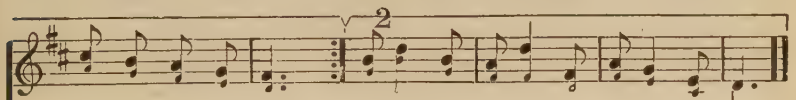
COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. [1]Three col - ors has the na-tion's flag Our [2]hearts de - light to see,—
2. [3]Red speaks to us of Je - sus' blood, For all the [4]whole world shed,
3. [5]White tells of those who, pure in heart, Shall see the Sav-ior's face,
4. [7]Blue tells us of the faith - ful ones Who like the [8]stars shall be,

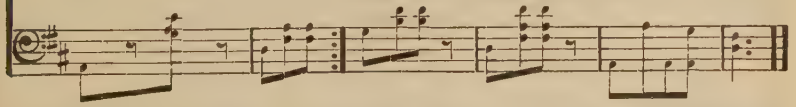
The Red, and White, and star - ry Blue, Our pledge of lib - er - ty.
That we might rise to life and light, Thro' Him who once was dead.
And in His like-ness dai - ly grow, In [6]Heav-en's ho - ly place.
Bright jew - els in the Victor's crown, Thro' all e - ter - ni - ty.

CHORUS.



O [1]Red, White, and Blue, our colors so true, An emblem fair of heav'nly things, to
O [1]Red, White, and Blue, the old and the new, Our [*Omit*.....



help us on our way;
.....] ban-ner of gladness, we hail it to - day!



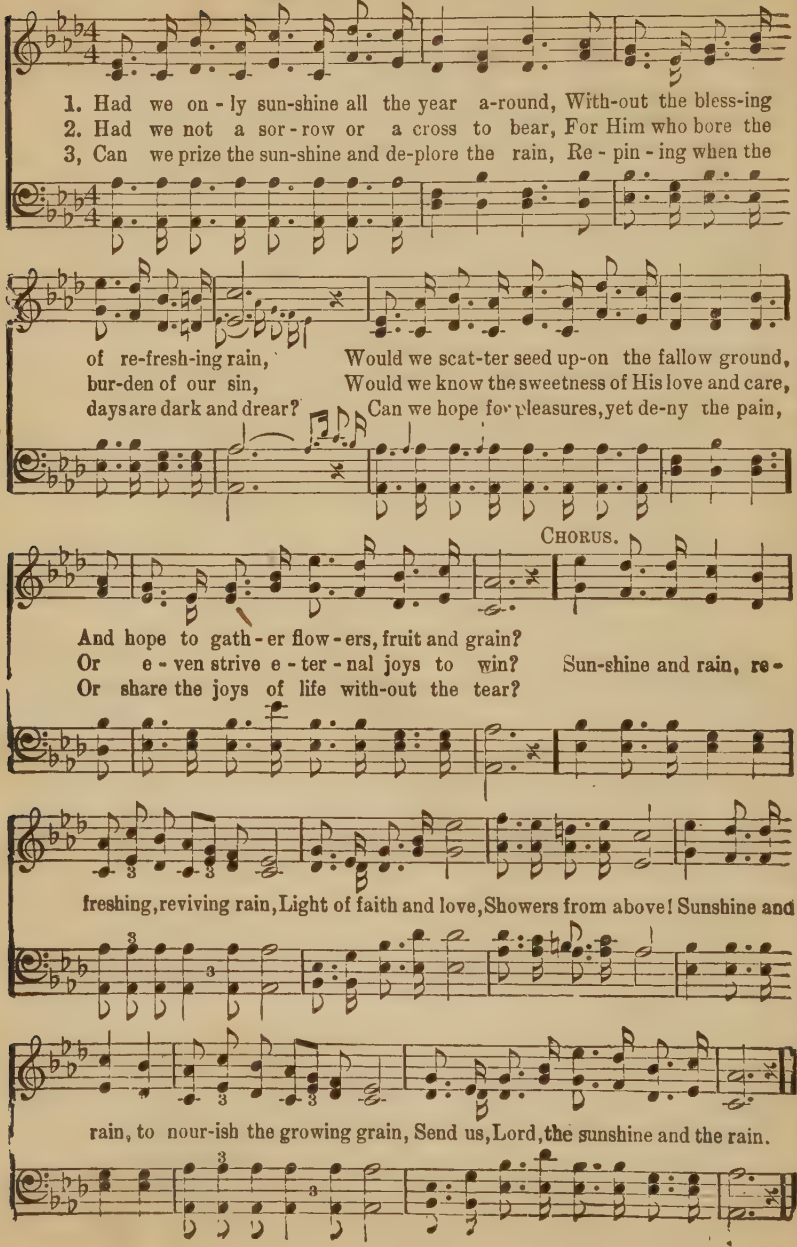
GESTURES:—1. Wave flags. 2. Lay flags across hearts. 3. Touch red stripe. 4. Describe semi-circle outwards with flags. 5. Touch white stripe. 6. Hold flags up high. 7. Touch blue square. 8. Move flags held high, from left to right, shaking them slightly to give twinkling motion, like the stars. All hold American flags.

No. 120.

Sunshine and Rain.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1902, BY CHAS. H GABRIEL.
WORDS AND MUSIC. E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Had we on - ly sun-shine all the year a-round, With-out the bless-ing
2. Had we not a sor - row or a cross to bear, For Him who bore the
3, Can we prize the sun-shine and de-plore the rain, Re - pin - ing when the
of re-fresh-ing rain, Would we scat-ter seed up-on the fallow ground,
bur-den of our sin, Would we know the sweetness of His love and care,
days are dark and drear? Can we hope for pleasures, yet de-ny the pain,
CHORUS.
And hope to gath - er flow - ers, fruit and grain?
Or e - ven strive e - ter - nal joys to win? Sun-shine and rain, re -
Or share the joys of life with-out the tear?
freshing, reviving rain, Light of faith and love, Showers from above! Sunshine and
rain, to nour-ish the growing grain, Send us, Lord, the sunshine and the rain.

No. 121.

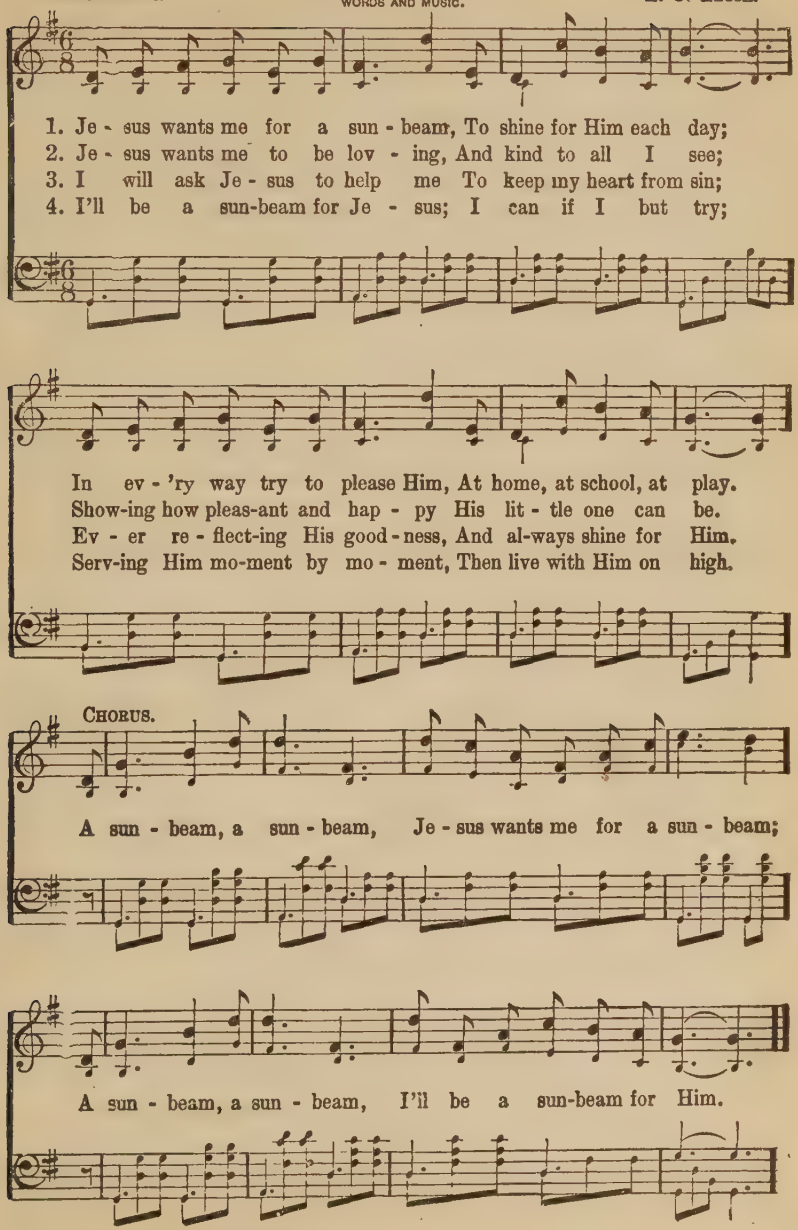
I'll Be a Sunbeam.

To my grandson, Edwin O. Excell, Jr.

Nellie Talbot.

COPYRIGHT, 1900, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam, To shine for Him each day;
2. Je - sus wants me to be lov - ing, And kind to all I see;
3. I will ask Je - sus to help me To keep my heart from sin;
4. I'll be a sun-beam for Je - sus; I can if I but try;
In ev - 'ry way try to please Him, At home, at school, at play.
Show-ing how pleas-ant and hap - py His lit - tle one can be.
Ev - er re - flect-ing His good - ness, And al-ways shine for Him.
Serv-ing Him mo-ment by mo - ment, Then live with Him on high.
Chorus.
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, Je - sus wants me for a sun - beam;
A sun - beam, a sun - beam, I'll be a sun-beam for Him.

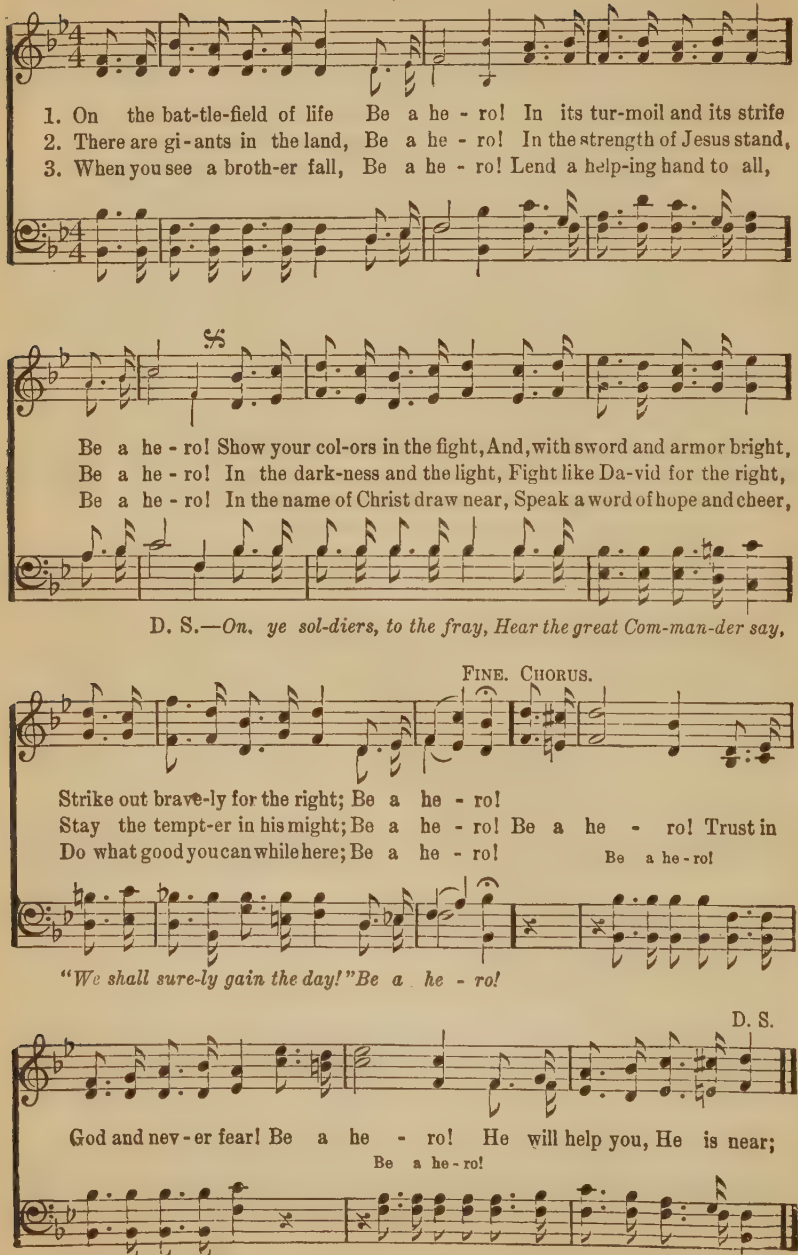
No. 122.

Be a Hero.

Adam Craig.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

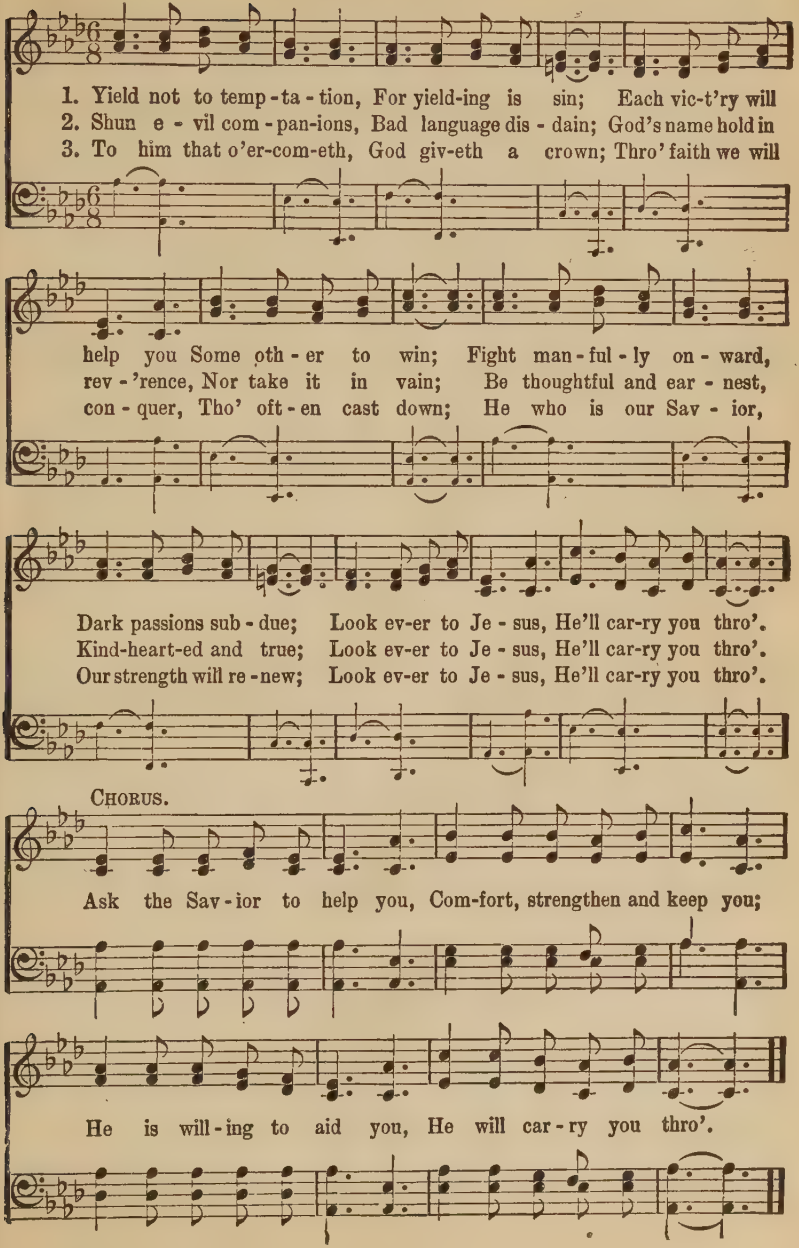
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. On the bat-tle-field of life Be a he - ro! In its tur-moil and its strife
2. There are gi-ants in the land, Be a he - ro! In the strength of Jesus stand,
3. When you see a broth-er fall, Be a he - ro! Lend a help-ing hand to all,
Be a he - ro! Show your col-ors in the fight, And, with sword and armor bright,
Be a he - ro! In the dark-ness and the light, Fight like Da-vid for the right,
Be a he - ro! In the name of Christ draw near, Speak a word of hope and cheer,
D. S.—On, ye sol-diers, to the fray, Hear the great Com-man-der say,
FINE. CHORUS.
Strike out brave-ly for the right; Be a he - ro!
Stay the tempt-er in his might; Be a he - ro! Be a he - ro! Trust in
Do what good you can while here; Be a he - ro!
Be a he - ro!
"We shall sure-ly gain the day!" Be a he - ro!
D. S.
God and nev-er fear! Be a he - ro! He will help you, He is near;
Be a he - ro!

No. 123. Yield Not to Temptation.

H. R. P.

USED BY PERMISSION OF DR. H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

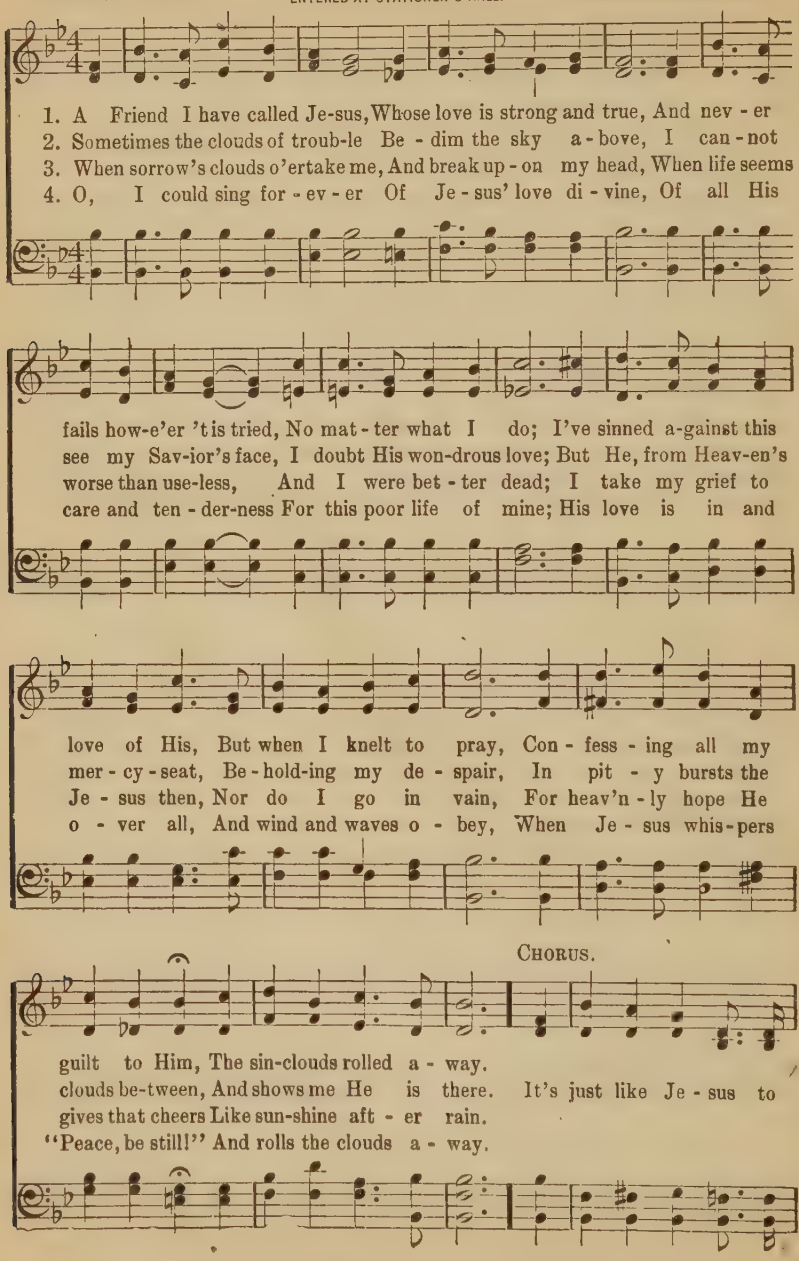
Dr. H. R. Palmer.

1. Yield not to temp-ta-tion, For yield-ing is sin; Each vic-t'ry will
2. Shun e-vil com-pan-ions, Bad language dis-dain; God's name hold in
3. To him that o'er-com-eth, God giv-eth a crown; Thro' faith we will
help you Some oth-er to win; Fight man-ful-ly on-ward,
rev-'rence, Nor take it in vain; Be thoughtful and ear-nest,
con-quer, Tho' oft-en cast down; He who is our Sav-ior,
Dark passions sub-due; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Kind-heart-ed and true; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
Our strength will re-new; Look ev-er to Je-sus, He'll car-ry you thro'.
CHORUS.
Ask the Sav-ior to help you, Com-fort, strengthen and keep you;
He is will-ing to aid you, He will car-ry you thro'.

No. 124. It's Just Like His Great Love.

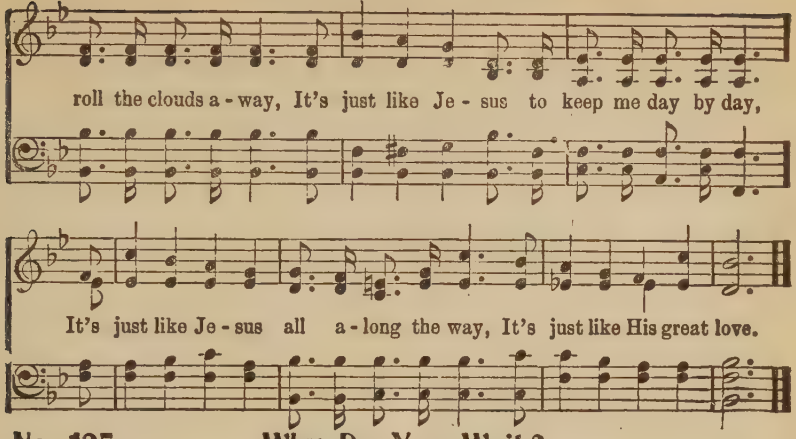
Edna R. Worrell.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY CLARENCE B. STROUSE.
ENTERED AT STATIONER'S HALL.

Clarence B. Strouse.


1. A Friend I have called Je-sus, Whose love is strong and true, And nev - er
2. Sometimes the clouds of troub-le Be - dim the sky a - bove, I can - not
3. When sorrow's clouds o'ertake me, And break up - on my head, When life seems
4. O, I could sing for - ev - er Of Je - sus' love di - vine, Of all His
fails how-e'er 'tis tried, No mat - ter what I do; I've sinned a-gainst this
see my Sav-ior's face, I doubt His won-drous love; But He, from Heav-en's
worse than use-less, And I were bet - ter dead; I take my grief to
care and ten - der-ness For this poor life of mine; His love is in and
love of His, But when I knelt to pray, Con - fess - ing all my
mer - cy - seat, Be - hold-ing my de - spair, In pit - y bursts the
Je - sus then, Nor do I go in vain, For heav'n - ly hope He
o - ver all, And wind and waves o - bey, When Je - sus whis - pers
CHORUS.
guilt to Him, The sin-clouds rolled a - way.
clouds be-tween, And shows me He is there. It's just like Je - sus to
gives that cheers Like sun-shine aft - er rain.
"Peace, be still!" And rolls the clouds a - way.

It's Just Like His Great Love.

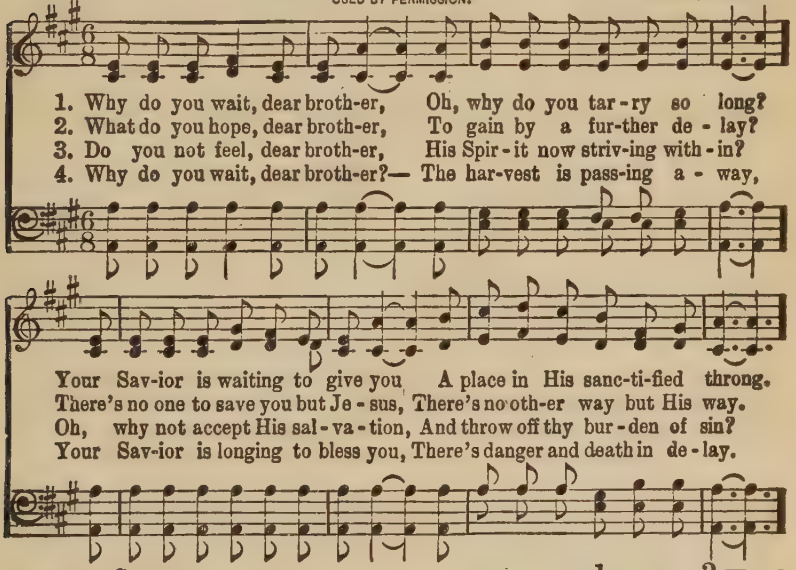

roll the clouds a - way, It's just like Je - sus to keep me day by day,
It's just like Je - sus all a - long the way, It's just like His great love.

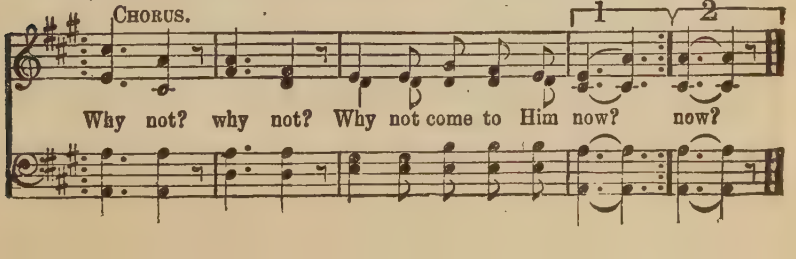
No. 125. Why Do You Wait?

G. F. R.

COPYRIGHT, 1878, BY THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
USED BY PERMISSION.

Geo. F. Root.


1. Why do you wait, dear broth-er, Oh, why do you tar - ry so long?
2. What do you hope, dear broth-er, To gain by a fur-ther de - lay?
3. Do you not feel, dear broth-er, His Spir - it now striv-ing with - in?
4. Why do you wait, dear broth-er?— The har-vest is pass-ing a - way,
Your Sav-ior is waiting to give you A place in His sanc-ti-fied throng.
There's no one to save you but Je - sus, There's no oth-er way but His way.
Oh, why not accept His sal - va - tion, And throw off thy bur - den of sin?
Your Sav-ior is longing to bless you, There's danger and death in de - lay.



No. 126. My Father Knows.

S. M. I. Henry.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The storms that would my way op - pose; But He can drive the clouds a - way, And
2. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The balm I need to soothe my woes; And with His touch of love di - vine He
3. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows How frail I am to meet my foes; But He my cause will e'er de - fend, Up-
4. I know my heav'n - ly Fa - ther knows The hour my jour - ney here will close; And may that hour, O faith - ful Guide, Find

turn my dark - ness in - to day, And turn my dark-ness in - to day.
heals this wound - ed soul of mine, He heals this wound-ed soul of mine.
hold and keep me to the end, Up - hold and keep me to the end.
me safe shel - tered by Thy side, Find me safe shel - tered by Thy side.

CHORUS.

He knows, He knows The storms that would my way op - pose;
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows that would my way op-pose;

He knows, He knows, And tem-pers ev - 'ry wind that blows.
My Fa-ther knows, I'm sure He knows the wind that blows.

No. 127. Count Your Blessings.

Rev. J. Oatman, Jr.

COPYRIGHT, 1897, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

E. O. Excell.

1. When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem - pest - tossed, When you are dis-
2. Are you ev - er bur-dened with a load of care? Does the cross seem
3. When you look at oth - ers with their lands and gold, Think that Christ has
4. So, a - mid the con - flict, wheth-er great or small, Do not be dis-

(1) When up - on life's bil - lows you are tem-pest-tossed, When you are dis-

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one,
heav - y you are called to bear? Count your man-y bless-ings, ev -'ry doubt will fly,
prom-ised you His wealth un - told; Count your man-y bless-ings, mon-ey can - not buy
cour-aged, God is o - ver all; Count your man-y bless-ings, an - gels will at - tend,

cour-aged, think-ing all is lost, Count your man-y bless-ings, name them one by one.

CHORUS.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done.
And you will be sing - ing as the days go by. Count your bless-ings, Name them
Your re - ward in heav - en, nor your home on high.
Help and com-fort give you to your jour - ney's end.

And it will sur-prise you what the Lord hath done. Count your man-y bless-ings,

one by one; Count your bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your

Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done; Count your many

rit.

bless-ings, Name them one by one; Count your man-y bless-ings, See what God hath done.

No. 128. Over and Over Again.

Floy S. Armstrong.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. How man - y times has He light-ened our cares, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! How
2. He ne'er re - fus - es to hear, tho' we call O - ver and o - ver a - gain, Sends
3. Tho' we may wan-der in by-ways of sin, O - ver and o - ver a - gain, The

man-y times has He an-swered our prayers, O - ver and o - ver a - gain! Then tell of His
show'rs of bless-ing so free - ly on all, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Oh, why are you
heart of Je - sus will bid us come in, O - ver and o - ver a - gain; Then let us be

good-ness to thee and to thine, And tell of His mer-cies to me and to mine, Re-
si - lent so oft - en, so long, When tell - ing the sto - ry will turn them from wrong? Then
will - ing, wher-ev - er the place, To tell of His kind-ness, His par-don, His grace, And

peat the old sto - ry of par-don di - vine, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .
tell it, O tell it in praise or in song, O - - - ver and o - ver a - gain.
some day in glo - ry we'll look on His face, O - ver and o - ver a - gain. . . . . .

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ... O - ver and o - ver a - gain, ...
and o - ver a - gain, and o - ver a - gain,

O what a won - der - ful sto - ry to tell, O - ver and o - ver a - gain.

No. 129. More Like the Master.

C. H. G.

Copyright, 1906, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. More like the Mas - ter I would ev - er be, More of His meek-ness
2. More like the Mas - ter, is my dai - ly prayer; More strength to car - ry
3. More like the Mas - ter I would live and grow; More of His love to

more hu - mil - i - ty; More zeal to la - bor, more cour - age to be
cross - es I must bear; More ear - nest ef - fort to bring His king-dom
oth - ers I would show; More self - de - ni - al, like His in Gal - i-

rit.

true, More con - se - cra - tion for work He bids me do.
in; More of His Spir - it, the wan - der - er to win.
lee, More like the Mas - ter I long to ev - er be.

Chorus.

Take Thou my heart,— I would be Thine a - lone;— Take Thou my
Take my heart, O take my heart, I would be Thine a - lone; Take my heart, O

heart and make it all Thine own; Purge me from sin, O
take my heart and make it all Thine own; Purge Thou me from ev - 'ry sin, O

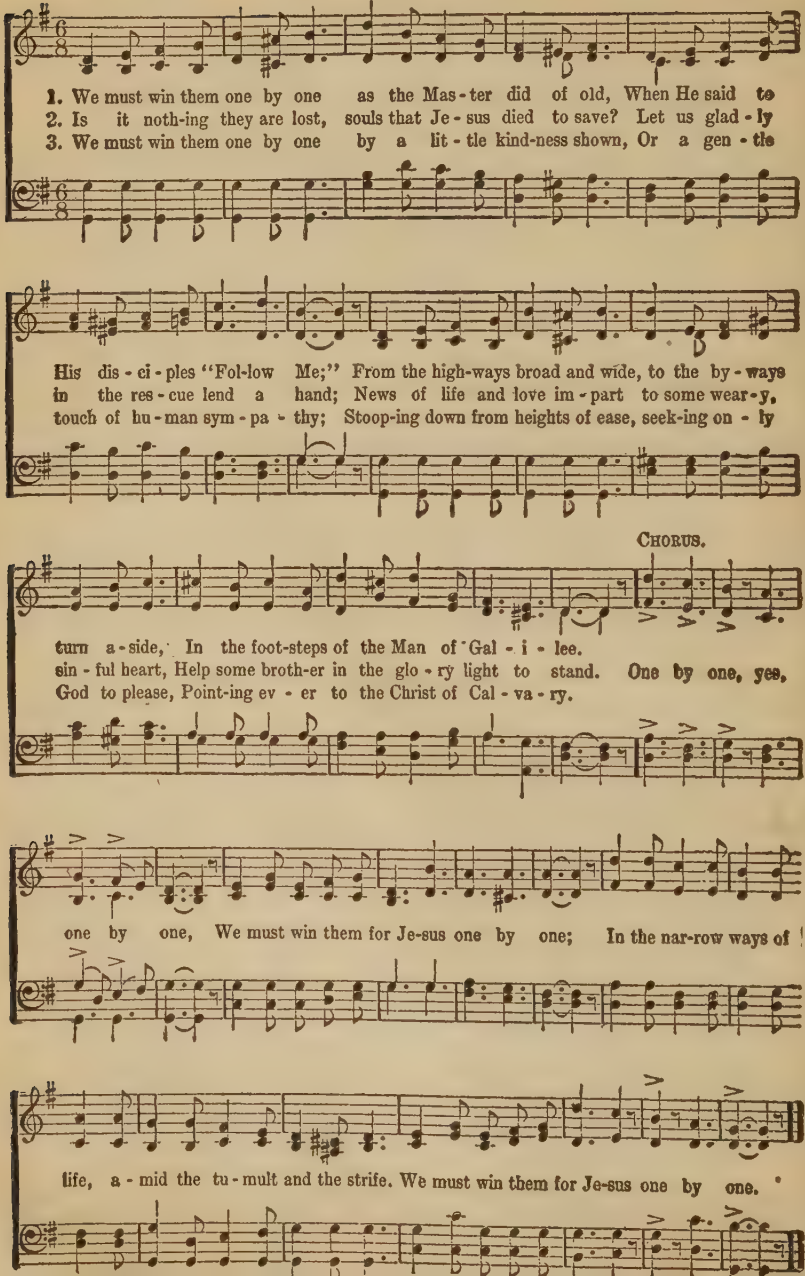
Lord, I now im - plore, Wash me and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.
Lord, I now im-plore, Wash and keep, O wash and keep me Thine for-ev - er - more.

No. 130. Win Them One By One.

Lizzie DeArmond.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

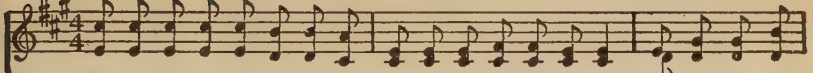

1. We must win them one by one as the Mas-ter did of old, When He said to
His dis-ci-ples "Fol-low Me;" From the high-ways broad and wide, to the by-ways
2. Is it noth-ing they are lost, souls that Je-sus died to save? Let us glad-ly
in the res-cue lend a hand; News of life and love im-part to some wear-y,
3. We must win them one by one by a lit-tle kind-ness shown, Or a gen-tle
touch of hu-man sym-pa-thy; Stoop-ing down from heights of ease, seek-ing on-ly
CHORUS.
turn a-side, In the foot-steps of the Man of Gal-i-lee.
sin-ful heart, Help some broth-er in the glo-ry light to stand. One by one, yes,
God to please, Point-ing ev-er to the Christ of Cal-va-ry.
one by one, We must win them for Je-sus one by one; In the nar-row ways of
life, a-mid the tu-mult and the strife. We must win them for Je-sus one by one.

No. 131. Harvest Song.

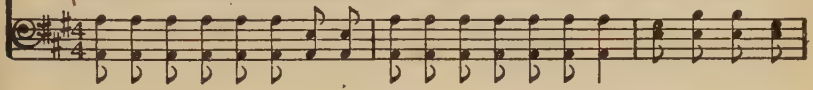
C. H. G.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1907, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

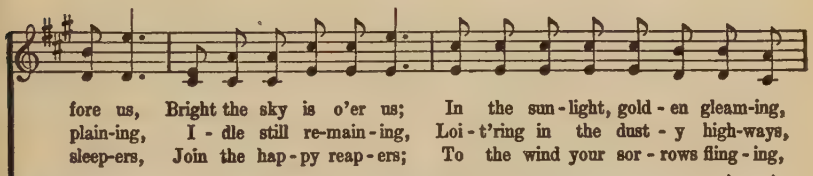
Chas. H. Gabriel



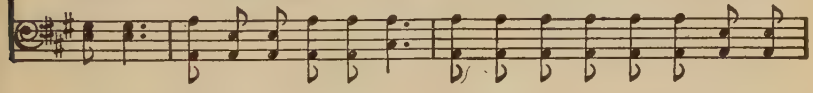
1. Look, the har-vest-field is teem-ing With the rich and rip-ened grain; Wide it spreads be-
2. In the mar-kets and the by-ways, Whil-ing pre-cious hours a-way, Man-y stand com-
3. Hear ye not the faith-ful sing-ing Of the la-bor and the yield? Rouse ye, then, O



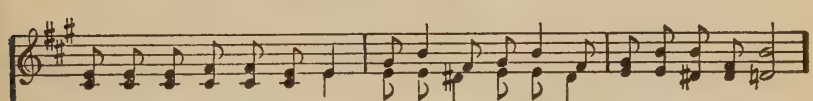
fore us, Bright the sky is o'er us; In the sun-light, gold-en gleam-ing,
plain-ing, I-dle still re-main-ing, Loi-t'ring in the dust-y high-ways,
sleep-ers, Join the hap-py reap-ers; To the wind your sor-rows fling-ing,



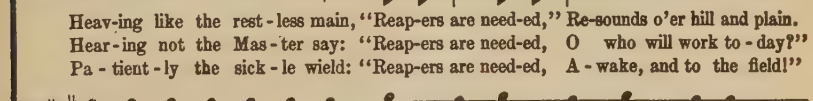
Heav-ing like the rest-less main, "Reap-ers are need-ed," Re-sounds o'er hill and plain.
Hear-ing not the Mas-ter say: "Reap-ers are need-ed, O who will work to-day?"
Pa-tient-ly the sick-le wield: "Reap-ers are need-ed, A-wake, and to the field!"



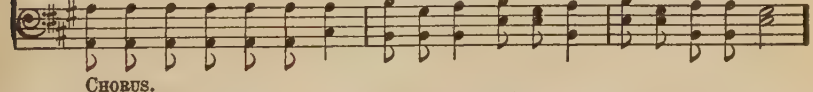
CHORUS.



Rouse ye, then, and to the fields a-way, Go la-bor for the Mas-ter while you may;
to the fields a-way, Mas-ter while you may;



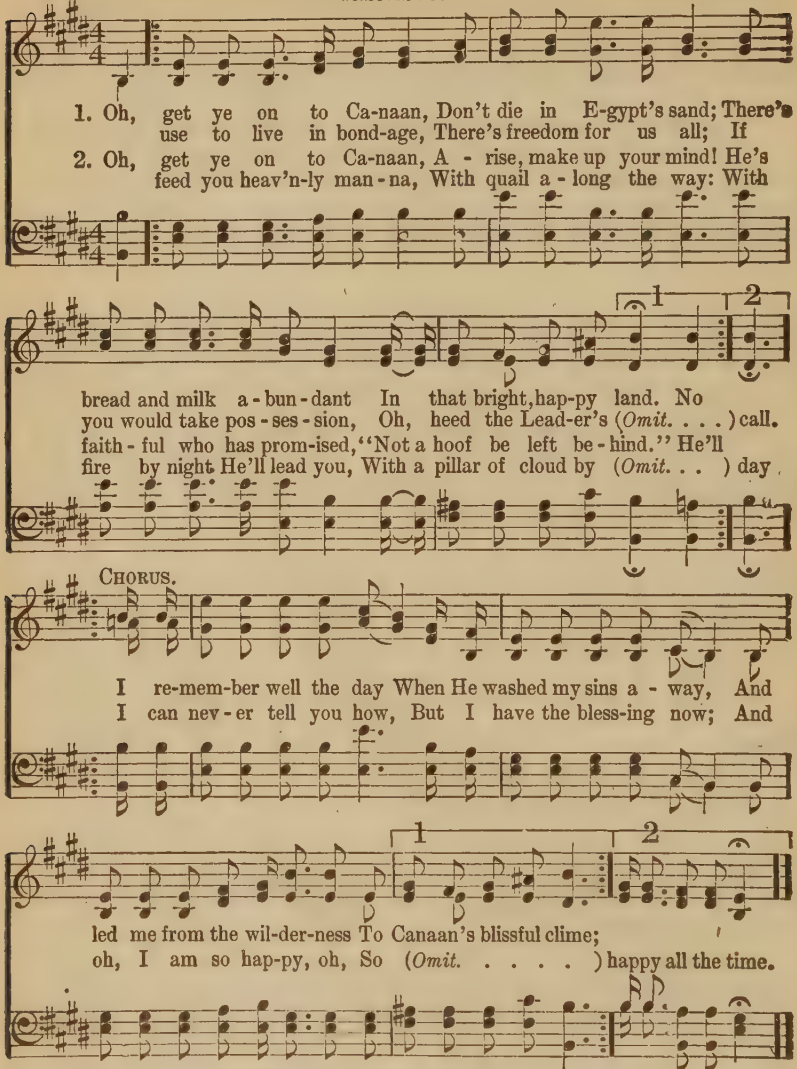
Lo! He is call-ing, night is fall-ing, Has-ten to o-bey, For reap-ers are need-ed to-day.



132. Get Ye On to Canaan.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Mrs. Ida C. Reid. WORDS AND MUSIC. James V. Reid.


1. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, Don't die in E-gypt's sand; There's
use to live in bond-age, There's freedom for us all; If
2. Oh, get ye on to Ca-naan, A - rise, make up your mind! He's
feed you heav'n-ly man - na, With quail a - long the way: With
1
2
bread and milk a - bun - dant In that bright, hap-py land. No
you would take pos - ses - sion, Oh, heed the Lead-er's (Omit. . . .) call.
faith - ful who has prom-ised, "Not a hoof be left be - hind." He'll
fire by night He'll lead you, With a pillar of cloud by (Omit. . .) day.
CHORUS.
I re-mem-ber well the day When He washed my sins a - way, And
I can nev - er tell you how, But I have the bless-ing now; And
1
2
led me from the wil-der-ness To Canaan's blissful clime;
oh, I am so hap-py, oh, So (Omit. . . . .) happy all the time.

3 Don't fear the road to travel,
The sea will open wide;
The Lord will safely land you
Upon the other side.
Although you may find giants,
"The Lord will fight for you;"
Just keep your eyes upon Him,
He'll take you safely through.

4 Oh, Canaan is a good land,
A land of running brooks,
Of fountains in the valleys,
Of rills in shady nooks;
A land of wheat and barley,
Pomegranates, rich and fine,
With olive-oil and honey,—
Praise God, these all are mine!

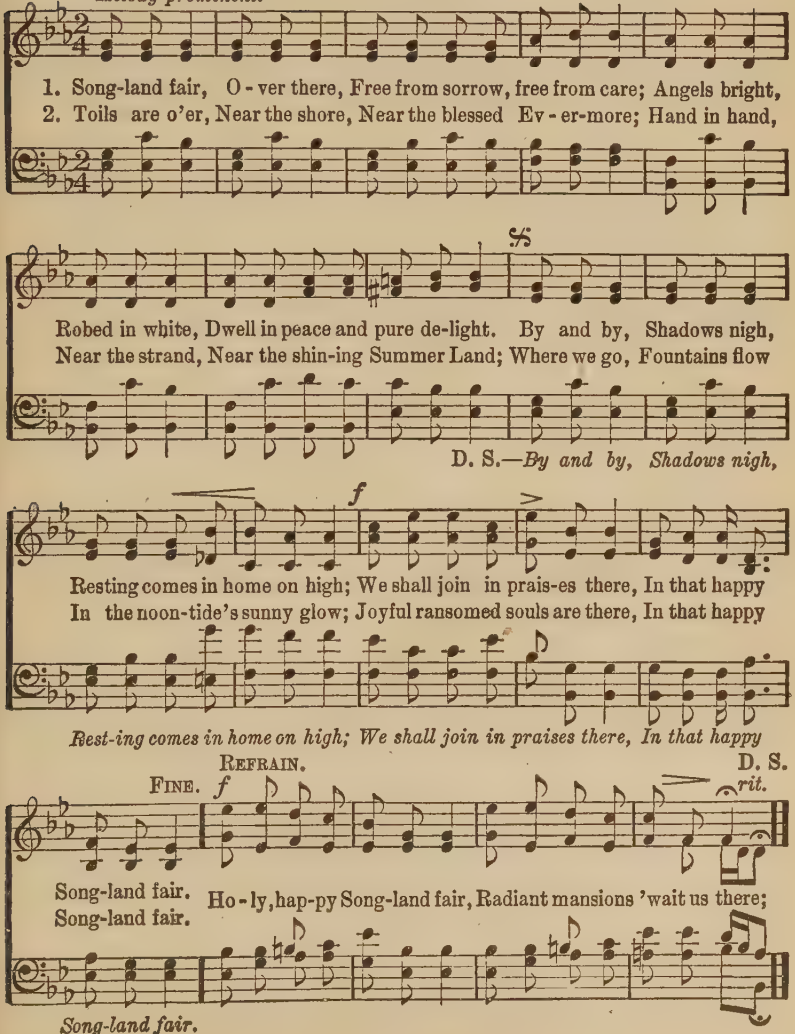
Special Selections

No. 133. Happy Song-Land.

COPYRIGHT, 1903, BY E. O. EXCELL.

C. A. H. C. A. Havens.

Melody prominent.

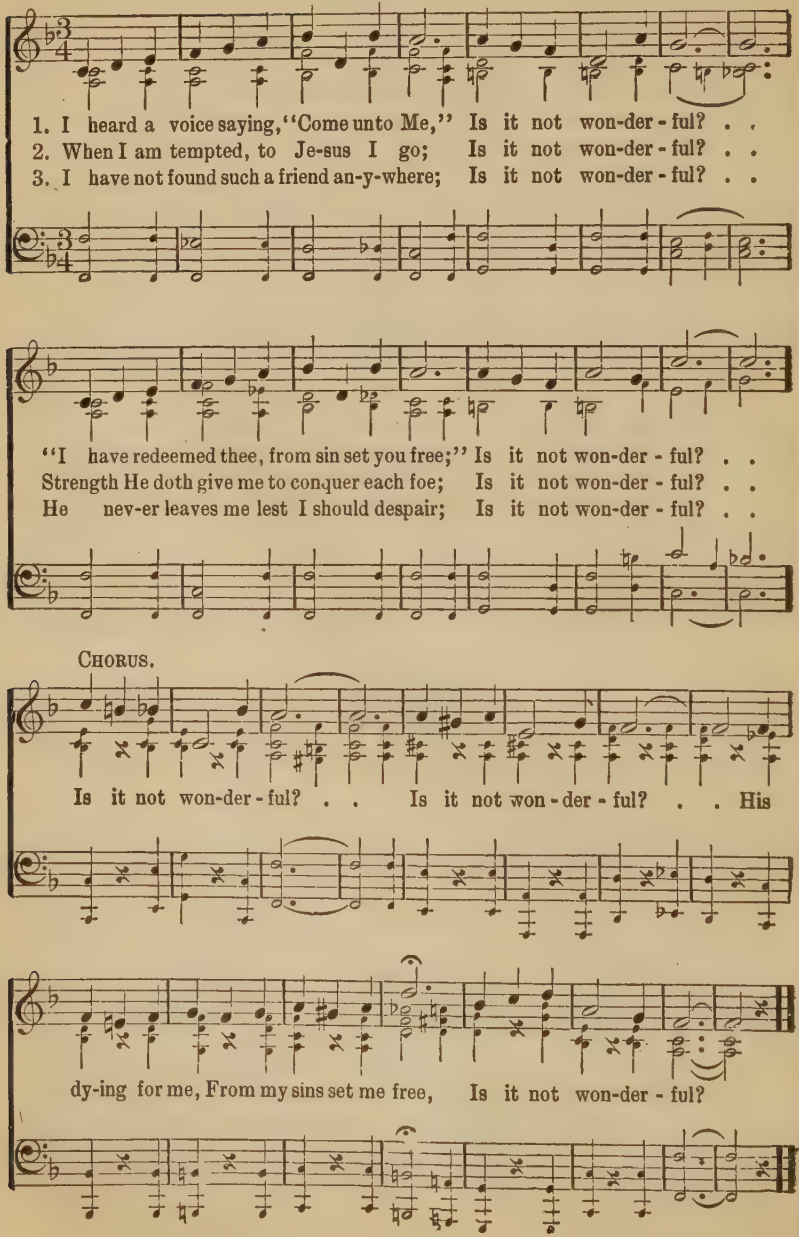

1. Song-land fair, O - ver there, Free from sorrow, free from care; Angels bright,
2. Toils are o'er, Near the shore, Near the blessed Ev - er-more; Hand in hand,
Robed in white, Dwell in peace and pure de-light. By and by, Shadows nigh,
Near the strand, Near the shin-ing Summer Land; Where we go, Fountains flow
D. S.—*By and by, Shadows nigh,*
Resting comes in home on high; We shall join in prais-es there, In that happy
In the noon-tide's sunny glow; Joyful ransomed souls are there, In that happy
Rest-ing comes in home on high; We shall join in praises there, In that happy
REFRAIN.
D. S.
FINE.
rit.
Song-land fair.
Song-land fair.
Ho - ly, hap-py Song-land fair, Radiant mansions 'wait us there;
Song-land fair.

No. 134. Is It Not Wonderful?

S. L.

COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.

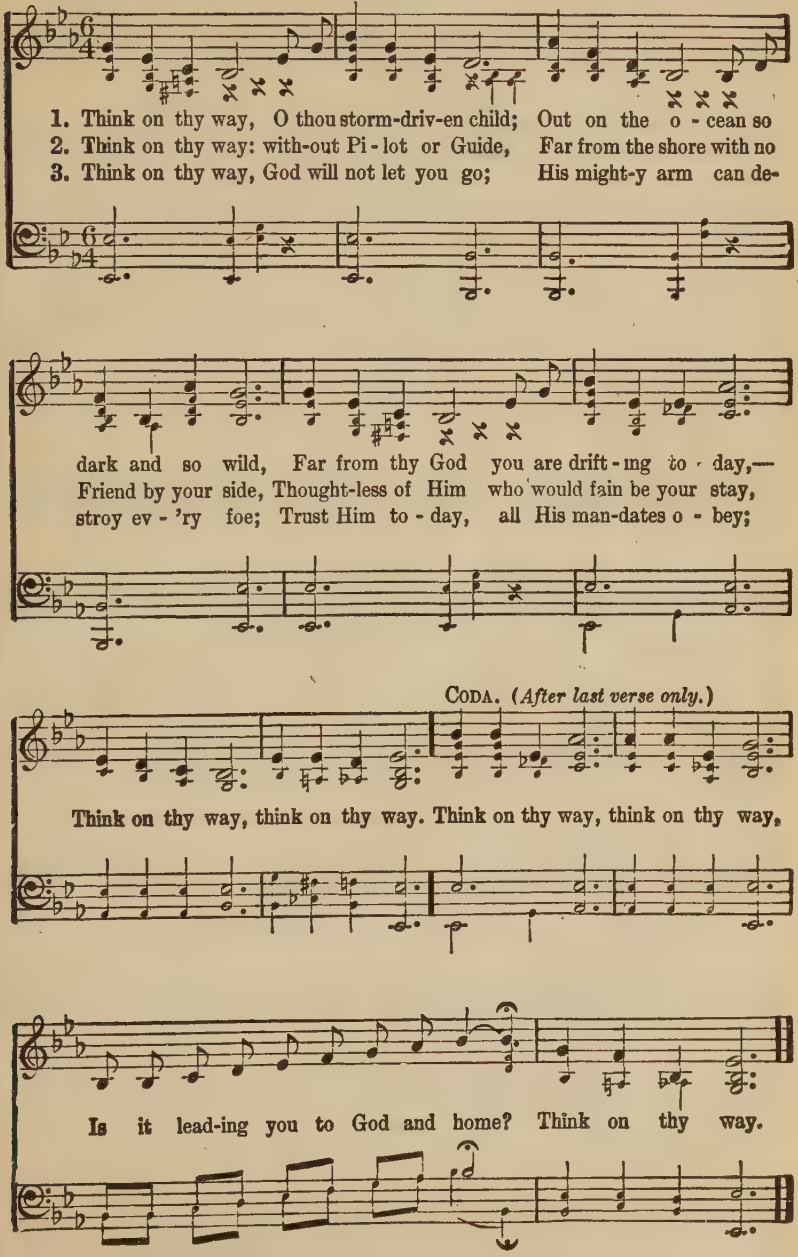

1. I heard a voice saying, "Come unto Me," Is it not won-der-ful? . .
2. When I am tempted, to Je-sus I go; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
3. I have not found such a friend an-y-where; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
"I have redeemed thee, from sin set you free;" Is it not won-der-ful? . .
Strength He doth give me to conquer each foe; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
He nev-er leaves me lest I should despair; Is it not won-der-ful? . .
CHORUS.
Is it not won-der-ful? . . Is it not won-der-ful? . . His
dy-ing for me, From my sins set me free, Is it not won-der-ful?

No. 135. Think On Thy Way.

J. P. S.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. P. Scholfield.


1. Think on thy way, O thou storm-driv-en child; Out on the o - cean so
2. Think on thy way: with-out Pi - lot or Guide, Far from the shore with no
3. Think on thy way, God will not let you go; His might-y arm can de-
dark and so wild, Far from thy God you are drift - ing to - day,—
Friend by your side, Thought-less of Him who would fain be your stay,
stroy ev - 'ry foe; Trust Him to - day, all His man-dates o - bey;
CODA. (After last verse only.)
Think on thy way, think on thy way. Think on thy way, think on thy way.
Is it lead-ing you to God and home? Think on thy way.

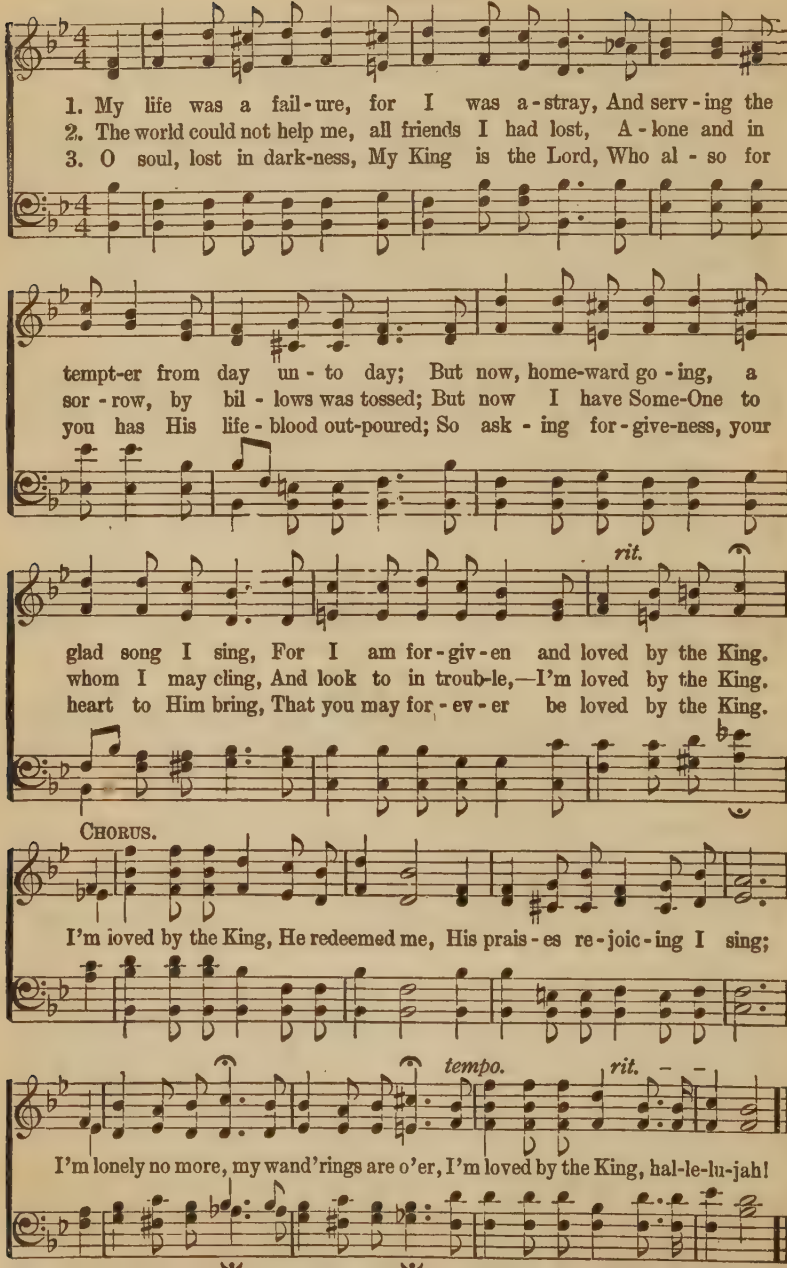
No. 136.

Loved By the King.

James Rowe.

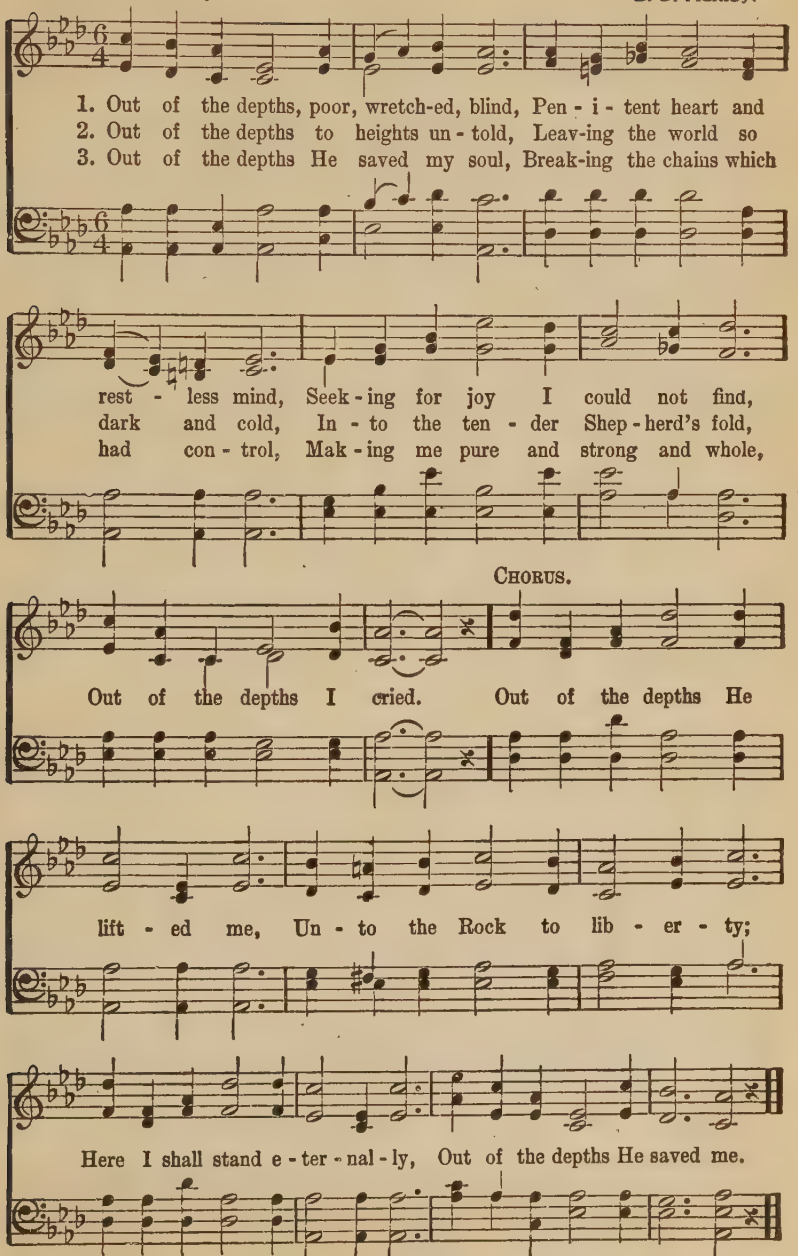
COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

James V. Reid.


1. My life was a fail-ure, for I was a-stray, And serv-ing the
2. The world could not help me, all friends I had lost, A-lone and in
3. O soul, lost in dark-ness, My King is the Lord, Who al-so for
tempt-er from day un-to day; But now, home-ward go-ing, a
sor-row, by bil-lows was tossed; But now I have Some-One to
you has His life-blood out-poured; So ask-ing for-give-ness, your
rit.
glad song I sing, For I am for-giv-en and loved by the King.
whom I may cling, And look to in troub-le,—I'm loved by the King.
heart to Him bring, That you may for-ev-er be loved by the King.
CHORUS.
I'm loved by the King, He redeemed me, His prais-es re-joic-ing I sing;
tempo.
rit.
I'm lonely no more, my wand'rings are o'er, I'm loved by the King, hal-le-lu-jah!

No. 137. Out of the Depths.

COPYRIGHT, 1912, BY B. D. ACKLEY.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. B. D. Ackley.

1. Out of the depths, poor, wretch-ed, blind, Pen - i - tent heart and
2. Out of the depths to heights un - told, Leav-ing the world so
3. Out of the depths He saved my soul, Break-ing the chains which
rest - less mind, Seek - ing for joy I could not find,
dark and cold, In - to the ten - der Shep - herd's fold,
had con - trol, Mak - ing me pure and strong and whole,
Chorus.
Out of the depths I cried. Out of the depths He
lift - ed me, Un - to the Rock to lib - er - ty;
Here I shall stand e - ter - nal - ly, Out of the depths He saved me.

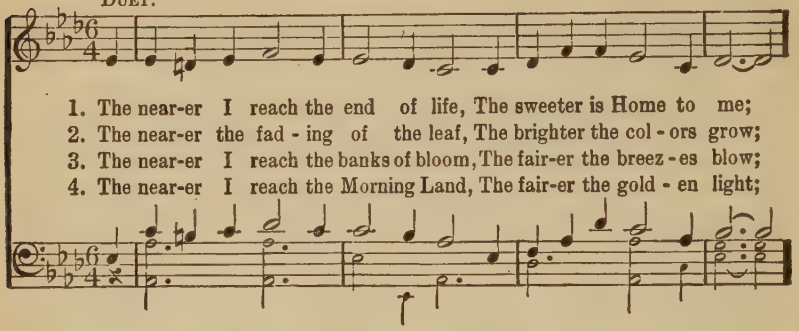
No. 138. The Nearer, The Sweeter.

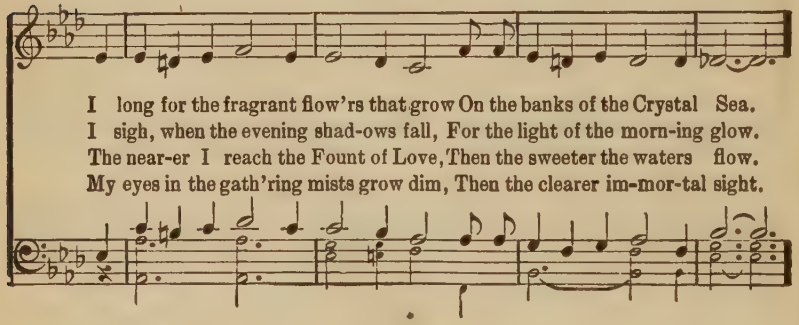
Jesse P. Tompkins.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

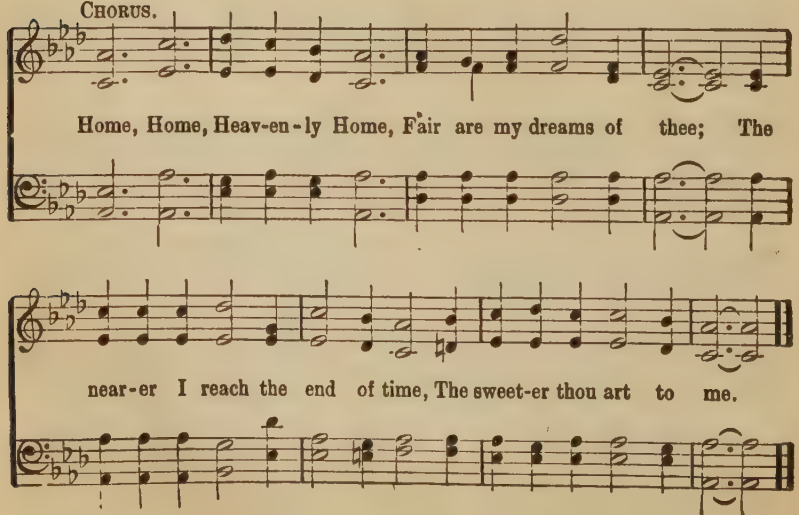
B. D. Ackley.

DUET.


1. The near-er I reach the end of life, The sweeter is Home to me;
2. The near-er the fad - ing of the leaf, The brighter the col - ors grow;
3. The near-er I reach the banks of bloom, The fair-er the breez - es blow;
4. The near-er I reach the Morning Land, The fair-er the gold - en light;

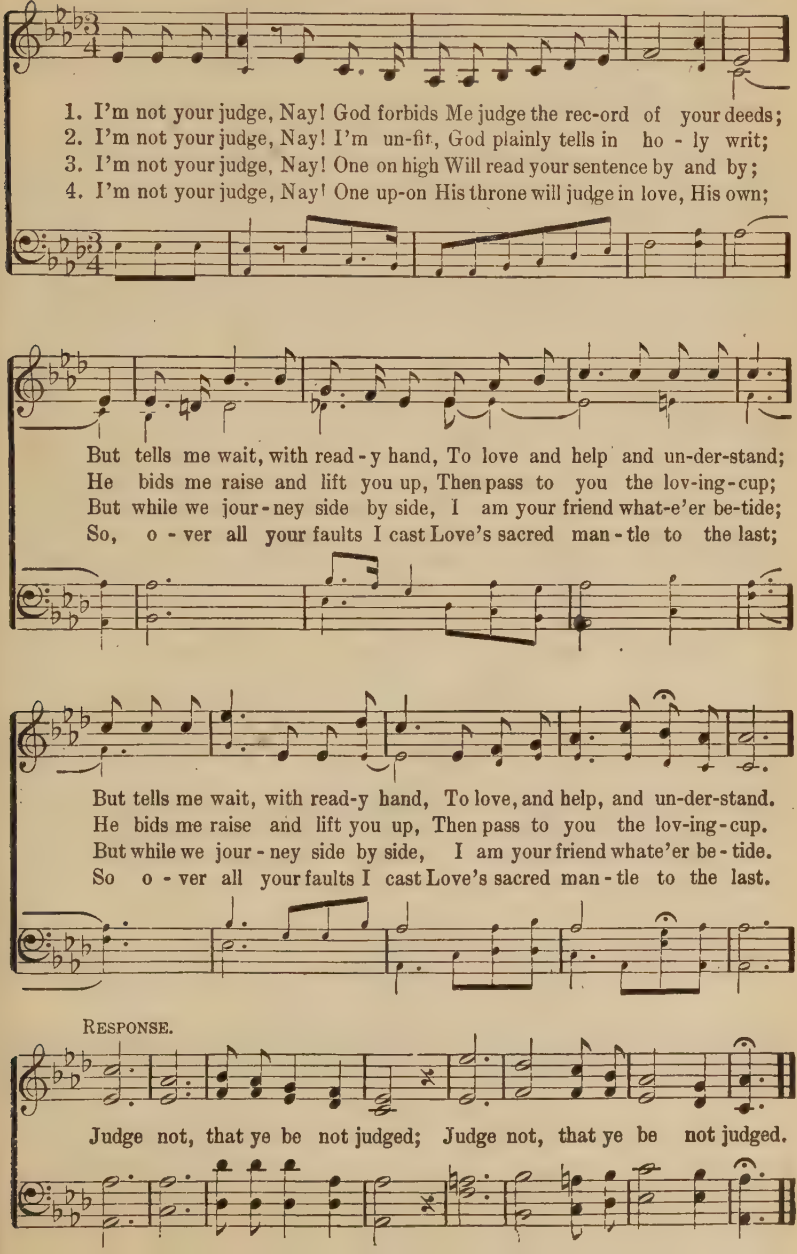

I long for the fragrant flow'rs that grow On the banks of the Crystal Sea.
I sigh, when the evening shad-ows fall, For the light of the morn-ing glow.
The near-er I reach the Fount of Love, Then the sweeter the waters flow.
My eyes in the gath'ring mists grow dim, Then the clearer im-mor-tal sight.

CHORUS.



No. 139. I'm Not Your Judge.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.

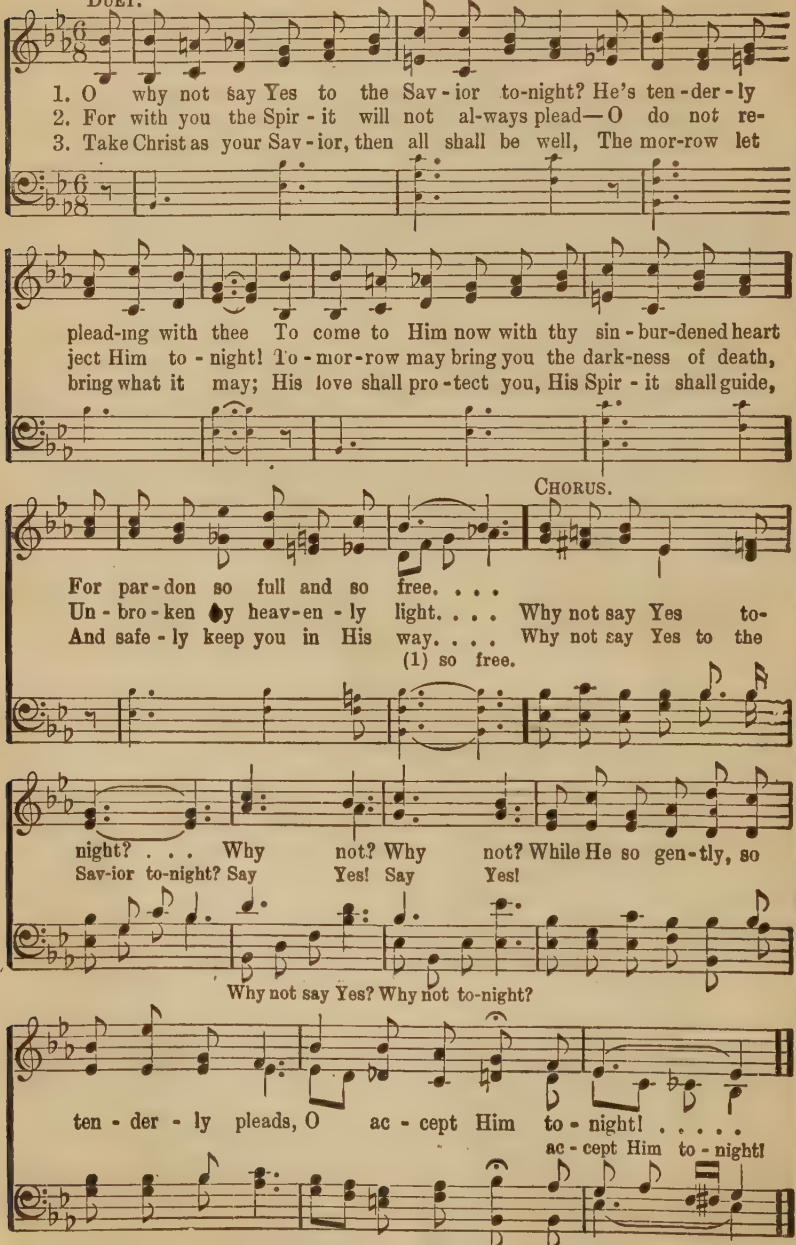
Sarah Spencer-Ruff. WORDS AND MUSIC. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. I'm not your judge, Nay! God forbids Me judge the rec-ord of your deeds;
2. I'm not your judge, Nay! I'm un-fit, God plainly tells in ho - ly writ;
3. I'm not your judge, Nay! One on high Will read your sentence by and by;
4. I'm not your judge, Nay! One up-on His throne will judge in love, His own;
But tells me wait, with read-y hand, To love and help and un-der-stand;
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup;
But while we jour-ney side by side, I am your friend what-e'er be-tide;
So, o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man-tle to the last;
But tells me wait, with read-y hand, To love, and help, and un-der-stand.
He bids me raise and lift you up, Then pass to you the lov-ing-cup.
But while we jour-ney side by side, I am your friend whate'er be-tide.
So o - ver all your faults I cast Love's sacred man-tle to the last.
RESPONSE.
Judge not, that ye be not judged; Judge not, that ye be not judged.

No. 140. Why Not Say Yes To-night?

Effie Wells Loucks.

COPYRIGHT, 1901, BY R. A. WALTON.
W. E. BIEDERWOLF, OWNER.

Louis D. Eichhorn.

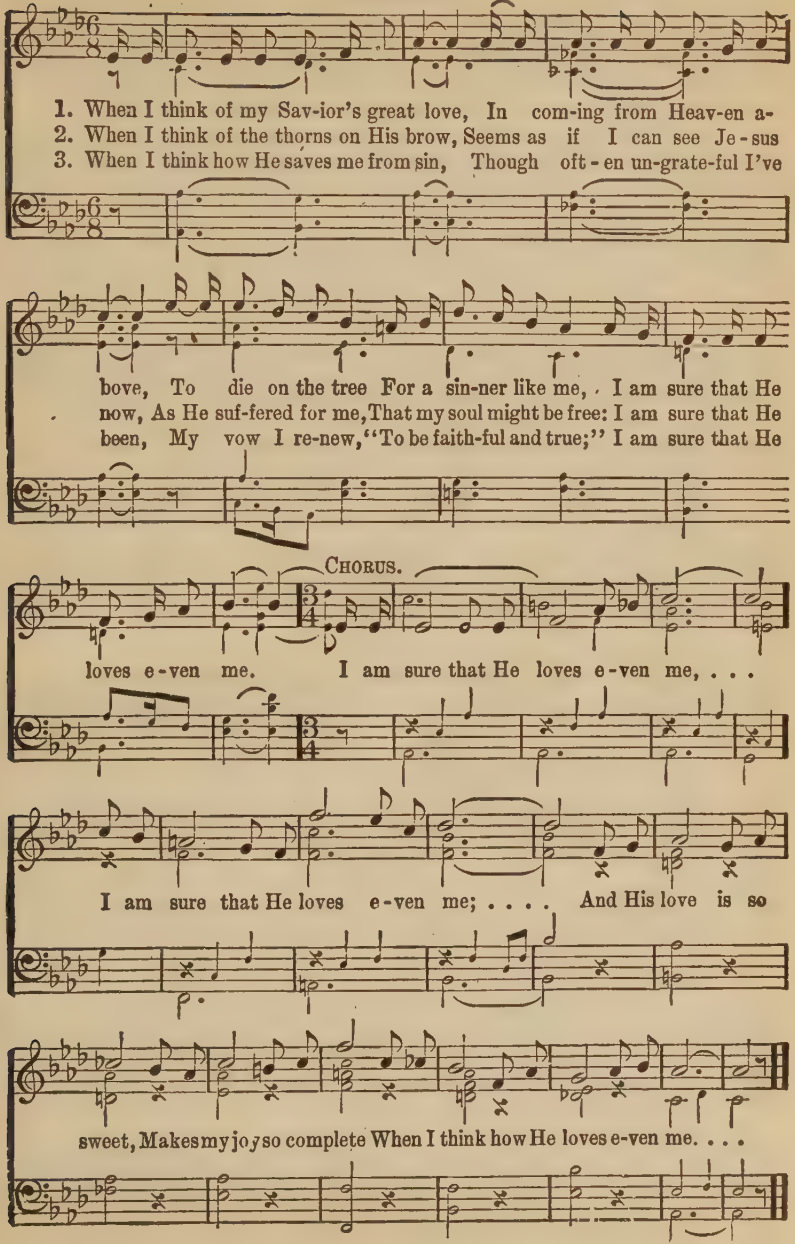
DUET.

1. O why not say Yes to the Sav - ior to-night? He's ten - der - ly
2. For with you the Spir - it will not al-ways plead—O do not re-
3. Take Christ as your Sav - ior, then all shall be well, The mor-row let
plead-ing with thee To come to Him now with thy sin - bur-dened heart
ject Him to - night! To - mor-row may bring you the dark-ness of death,
bring what it may; His love shall pro - tect you, His Spir - it shall guide,
CHORUS.
For par - don so full and so free. . . .
Un - bro - ken by heav-en - ly light. . . . Why not say Yes to-
And safe - ly keep you in His way. . . . Why not say Yes to the
(1) so free.
night? . . . Why not? Why not? While He so gen - tly, so
Sav-ior to-night? Say Yes! Say Yes!
Why not say Yes? Why not to-night?
ten - der - ly pleads, O ac - cept Him to - night! . . . . .
ac - cept Him to - night!

No. 141. He Loves Even Me.

S. L.

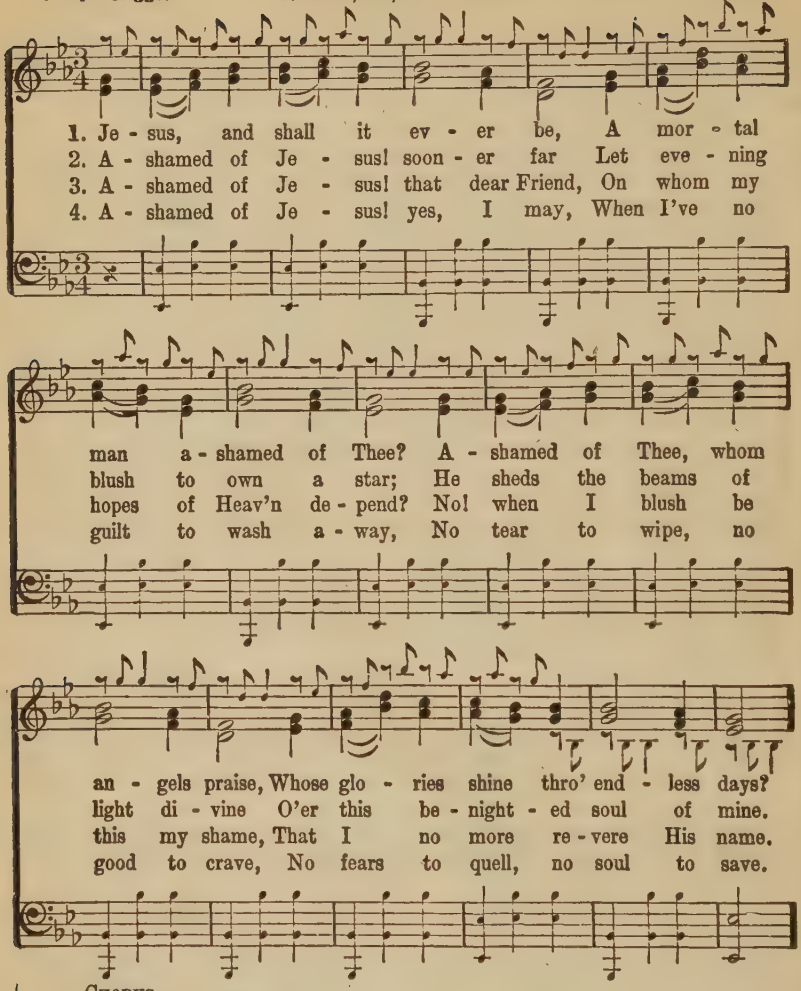
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Scott Lawrence.


1. When I think of my Sav-ior's great love, In com-ing from Heav-en a-
2. When I think of the thorns on His brow, Seems as if I can see Je-sus
3. When I think how He saves me from sin, Though oft-en un-grate-ful I've
bove, To die on the tree For a sin-ner like me, I am sure that He
now, As He suf-fered for me, That my soul might be free: I am sure that He
been, My vow I re-new, "To be faith-ful and true;" I am sure that He
CHORUS.
loves e-ven me. I am sure that He loves e-ven me, . . .
I am sure that He loves e-ven me; . . . . And His love is so
sweet, Makes my joy so complete When I think how He loves e-ven me. . . .

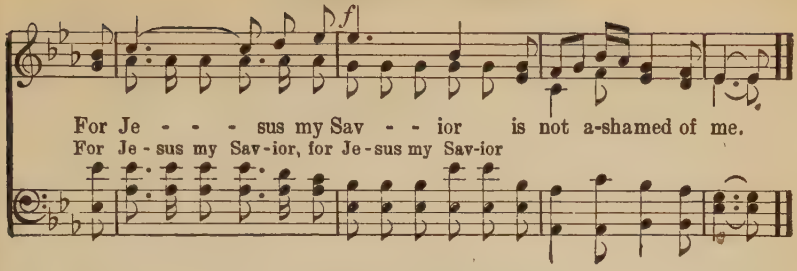
No. 142. Ashamed of Jesus.

Joseph Griggs. COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL E. O. Excell.


1. Je - sus, and shall it ev - er be, A mor - tal man a - shamed of Thee? A - shamed of Thee, whom an - gels praise, Whose glo - ries shine thro' end - less days?
2. A - shamed of Je - sus! soon - er far Let eve - ning blush to own a star; He sheds the beams of light di - vine O'er this be - night - ed soul of mine.
3. A - shamed of Je - sus! that dear Friend, On whom my hopes of Heav'n de - pend? No! when I blush be this my shame, That I no more re - vere His name.
4. A - shamed of Je - sus! yes, I may, When I've no guilt to wash a - way, No tear to wipe, no good to crave, No fears to quell, no soul to save.
CHORUS.
A - shamed.... of Je - sus, I nev-er, I nev-er will be;.....
A-shamed of Je-sus, a-shamed of Je - sus, I nev - er, I nev - er, I nev-er will be;

NOTE:—Tenor and Bass sing the upper large notes; the Sop. and Alto the lower. Small notes with the large ones for organist.

Ashamed of Jesus.

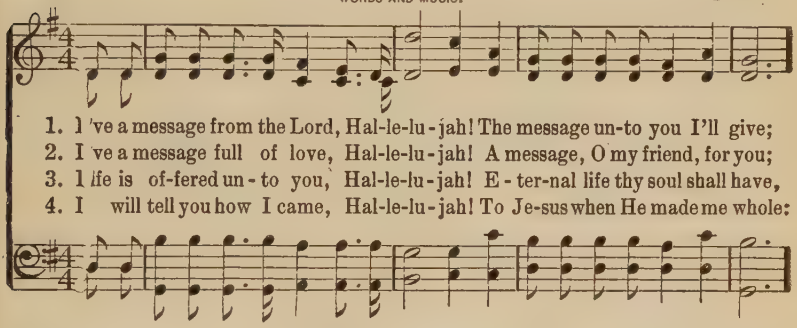


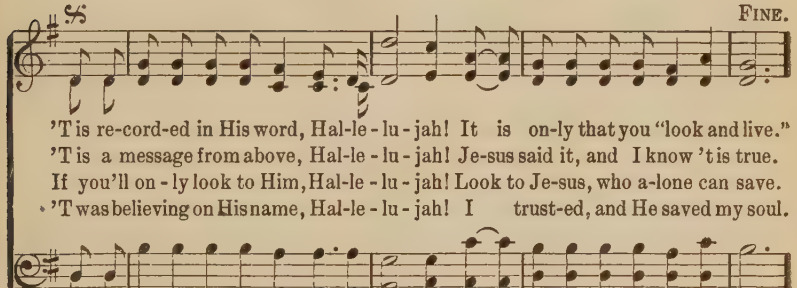
No. 143. Look and Live.

W. A. O.

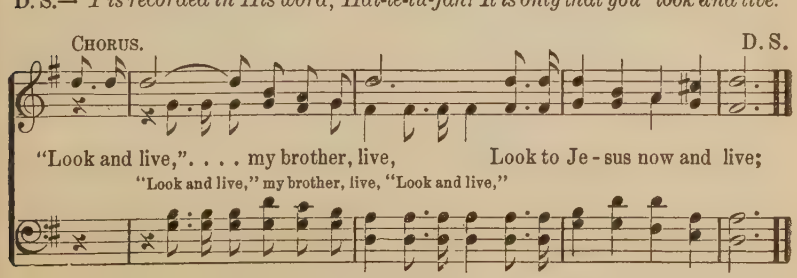
COPYRIGHT, 1887, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

W. A. Ogden.


1. I've a message from the Lord, Hal-le-lu-jah! The message un-to you I'll give;
2. I've a message full of love, Hal-le-lu-jah! A message, O my friend, for you;
3. Life is of-fered un-to you, Hal-le-lu-jah! E-ter-nal life thy soul shall have,
4. I will tell you how I came, Hal-le-lu-jah! To Je-sus when He made me whole:


FINE.
'Tis re-cord-ed in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is on-ly that you "look and live."
'Tis a message from above, Hal-le-lu-jah! Je-sus said it, and I know 'tis true.
If you'll on-ly look to Him, Hal-le-lu-jah! Look to Je-sus, who a-lone can save.
'T was believing on His name, Hal-le-lu-jah! I trust-ed, and He saved my soul.

D. S.—*'Tis recorded in His word, Hal-le-lu-jah! It is only that you "look and live."*



No. 144. Just As I Am

ARR. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Arr. from Verdi
by J. B. Herbert.

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for
2. Just as I am, tho' tossed a - bout With many a con-flict, many a
3. Just as I am Thou wilt re - ceive, Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, re-

(1) Without one plea,

me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, ... O Lamb
doubt, Fight-ings within, and fears with - out, ... O Lamb
lieve, Be-cause Thy promise I be - lieve, ... O Lamb
Was shed for me, And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee,

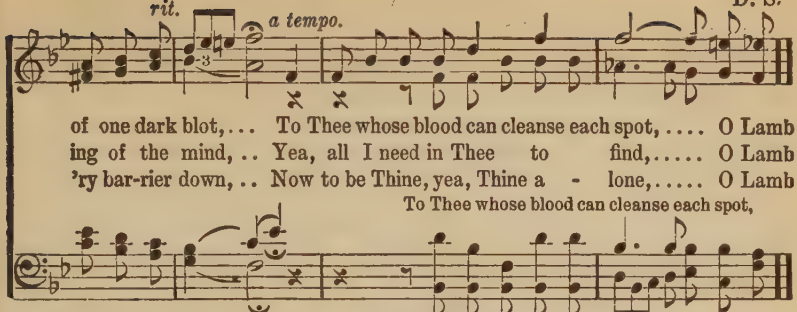
FINE.

of God, I come, O Lamb of God, I come!
O Lamb of God,

O Lamb, O Lamb of God, I come!

Just as I am, ... and waiting not, ... To rid my soul .....
Just as I am, ... poor, wretched, blind, ... Sight, rich-es, heal -
Just as I am, ... Thy love un-known, ... Hath broken ev -
Just as I am, and waiting not, To rid my soul

Just as I Am.

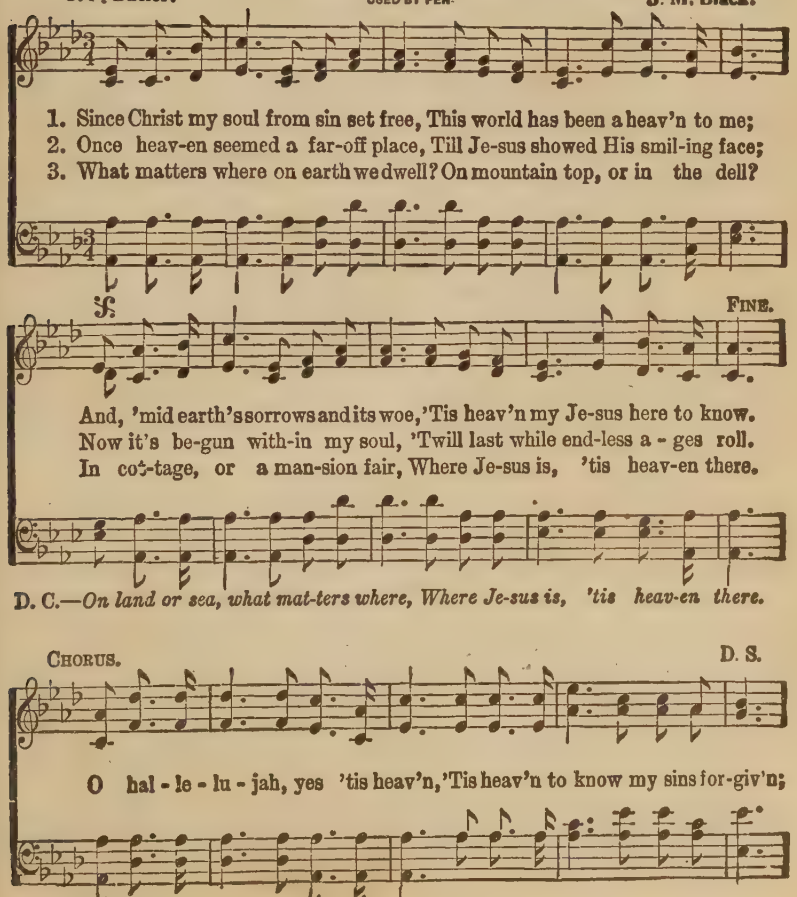

rit.
a tempo.
D. S.
of one dark blot,... To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot, ... O Lamb
ing of the mind, .. Yea, all I need in Thee to find,..... O Lamb
'ry bar-rier down, .. Now to be Thine, yea, Thine a - lone,..... O Lamb
To Thee whose blood can cleanse each spot,

No. 145. Where Jesus Is, 'Tis Heaven.

C. F. Butler.

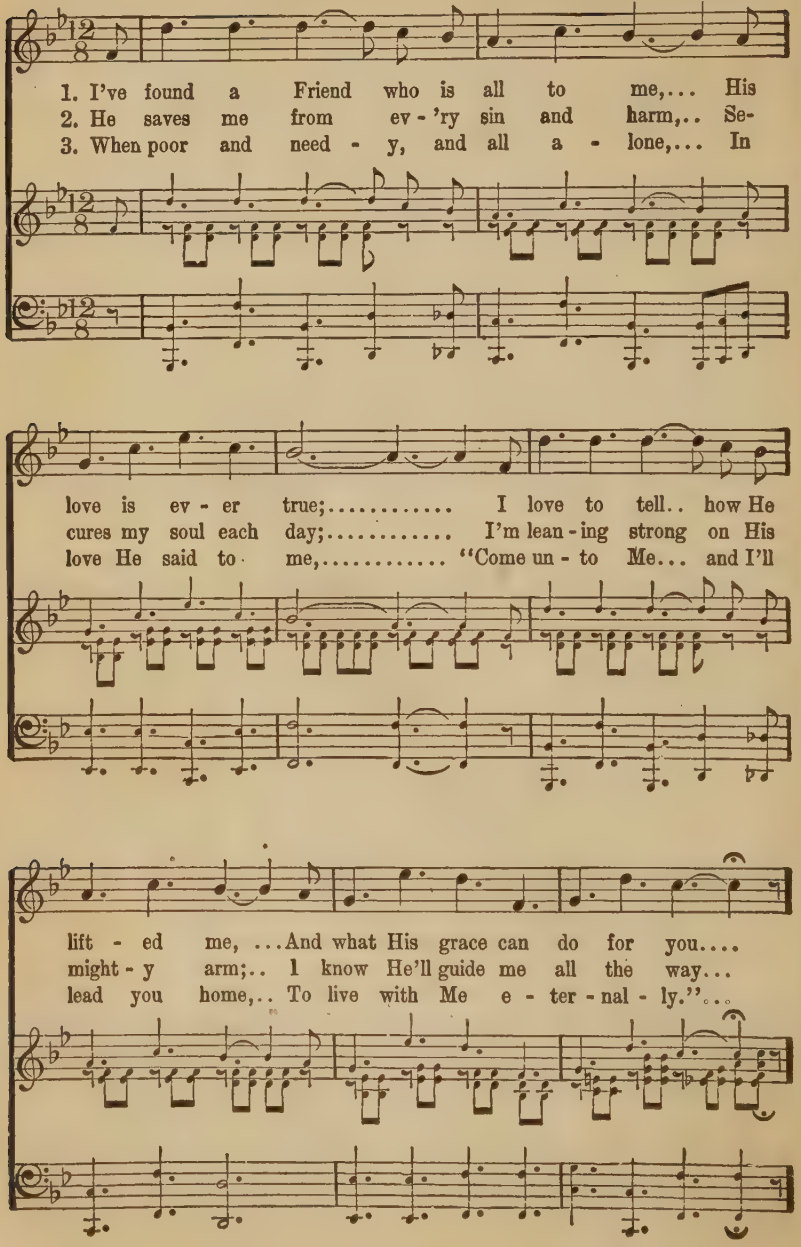
COPYRIGHT, 1896, BY J. M. BLACK.
USED BY PER.

J. M. Black.

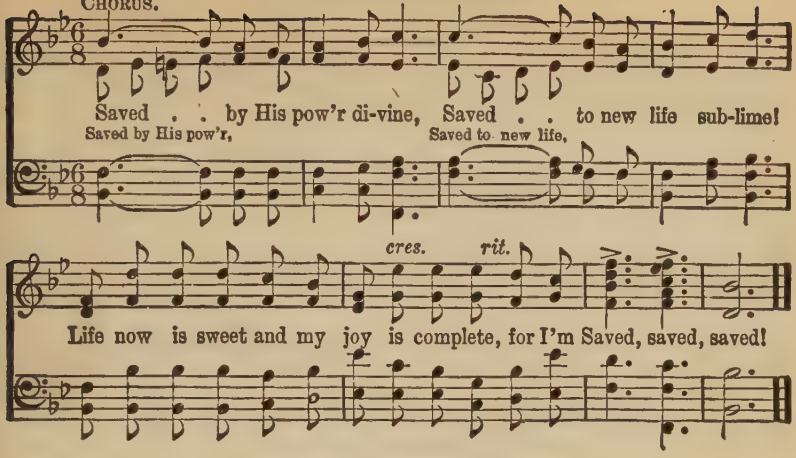

1. Since Christ my soul from sin set free, This world has been a heav'n to me;
2. Once heav-en seemed a far-off place, Till Je-sus showed His smil-ing face;
3. What matters where on earth we dwell? On mountain top, or in the dell?
Fine.
And, 'mid earth's sorrows and its woe, 'Tis heav'n my Je-sus here to know.
Now it's be-gun with-in my soul, 'Twill last while end-less a - ges roll.
In cot-tage, or a man-sion fair, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
D. C.—On land or sea, what mat-ters where, Where Je-sus is, 'tis heav-en there.
Chorus.
D. S.
O hal - le - lu - jah, yes 'tis heav'n, 'Tis heav'n to know my sins for-giv'n;

No. 146 Saved! Saved!

J. P. S. COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ROBERT H. COLEMAN. J. P. Scholfield.

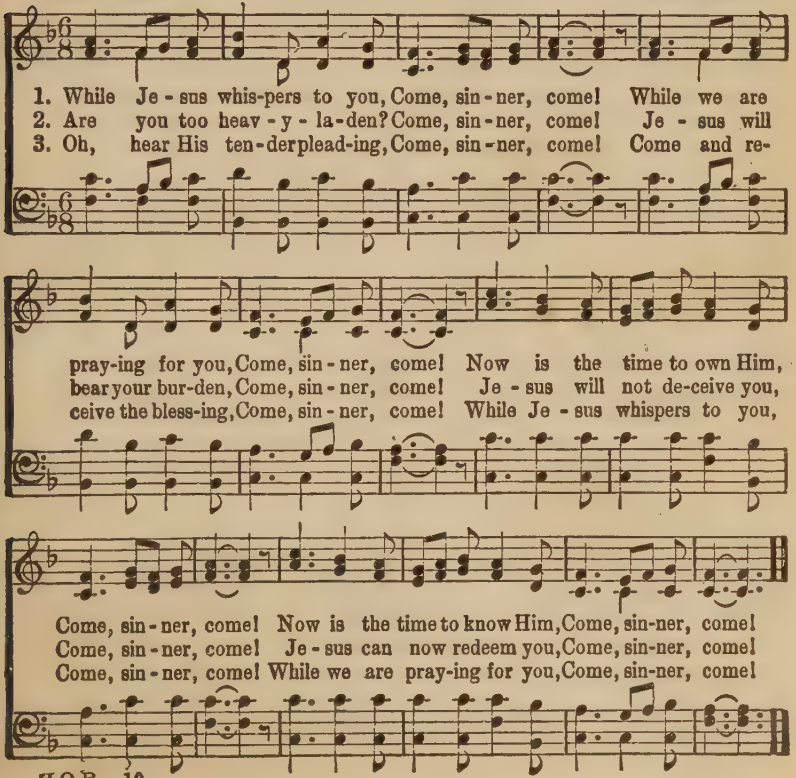

1. I've found a Friend who is all to me,... His
2. He saves me from ev-'ry sin and harm,.. Se-
3. When poor and need-y, and all a-lone,... In
love is ev-er true;..... I love to tell.. how He
cures my soul each day;..... I'm lean-ing strong on His
love He said to me,..... "Come un-to Me... and I'll
lift-ed me, ...And what His grace can do for you....
might-y arm;.. I know He'll guide me all the way...
lead you home,.. To live with Me e-ter-nal-ly."...

Saved! Saved!


Chorus.
Saved . . by His pow'r di-vine, Saved . . to new life sub-lime!
Saved by His pow'r,
Saved to new life,
cres.
rit.
Life now is sweet and my joy is complete, for I'm Saved, saved, saved!

No. 147. Come, Sinner, Come!

W. E. Witter. COPYRIGHT, 1879, BY H. R. PALMER. H. R. Palmer.


1. While Je - sus whis-pers to you, Come, sin - ner, come! While we are
2. Are you too heav - y - la-den? Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will
3. Oh, hear His ten-der plead-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! Come and re-
pray-ing for you, Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to own Him,
bear your bur-den, Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus will not de-ceive you,
ceive the bless-ing, Come, sin - ner, come! While Je - sus whispers to you,
Come, sin - ner, come! Now is the time to know Him, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! Je - sus can now redeem you, Come, sin-ner, come!
Come, sin - ner, come! While we are pray-ing for you, Come, sin-ner, come!

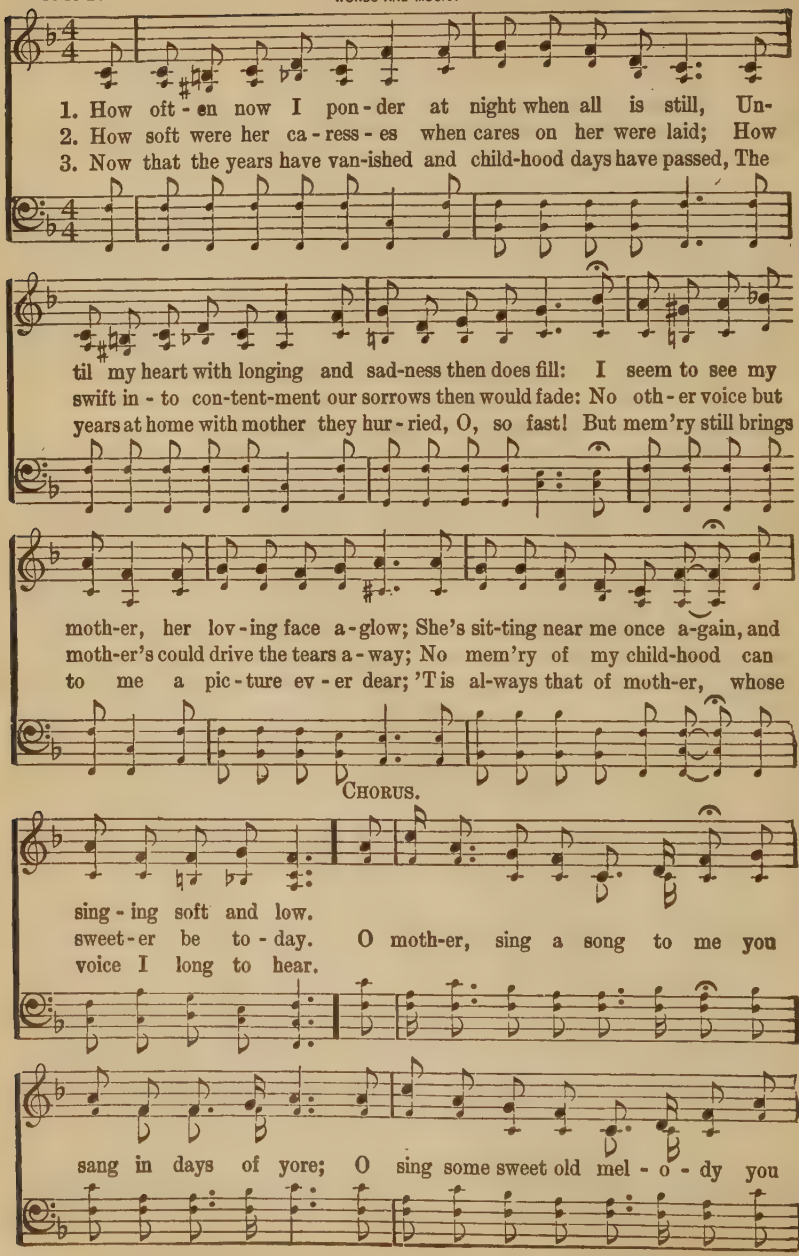
No. 148.

My Mother's Songs.

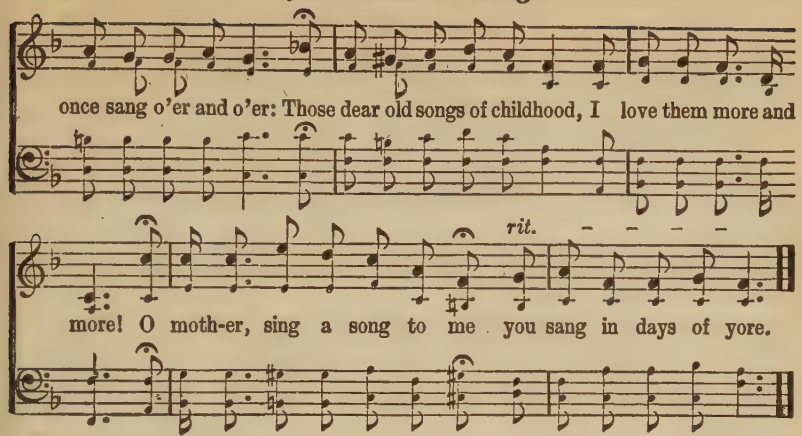
To my Mother.

COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL.

J. J. B. WORDS AND MUSIC. Jas. J. Bell.

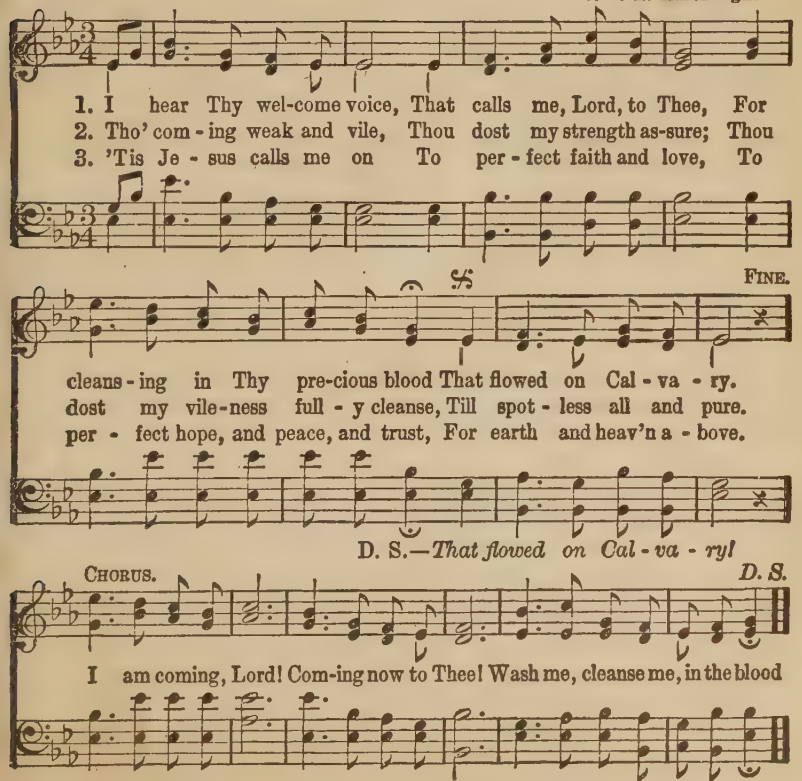

1. How oft - en now I pon - der at night when all is still, Un-
til my heart with longing and sad-ness then does fill: I seem to see my
moth-er, her lov - ing face a - glow; She's sit-ting near me once a-gain, and
CHORUS.
sing - ing soft and low.
2. How soft were her ca - ress - es when cares on her were laid; How
swift in - to con-tent-ment our sorrows then would fade: No oth - er voice but
sweet - er be to - day. O moth-er, sing a song to me you
3. Now that the years have van-ished and child-hood days have passed, The
years at home with mother they hur - ried, O, so fast! But mem'ry still brings
moth-er's could drive the tears a - way; No mem'ry of my child-hood can
to me a pic - ture ev - er dear; 'T is al-ways that of moth-er, whose
voice I long to hear.
sang in days of yore; O sing some sweet old mel - o - dy you

My Mother's Songs.


once sang o'er and o'er: Those dear old songs of childhood, I love them more and
rit.
more! O moth-er, sing a song to me you sang in days of yore.

No. 149. I Am Coming, Lord.

L. H. Rev. L. Hartsough.


1. I hear Thy wel-come voice, That calls me, Lord, to Thee, For
2. Tho' com - ing weak and vile, Thou dost my strength as-sure; Thou
3. 'Tis Je - sus calls me on To per - fect faith and love, To
FINE.
cleans - ing in Thy pre-cious blood That flowed on Cal - va - ry.
dost my vile-ness full - y cleanse, Till spot - less all and pure.
per - fect hope, and peace, and trust, For earth and heav'n a - bove.
D. S.—That flowed on Cal - va - ry!
CHORUS.
D. S.
I am coming, Lord! Com-ing now to Thee! Wash me, cleanse me, in the blood

No. 150. The Sinner and the Song.

W. L. T.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY WILL L. THOMPSON.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNER.

Will L. Thompson.

Solo.

Organ.

1. A sin-ner was wand'ring at e - ven - tide, His tempter was watching close by at his side,
2. He stopped and listened to ev-'ry sweet chord, He remembered the time he once loved the Lord,

In his heart raged a battle for right against wrong, But hark! from the church he hears the sweet song;
Come on! says the tempter, come, on with the throng, But hark! from the church a-gain swells the song,

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

1. Je - sus, lov - er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly, Oh, tempter, de-part,
2. While the bil-lows near me roll, while the tem-pest still is high,

I have served thee too long, I fly to the Sav-ior, He dwells in that song, O Lord,

can it be that a sin - ner like me, May find a sweet ref - uge by com - ing to Thee?

pp Quartet.

Solo.

Organ.

Oth - er ref - uge have I none; Hangs my help-less soul on Thee. I come, Lord, I

pp Quartet.

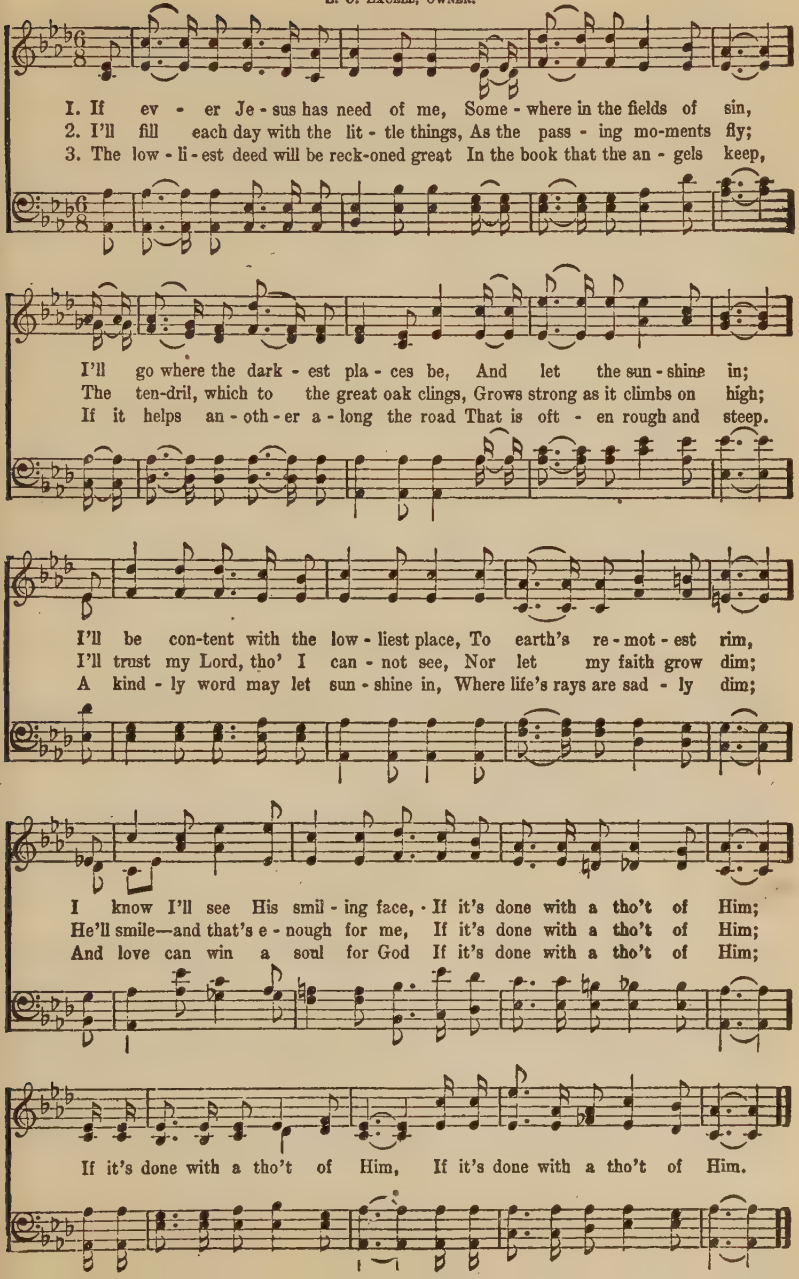
come, Thou'lt for-give the dark past, And O, re - ceive my soul at last.

No. 151. A Thought of Him.

C. L.

Copyright, 1904, by Chas. H. Gabriel.
E. O. Excell, Owner.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


I. If ev - er Je - sus has need of me, Some - where in the fields of sin,
2. I'll fill each day with the lit - tle things, As the pass - ing mo-ments fly;
3. The low - li - est deed will be reck-oned great In the book that the an - gels keep,
I'll go where the dark - est pla - ces be, And let the sun - shine in;
The ten-dril, which to the great oak clings, Grows strong as it climbs on high;
If it helps an - oth - er a - long the road That is oft - en rough and steep.
I'll be con-tent with the low - liest place, To earth's re - mot - est rim,
I'll trust my Lord, tho' I can - not see, Nor let my faith grow dim;
A kind - ly word may let sun - shine in, Where life's rays are sad - ly dim;
I know I'll see His smil - ing face, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
He'll smile—and that's e - nough for me, If it's done with a tho't of Him;
And love can win a soul for God If it's done with a tho't of Him;
If it's done with a tho't of Him, If it's done with a tho't of Him.

No. 152. The Penitent's Plea.

H. H. B. USED BY PERMISSION. Commandant Booth.

DUET.

1. Sav - ior, hear me, while be - fore Thy feet I the rec - ord of my sins re - peat;
2. Back with all the guilt my spir - it bears, Past the haunting mem-o - ries of years,
3. Yet why should I fear, hast Thou not died That no seek-ing soul should be de - nied?
4. All the riv - ers of Thy grace I claim, O - ver ev - 'ry prom-ise write my name:

Stained with guilt, my-self ab - hor - ring, Filled with grief, my soul out - pour - ing,
Self and shame and fear de - spis - ing, Foes and taunting fiends sur - pris - ing,
To that heart its sins con - fess - ing, Canst Thou fail to give a bless - ing?
As I am I come be - liev - ing, As Thou art Thou dost, re - ceiv - ing,

Canst Thou still in mer - cy think of me, Stoop to set my shackled spir - it free?
Sav - ior, to Thy cross I press my way, And a bro-ken heart be - fore it lay;
By the love and pit - y Thou hast shown, By the blood that did for me a - tone,
Bid me rise a freed and par - doned slave; Mas - ter o'er my sin, the world, the grave,

Raise my sink-ing heart, and bid me be Thy child once more! (once more!)
Ere I leave, oh, let me hear Thee say, It shall be Thine! (be Thine!)
Bold - ly will I kneel be - fore Thy throne, A plead - ing soul. (a soul.)
Charg - ing me to preach Thy pow'r to save To sin - bound souls. (to souls.)

CHORUS OR QUARTET.

Grace there is my ev - 'ry debt to pay, Blood to wash my ev - 'ry

sin a - way, Pow'r to keep me sin - less day by day, For me, for me!

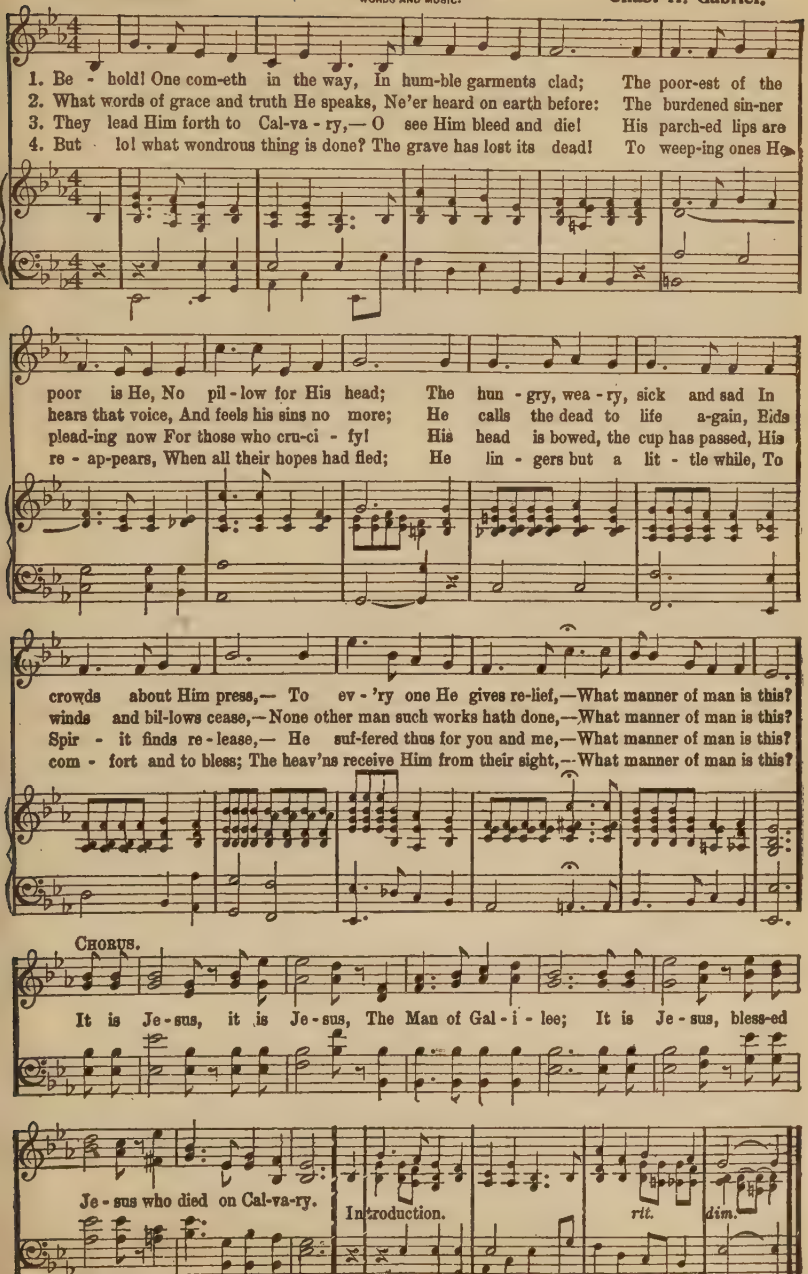
No. 153.

It Is Jesus.

T. O. Chisholm.

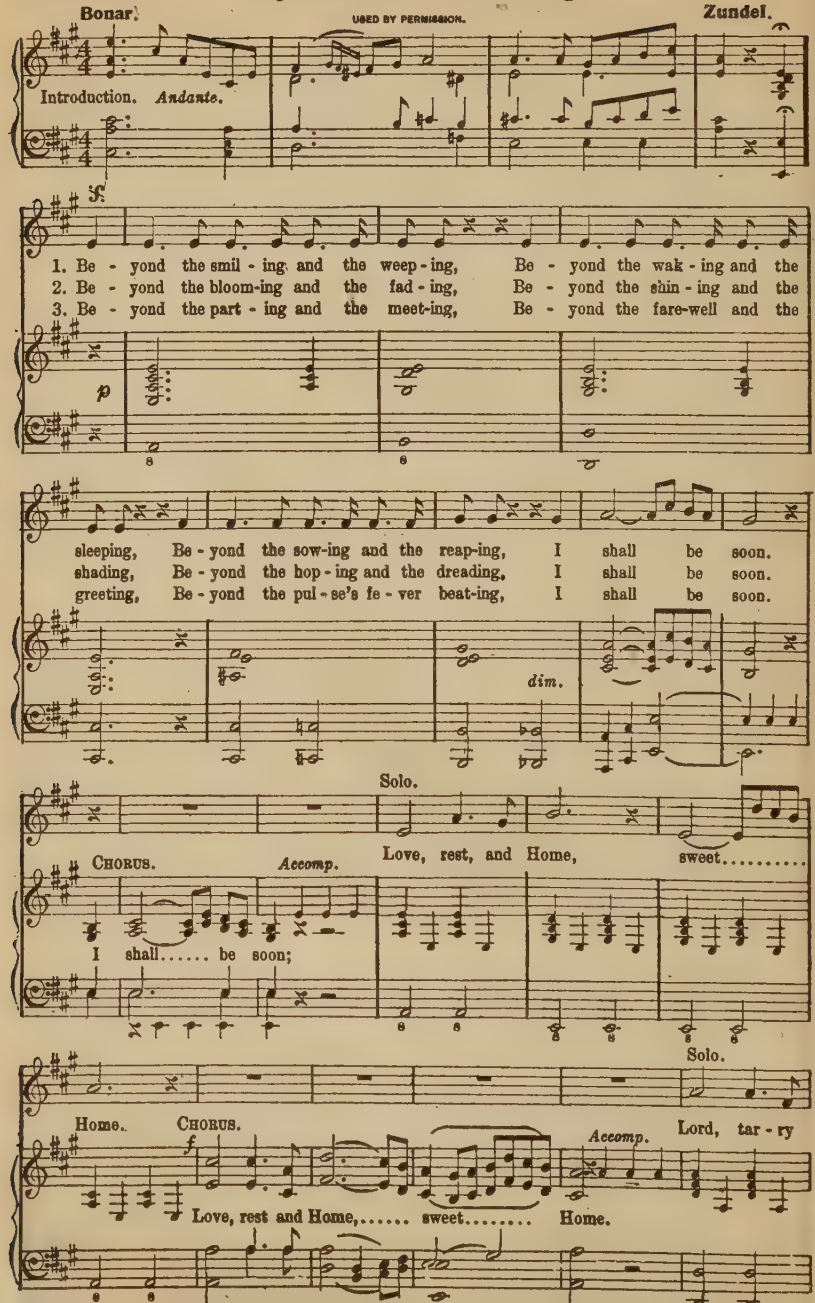
COPYRIGHT, 1909 BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

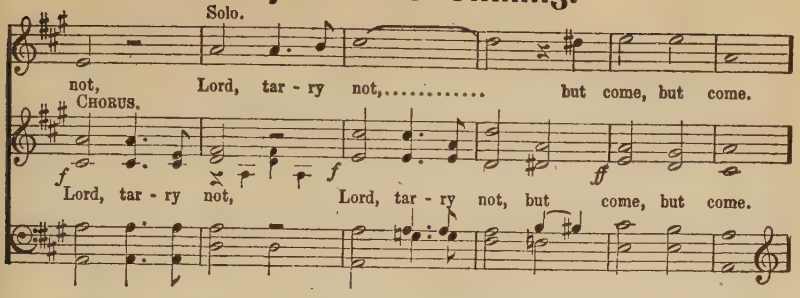

1. Be - hold! One com-eth in the way, In hum-ble garments clad; The poor-est of the
2. What words of grace and truth He speaks, Ne'er heard on earth before: The burdened sin-ner
3. They lead Him forth to Cal-va - ry,— O see Him bleed and die! His parch-ed lips are
4. But lo! what wondrous thing is done? The grave has lost its dead! To weep-ing ones He
poor is He, No pil - low for His head; The hun - gry, wea - ry, sick and sad In
hears that voice, And feels his sins no more; He calls the dead to life a-gain, Bids
plead-ing now For those who cru-ci - fy! His head is bowed, the cup has passed, His
re - ap-pears, When all their hopes had fled; He lin - gers but a lit - tle while, To
crowds about Him press,— To ev - 'ry one He gives re-lief,—What manner of man is this?
winds and bil-lows cease,—None other man such works hath done,—What manner of man is this?
Spir - it finds re - lease,— He suf-fered thus for you and me,—What manner of man is this?
com - fort and to bless; The heav'ns receive Him from their sight,—What manner of man is this?
Chorus.
It is Je - sus, it is Je - sus, The Man of Gal - i - lee; It is Je - sus, bless-ed
Je - sus who died on Cal-va-ry.
Introduction.
rit.
dim.

No. 154. Beyond the Smiling.

Bonar. USED BY PERMISSION. Zundel.


Introduction. Andante.
1. Be - yond the smil - ing and the weep - ing, Be - yond the wak - ing and the
2. Be - yond the bloom-ing and the fad - ing, Be - yond the shin - ing and the
3. Be - yond the part - ing and the meet-ing, Be - yond the fare-well and the
sleeping, Be - yond the sow-ing and the reap-ing, I shall be soon.
shading, Be - yond the hop - ing and the dreading, I shall be soon.
greeting, Be - yond the pul - se's fe - ver beat-ing, I shall be soon.
dim.
Solo.
Chorus.
Accomp.
Love, rest, and Home, sweet.....
I shall..... be soon;
Solo.
Home.
Chorus.
Lord, tar - ry
Accomp.
Love, rest and Home,..... sweet..... Home.

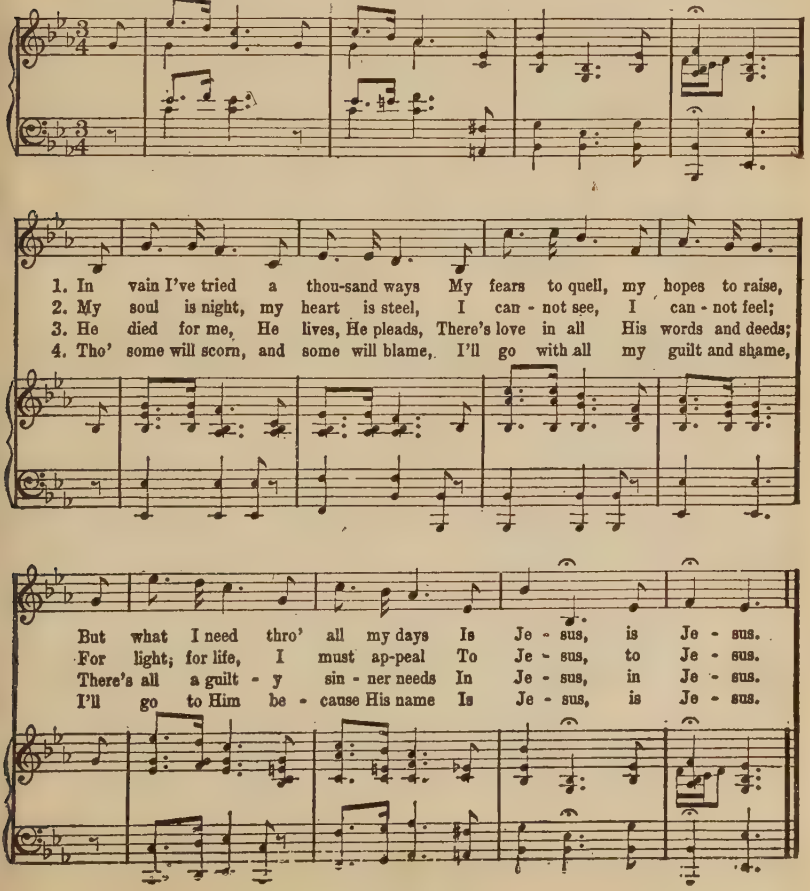
Beyond the Smiling.



No. 155. Because His Name is Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. Excell.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O EXCELL.
MUSIC AND ARR. OF WORDS.

E. O. Excell.

1. In vain I've tried a thou-sand ways My fears to quell, my hopes to raise,
2. My soul is night, my heart is steel, I can - not see, I can - not feel;
3. He died for me, He lives, He pleads, There's love in all His words and deeds;
4. Tho' some will scorn, and some will blame, I'll go with all my guilt and shame,
But what I need thro' all my days Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.
For light; for life, I must ap-peal To Je - sus, to Je - sus.
There's all a guilt - y sin - ner needs In Je - sus, in Je - sus.
I'll go to Him be - cause His name Is Je - sus, is Je - sus.

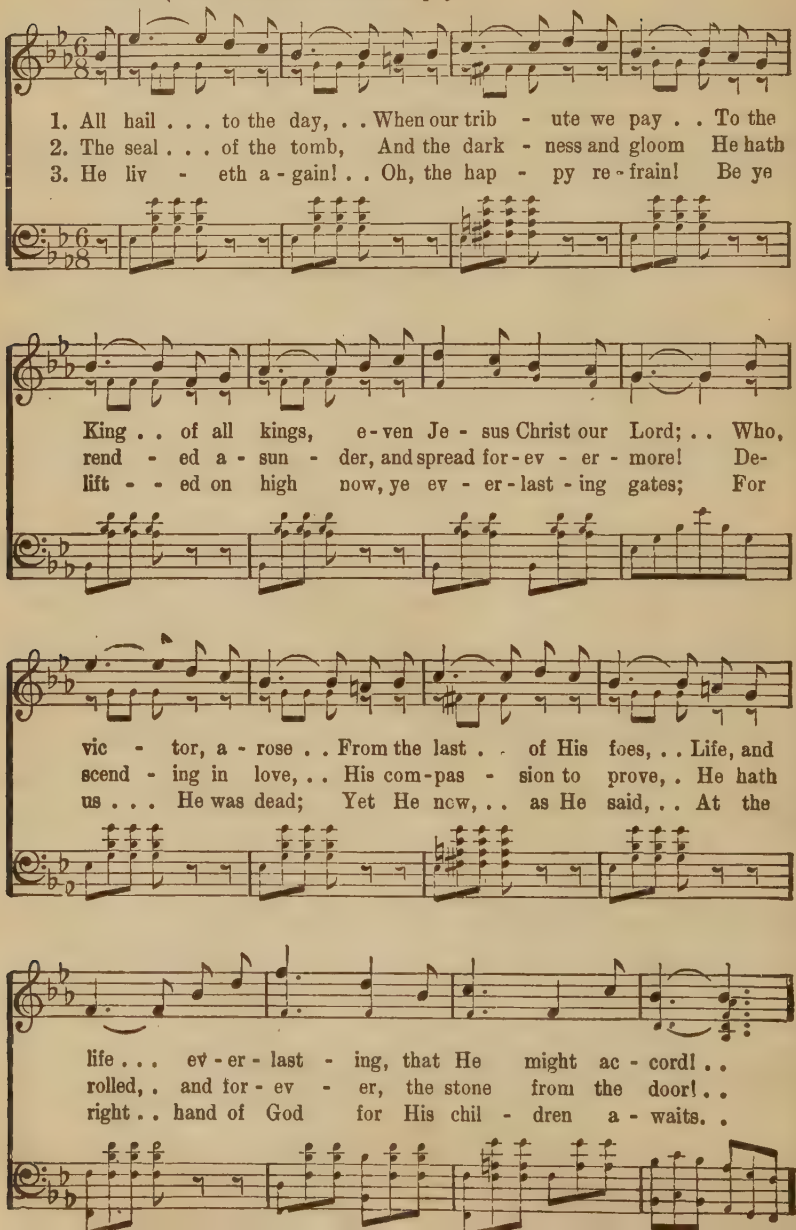
No. 156. Hail to the Day.

Charlotte G. Homer.

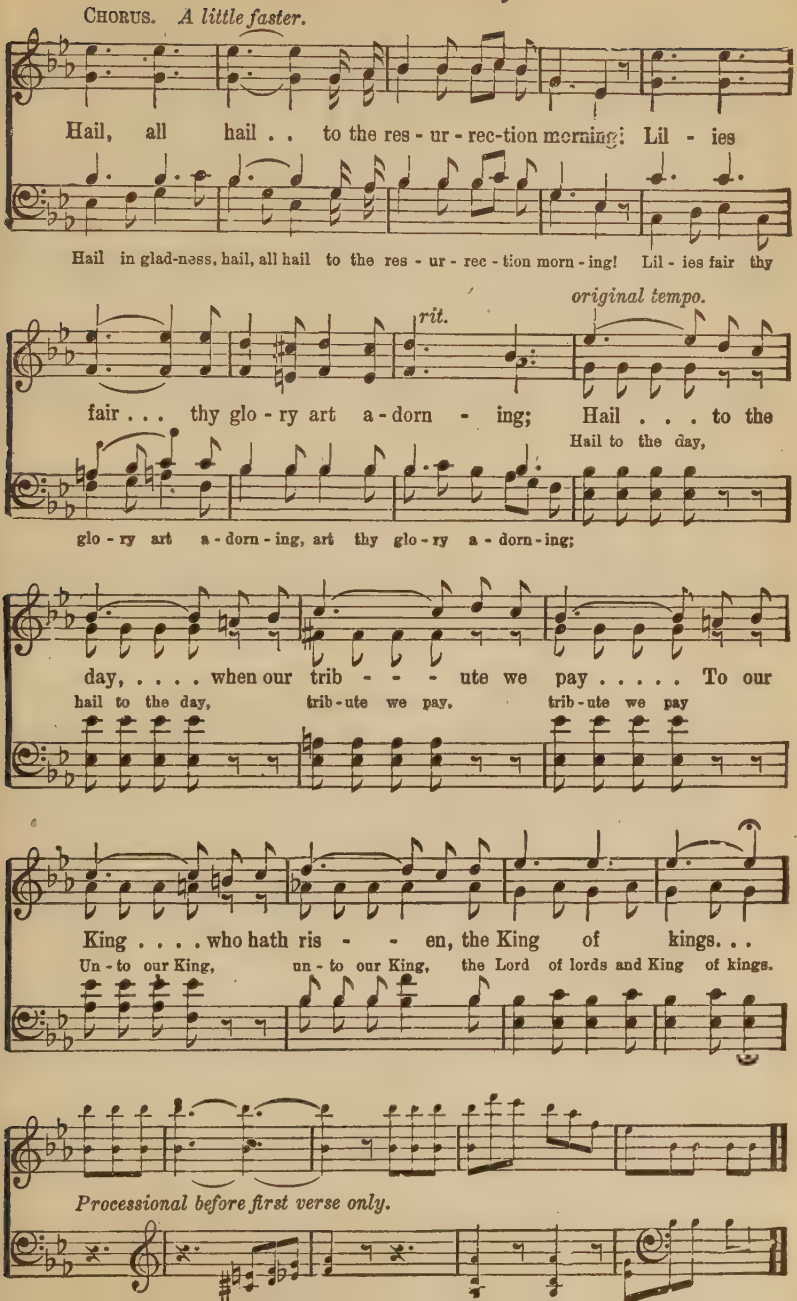
COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

Chas H. Gabriel.

UNISON. *(For Processional see second page.)*


1. All hail . . . to the day, . . When our trib - ute we pay . . To the
2. The seal . . . of the tomb, And the dark - ness and gloom He hath
3. He liv - eth a - gain! . . Oh, the hap - py re - frain! Be ye
King . . of all kings, e - ven Je - sus Christ our Lord; . . Who,
rend - ed a - sun - der, and spread for - ev - er - more! De-
lift - - ed on high now, ye ev - er - last - ing gates; For
vic - tor, a - rose . . From the last . . of His foes, . . Life, and
scend - ing in love, . . His com - pas - sion to prove, . He hath
us . . . He was dead; Yet He now, . . as He said, . . At the
life . . . ev - er - last - ing, that He might ac - cord! . .
rolled, . and for - ev - er, the stone from the door! . .
right . . hand of God for His chil - dren a - waits. .

Hail to the Day.

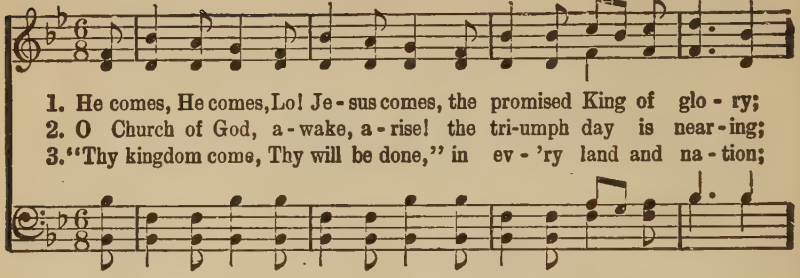

CHORUS. *A little faster.*
Hail, all hail . . to the res - ur - rec-tion morning! Lil - ies
Hail in glad-ness, hail, all hail to the res - ur - rec - tion morn - ing! Lil - ies fair thy
rit.
original tempo.
fair . . . thy glo - ry art a - dorn - ing; Hail . . . to the
Hail to the day,
glo - ry art a - dorn - ing, art thy glo - ry a - dorn - ing;
day, ... when our trib - - - ute we pay . . . . . To our
hail to the day, trib - ute we pay. trib - ute we pay
King . . . . who hath ris - - - en, the King of kings. . .
Un - to our King, un - to our King, the Lord of lords and King of kings.
Processional before first verse only.

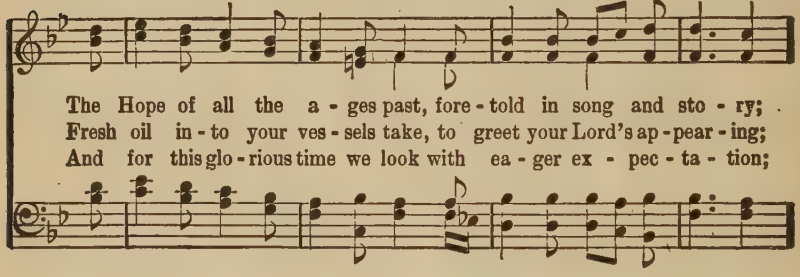
No. 157. Lo! Jesus Comes.

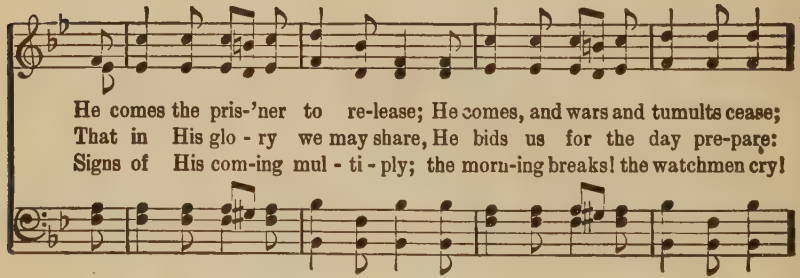
Mrs. C. H. M.

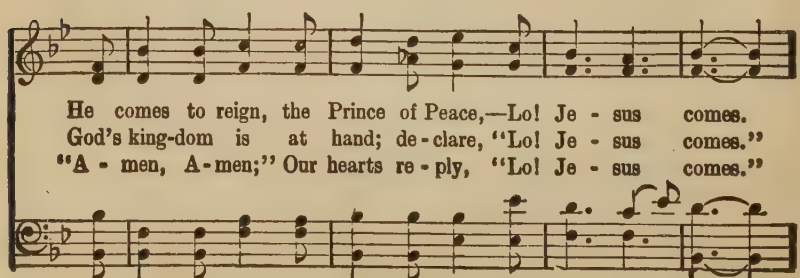
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Mrs. C. H. Morris.


1. He comes, He comes, Lo! Je - sus comes, the promised King of glo - ry;
2. O Church of God, a - wake, a - rise! the tri-umph day is near - ing;
3. "Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done," in ev - 'ry land and na - tion;

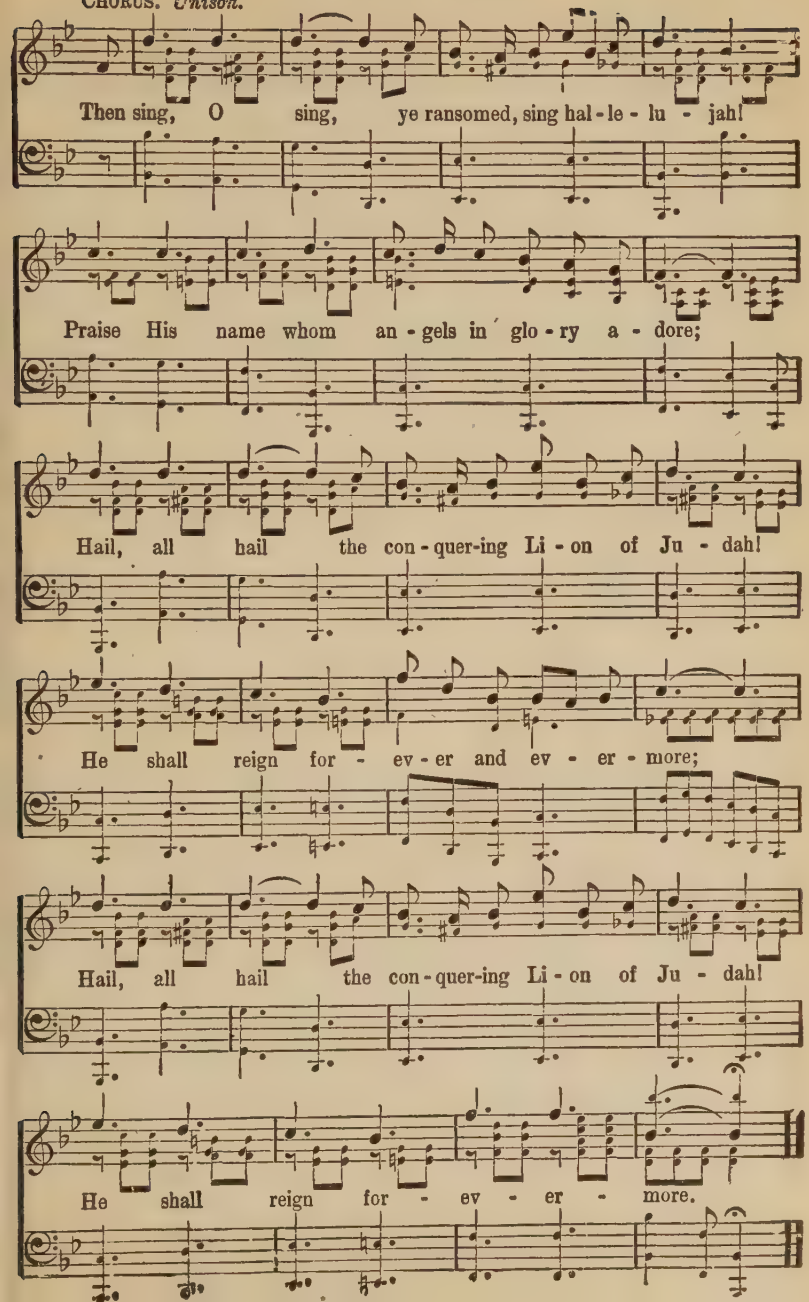

The Hope of all the a - ges past, fore - told in song and sto - ry;
Fresh oil in - to your ves - sels take, to greet your Lord's ap - pear - ing;
And for this glo - rious time we look with ea - ger ex - pec - ta - tion;


He comes the pris-'ner to re-lease; He comes, and wars and tumults cease;
That in His glo - ry we may share, He bids us for the day pre-pare:
Signs of His com-ing mul - ti - ply; the morn-ing breaks! the watchmen cry!


He comes to reign, the Prince of Peace,—Lo! Je - sus comes.
God's king-dom is at hand; de - clare, "Lo! Je - sus comes."
"A - men, A - men;" Our hearts re - ply, "Lo! Je - sus comes."

Lo! Jesus Comes.

CHORUS. *Unison.*

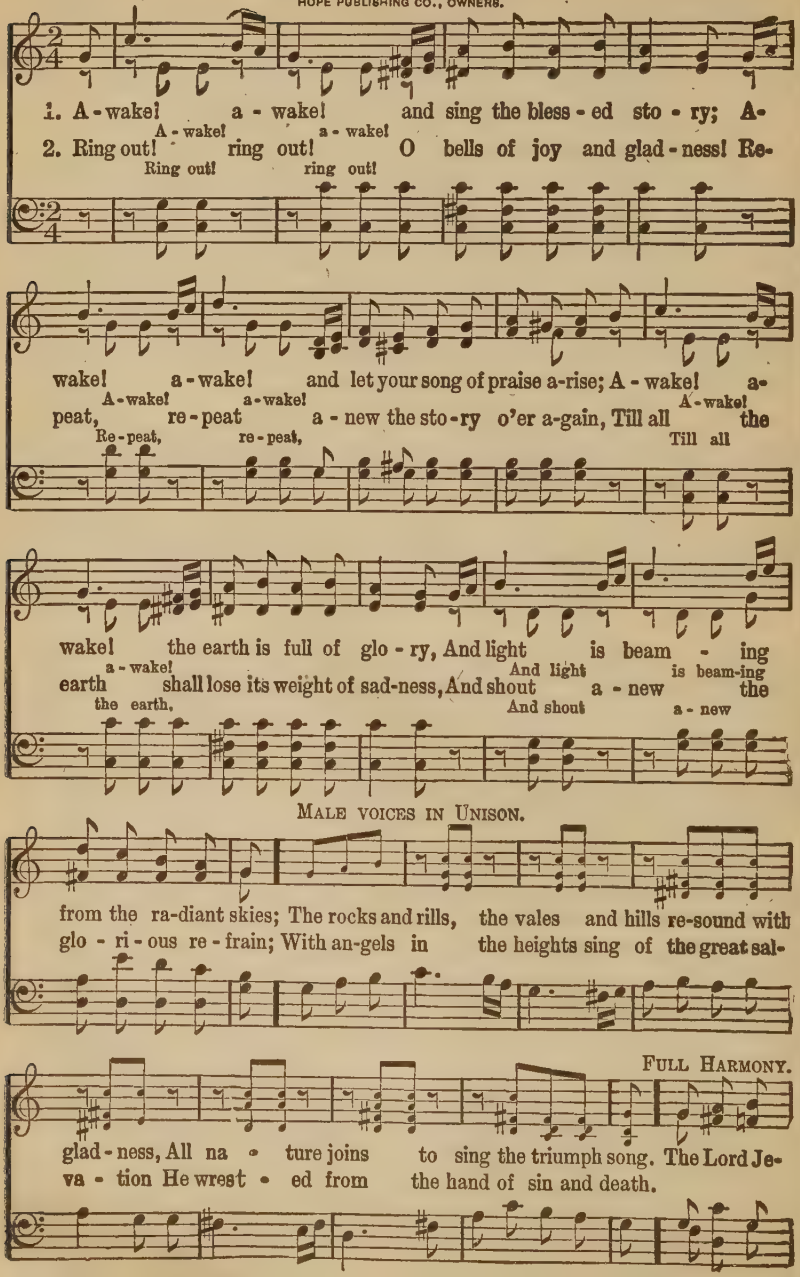

Then sing, O sing, ye ransomed, sing hal-le-lu-jah!
Praise His name whom an-gels in glo-ry a-dore;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er and ev-er-more;
Hail, all hail the con-quer-ing Li-on of Ju-dah!
He shall reign for-ev-er-more.

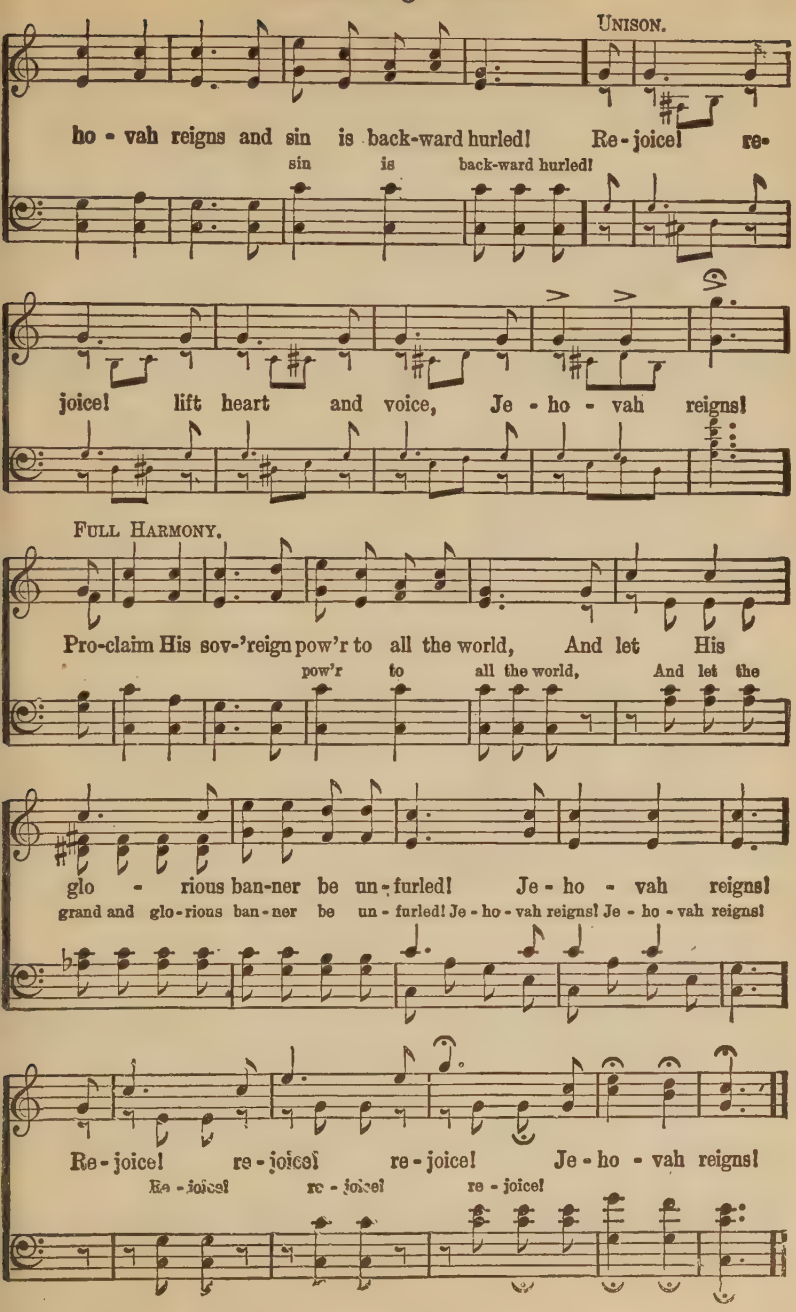
No. 158. Awakening Chorus.

Charlotte G. Homer

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
HOPE PUBLISHING CO., OWNERS.

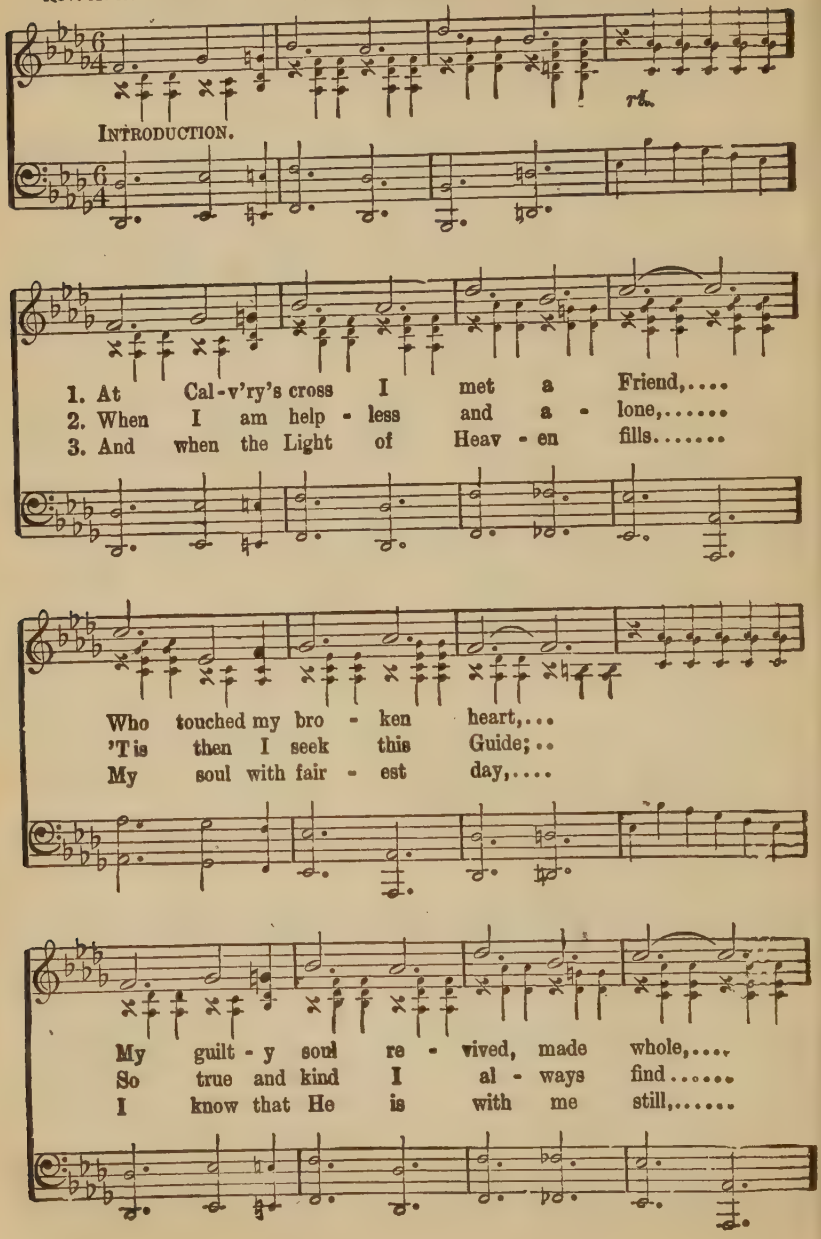
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. A-wake! a-wake! and sing the bless-ed sto-ry; A-
2. Ring out! ring out! O bells of joy and glad-ness! Re-
A-wake! a-wake!
Ring out! ring out!
wake! a-wake! and let your song of praise a-rise; A-wake! a-
peat, re-peat a-new the sto-ry o'er a-gain, Till all the
A-wake! a-wake! A-wake!
Re-peat, re-peat, Till all
wake! the earth is full of glo-ry, And light is beam-ing
earth shall lose its weight of sad-ness, And shout a-new the
a-wake! And light is beam-ing
the earth. And shout a-new
MALE VOICES IN UNISON.
from the ra-diant skies; The rocks and rills, the vales and hills re-sound with
glo-ri-ous re-frain; With an-gels in the heights sing of the great sal-
FULL HARMONY.
glad-ness, All na-ture joins to sing the triumph song. The Lord Je-
va-tion He wrest-ed from the hand of sin and death.

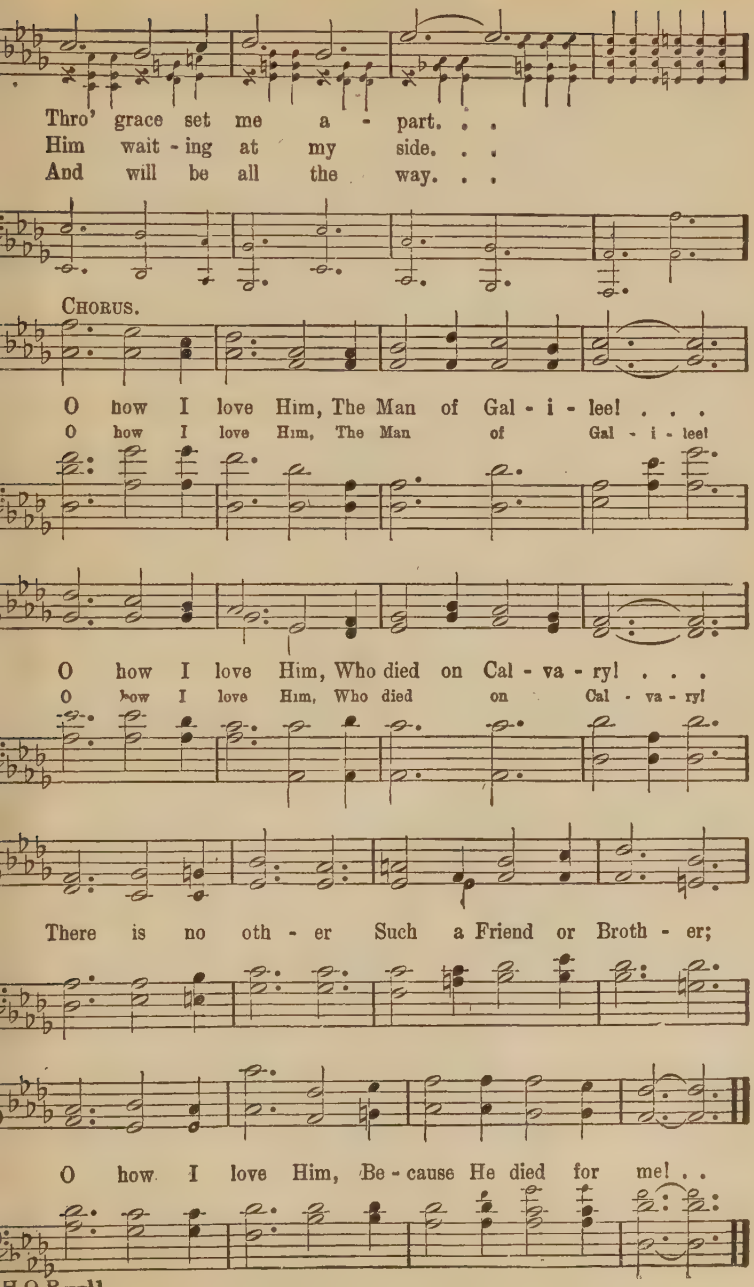
Awakening Chorus.

UNISON.
ho - vah reigns and sin is back-ward hurled! Re-joice! re-
sin is back-ward hurled!
joice! lift heart and voice, Je - ho - vah reigns!
FULL HARMONY.
Pro-claim His sov-'reign pow'r to all the world, And let His
pow'r to all the world, And let the
glo - rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns!
grand and glo-rious ban-ner be un-furled! Je - ho - vah reigns! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice! Je - ho - vah reigns!
Re-joice! re-joice! re-joice!

No. 159. O How I Love Him.

Rev. A. H. Ackley. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL. INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT. WORDS AND MUSIC. B. D. Ackley.


rit.
INTRODUCTION.
1. At Cal-v'ry's cross I met a Friend,....
2. When I am help - less and a - lone,.....
3. And when the Light of Heav - en fills.....
Who touched my bro - ken heart,...
'T is then I seek this Guide;..
My soul with fair - est day,....
My guilt - y soul re - vived, made whole,....
So true and kind I al - ways find.....
I know that He is with me still,.....

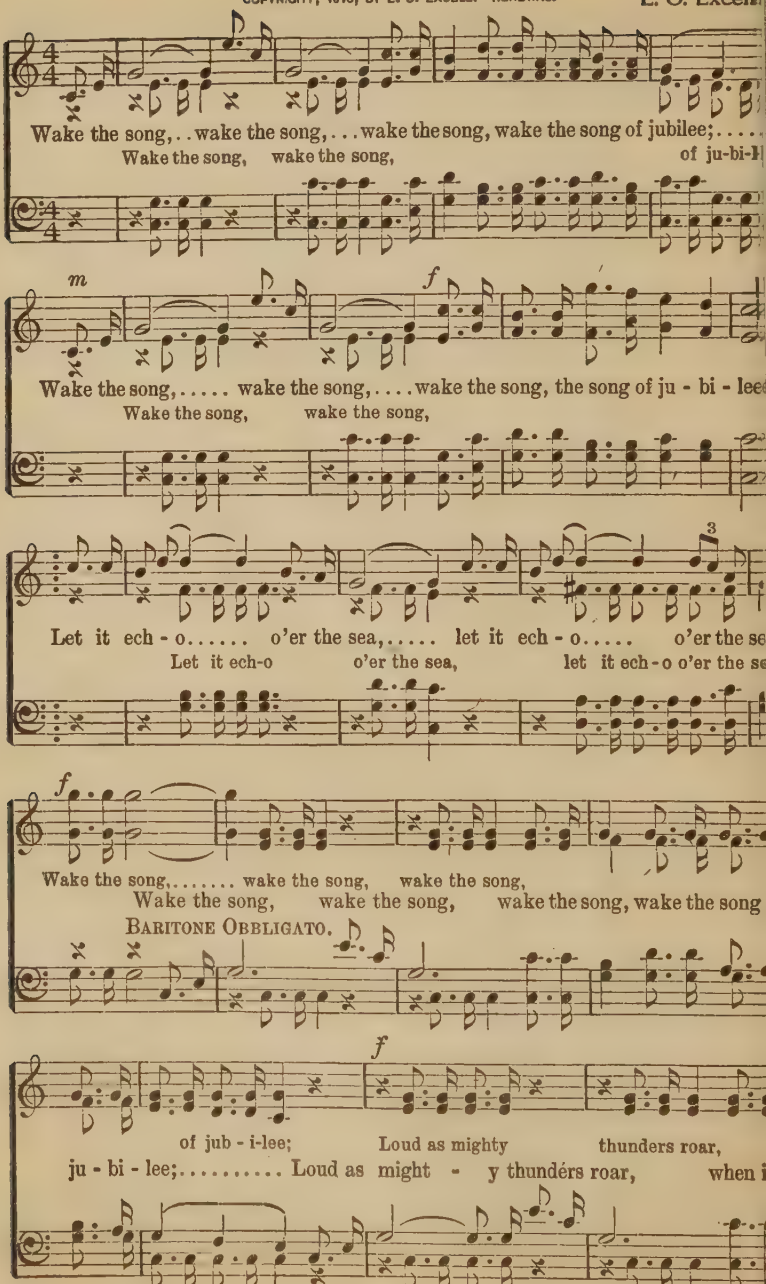
O How I Love Him.


Thro' grace set me a - part. . .
Him wait - ing at my side. . .
And will be all the way. . .
CHORUS.
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee! . . .
O how I love Him, The Man of Gal - i - lee!
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry! . . .
O how I love Him, Who died on Cal - va - ry!
There is no oth - er Such a Friend or Broth - er;
O how I love Him, Be - cause He died for me! . .

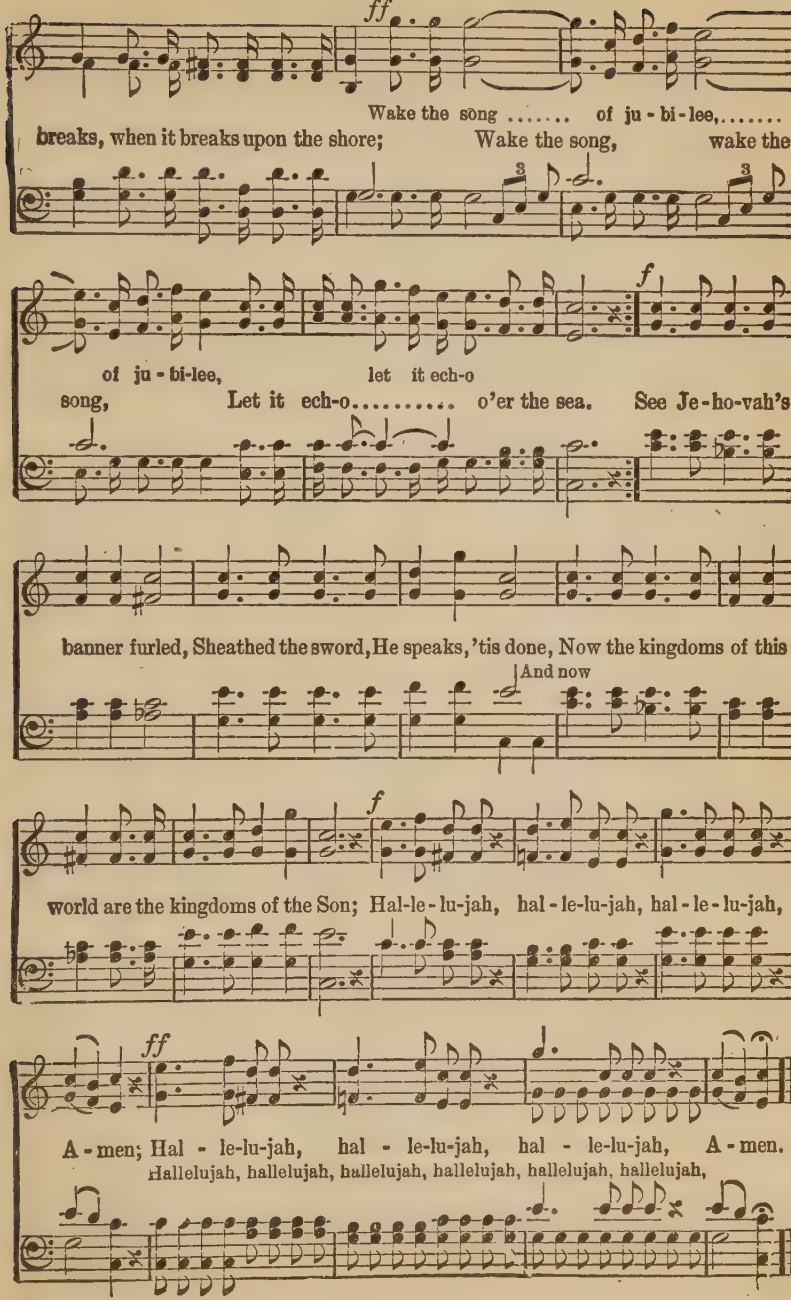
No. 160.

Wake the Song.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell

Wake the song, . . wake the song, . . . wake the song, wake the song of jubilee; . . . . .
Wake the song, wake the song, of ju-bi-l
m
f
Wake the song, ... wake the song, ... wake the song, the song of ju - bi - lee
Wake the song, wake the song,
3
Let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the sea, ... let it ech - o . . . . . o'er the se
Let it ech-o o'er the sea, let it ech - o o'er the se
f
Wake the song, ... wake the song, wake the song,
Wake the song, wake the song, wake the song, wake the song
BARITONE OBBLIGATO.
f
of jub - i-lee; Loud as mighty thunders roar,
ju - bi - lee; . . . . . Loud as might - y thundérs roar, when i

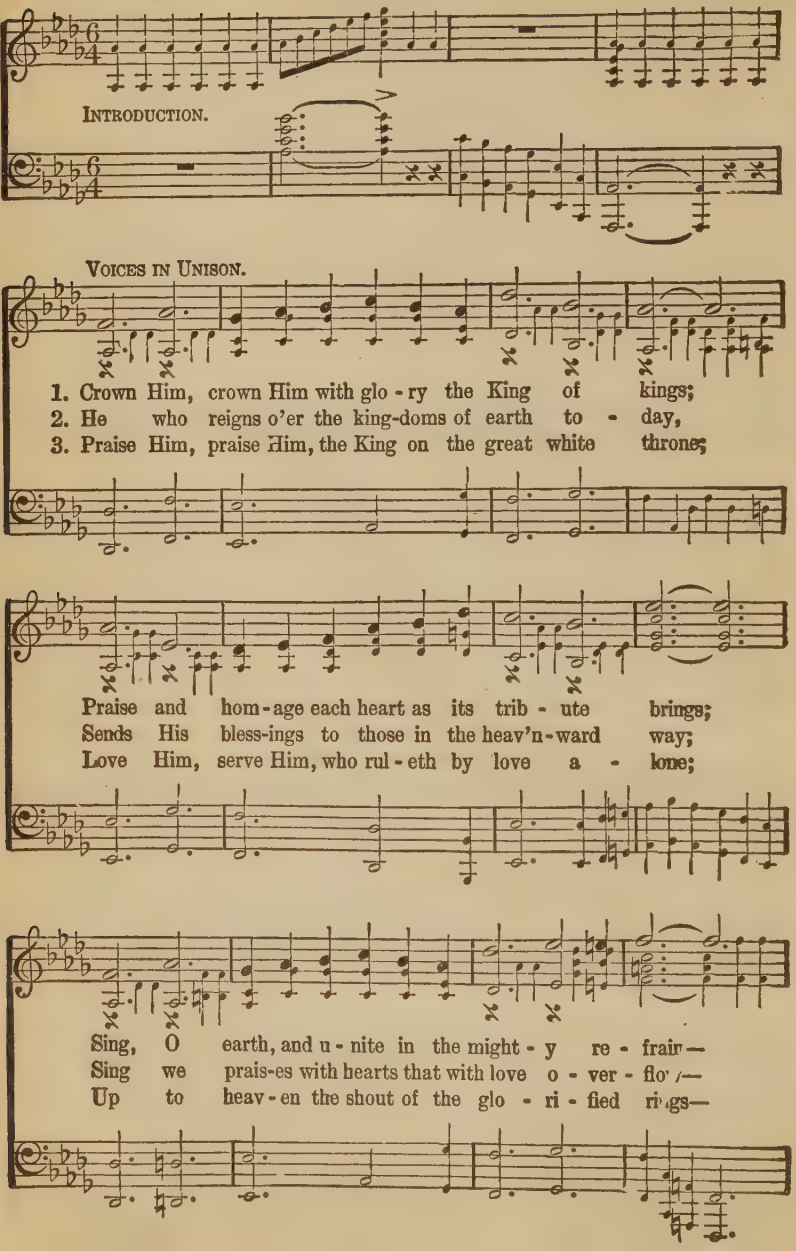
Wake the Song.

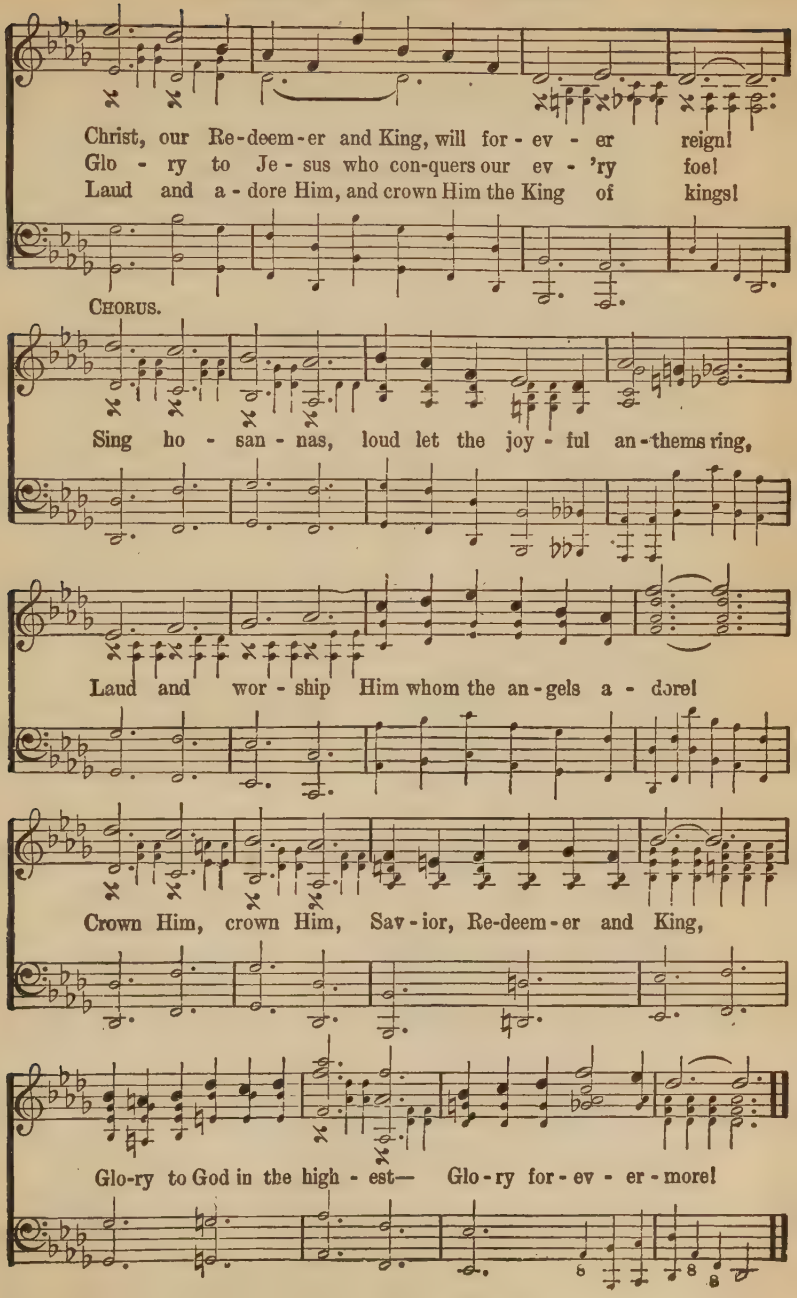

ff
Wake the song ..... of ju - bi - lee,.....
breaks, when it breaks upon the shore; Wake the song, wake the
3
3
f
of ju - bi-lee, let it ech-o
song, Let it ech-o..... o'er the sea. See Je - ho-vah's
banner furled, Sheathed the sword, He speaks, 'tis done, Now the kingdoms of this
And now
f
world are the kingdoms of the Son; Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le - lu-jah,
ff
A - men; Hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, hal - le-lu-jah, A - men.
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah,

No. 161. Crown Him King of Kings.

E. E. Rexford.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

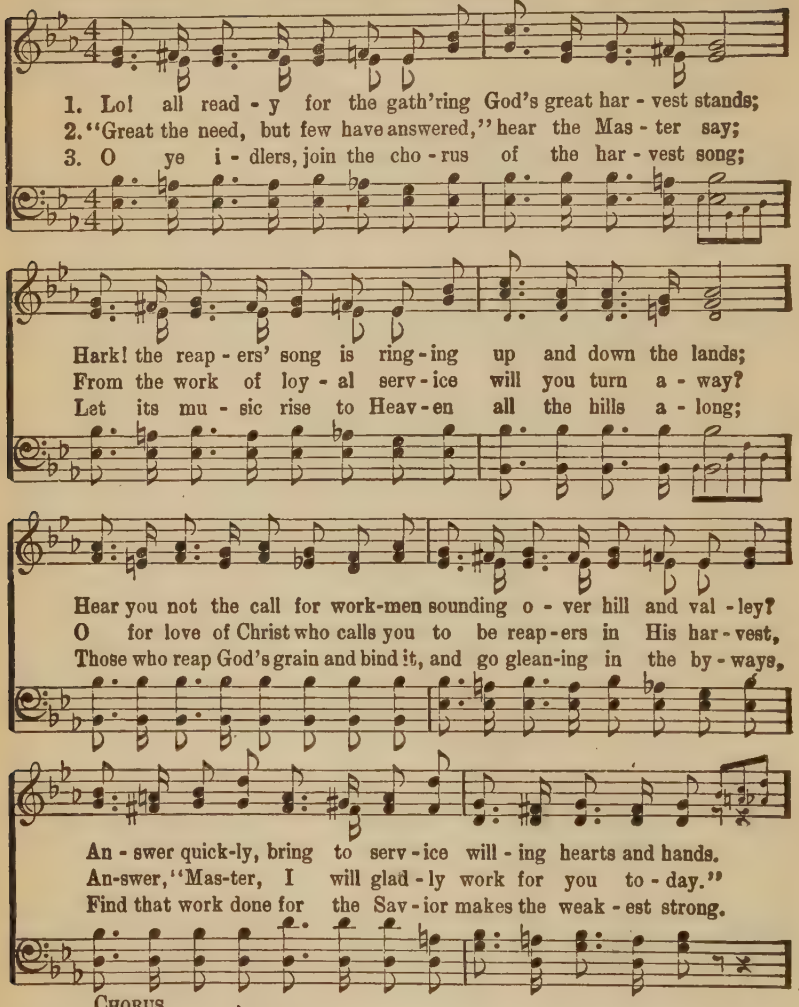
DeLose Smith.

INTRODUCTION.
VOICES IN UNISON.
1. Crown Him, crown Him with glo - ry the King of kings;
2. He who reigns o'er the king-doms of earth to - day,
3. Praise Him, praise Him, the King on the great white throne;
Praise and hom - age each heart as its trib - ute brings;
Sends His bless-ings to those in the heav'n - ward way;
Love Him, serve Him, who rul - eth by love a - lone;
Sing, O earth, and u - nite in the might - y re - frain—
Sing we prais-es with hearts that with love o - ver - flow—
Up to heav - en the shout of the glo - ri - fied rings—

Crown Him King of Kings.

Christ, our Re-deem-er and King, will for-ev-er reign!
Glo-ry to Je-sus who con-quers our ev-'ry foe!
Laud and a-dore Him, and crown Him the King of kings!
CHORUS.
Sing ho-san-nas, loud let the joy-ful an-thems ring,
Laud and wor-ship Him whom the an-gels a-dore!
Crown Him, crown Him, Sav-ior, Re-deem-er and King,
Glo-ry to God in the high-est— Glo-ry for-ev-er-more!

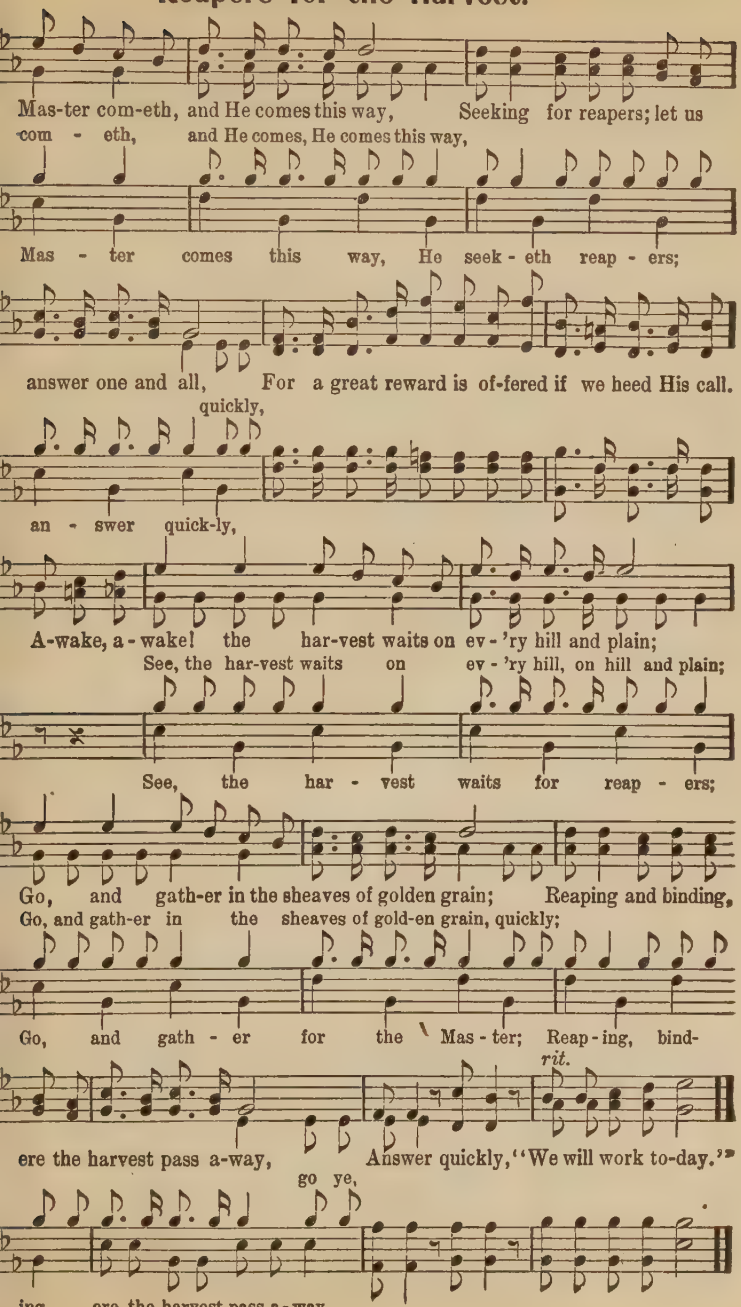
No. 162. Reapers for the Harvest.

WORDS AND MUSIC COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY E. O. EXCELL.
INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED.

Eben E. Rexford. Samuel W. Beazley.


1. Lo! all read - y for the gath'ring God's great har - vest stands;
2. "Great the need, but few have answered," hear the Mas - ter say;
3. O ye i - dlers, join the cho - rus of the har - vest song;
Hark! the reap - ers' song is ring - ing up and down the lands;
From the work of loy - al serv - ice will you turn a - way?
Let its mu - sic rise to Heav - en all the hills a - long;
Hear you not the call for work-men sounding o - ver hill and val - ley?
O for love of Christ who calls you to be reap - ers in His har - vest,
Those who reap God's grain and bind it, and go glean-ing in the by - ways,
An - swer quick-ly, bring to serv - ice will - ing hearts and hands.
An-swer, "Mas-ter, I will glad - ly work for you to - day."
Find that work done for the Sav - ior makes the weak - est strong.
Chorus.
Lo! the har-vest ripe and read-y stands to-day; See, the
Lo! the harvest ripe and read - y stands to - day, to-day; See, the Mas-ter
Lo! the har - vest stand - ing read - y; See, the

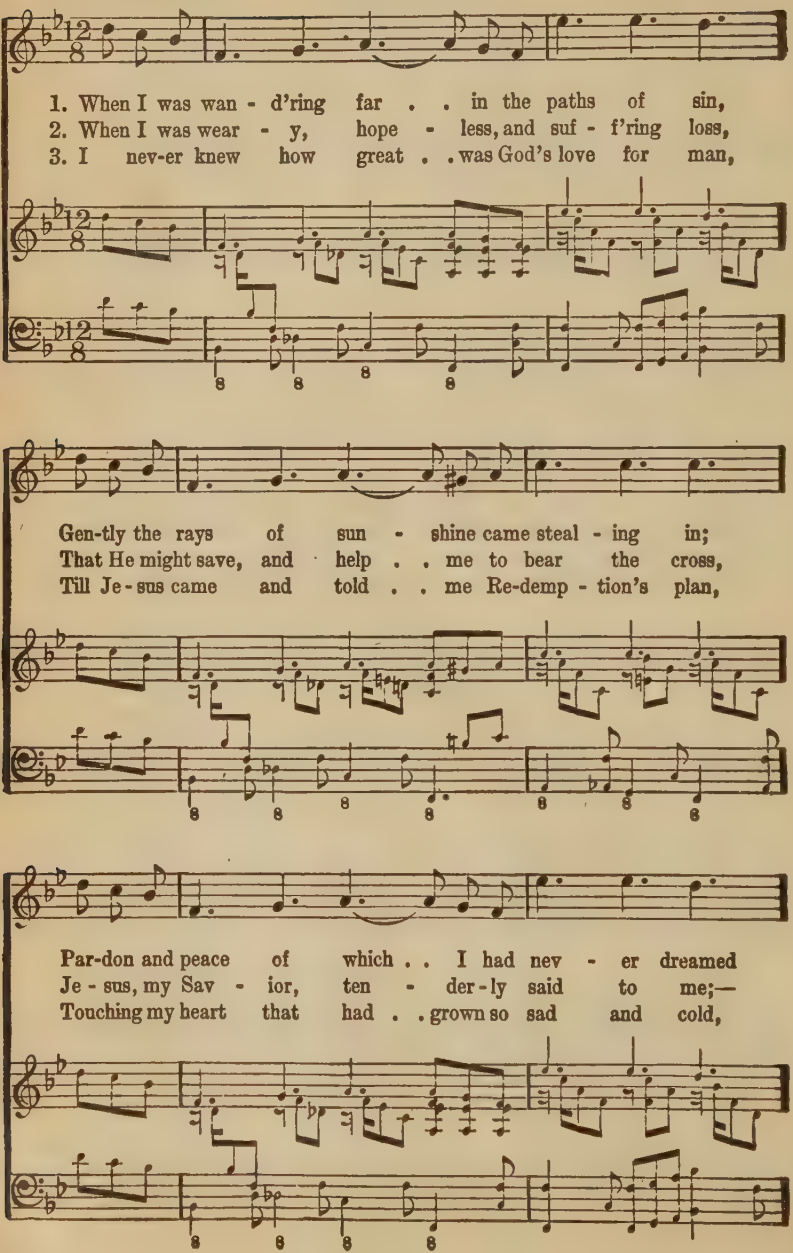
Reapers for the Harvest.


Mas-ter com-eth, and He comes this way, Seeking for reapers; let us
com - eth, and He comes, He comes this way,
Mas - ter comes this way, He seek - eth reap - ers;
answer one and all, For a great reward is of-fered if we heed His call.
quickly,
an - swer quick-ly,
A-wake, a-wake! the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill and plain;
See, the har-vest waits on ev-'ry hill, on hill and plain;
See, the har - vest waits for reap - ers;
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of golden grain; Reaping and binding,
Go, and gath-er in the sheaves of gold-en grain, quickly;
Go, and gath - er for the Mas - ter; Reap-ing, bind-
rit.
ere the harvest pass a-way, Answer quickly, "We will work to-day."
go ye,
ing, ere the harvest pass a-way,

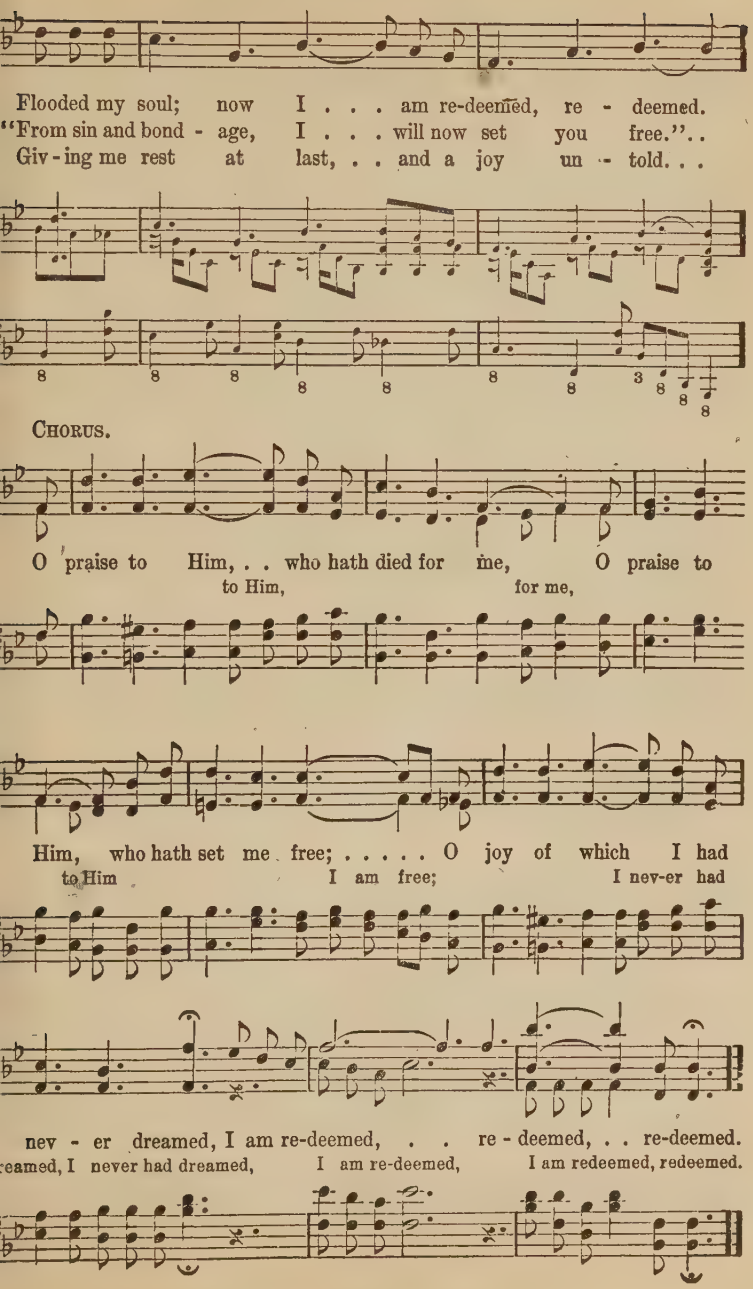
No. 164. I Am Redeemed.

COPYRIGHT, 1916, BY E. O. EXCELL.

Eben E. Rexford. WORDS AND MUSIC. Harry Dixon Loes.


1. When I was wan - d'ring far . . in the paths of sin,
2. When I was wear - y, hope - less, and suf - f'ring loss,
3. I nev-er knew how great . . was God's love for man,
Gen-tly the rays of sun - shine came steal - ing in;
That He might save, and help . . me to bear the cross,
Till Je - sus came and told . . me Re-demp - tion's plan,
Par-don and peace of which . . I had nev - er dreamed
Je - sus, my Sav - ior, ten - der - ly said to me;—
Touching my heart that had . . grown so sad and cold,

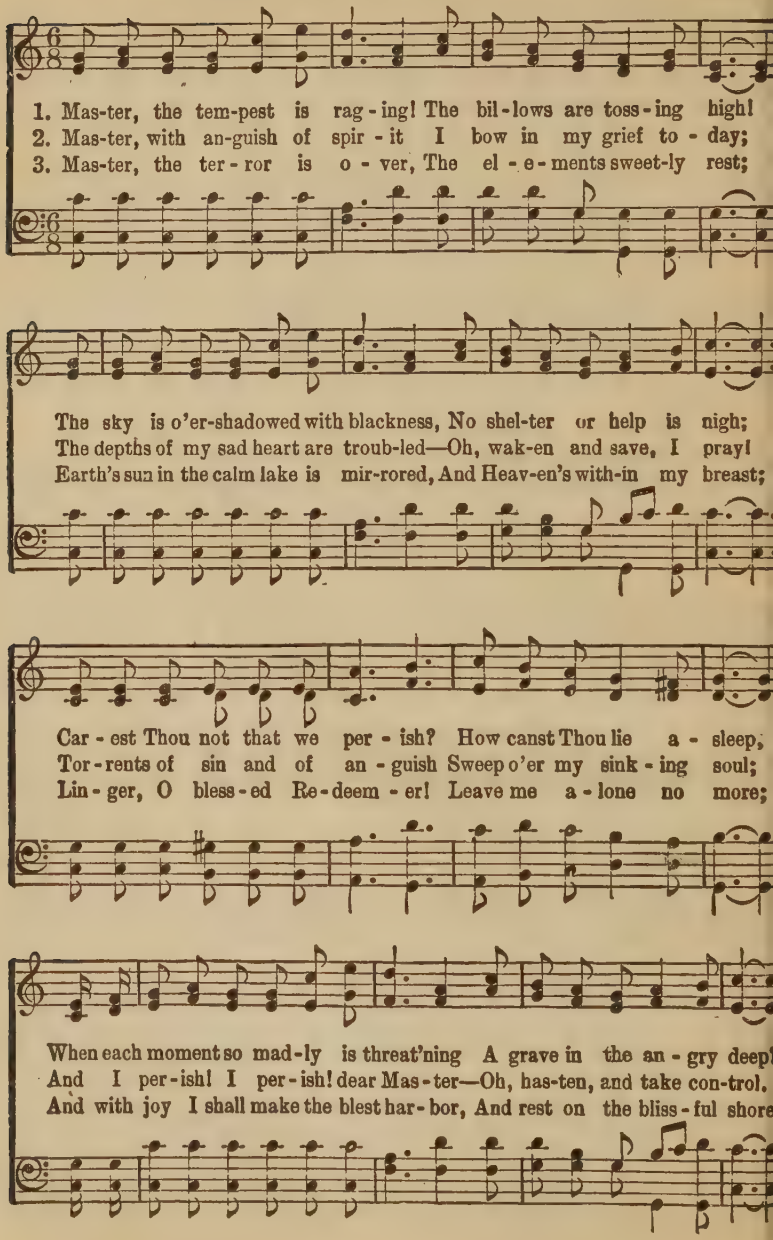
I Am Redeemed.


Flooded my soul; now I . . . am re-deemed, re - deemed.
"From sin and bond - age, I . . . will now set you free."..
Giv - ing me rest at last, . . and a joy un - told. . .
CHORUS.
O praise to Him, . . who hath died for me, O praise to
to Him, for me,
Him, who hath set me free; . . . . . O joy of which I had
to Him I am free; I nev-er had
nev - er dreamed, I am re-deemed, . . re - deemed, . . re-deemed.
reamed, I never had dreamed, I am re-deemed, I am redeemed, redeemed.

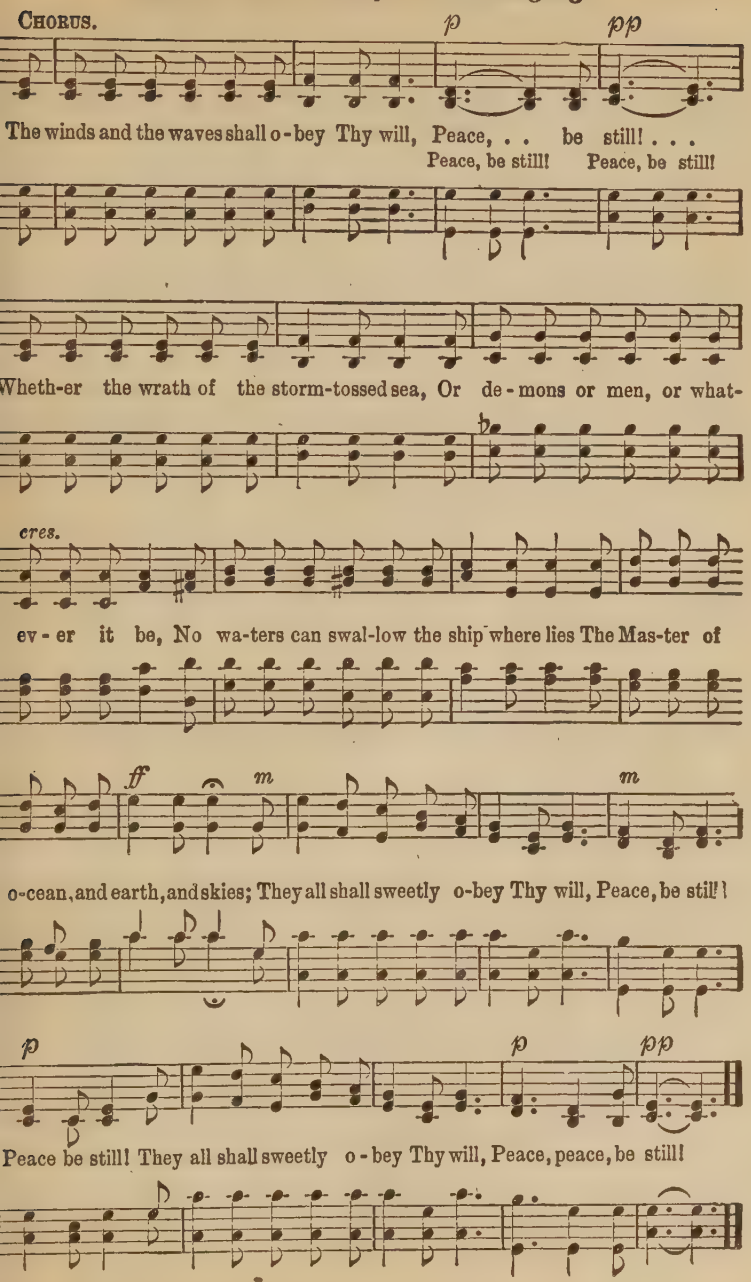
No. 165. Master, the Tempest is Raging.

USED BY PER. OF H. R. PALMER, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT.

H. R. Palmer.


1. Mas-ter, the tem-pest is rag-ing! The bil-lows are toss-ing high!
2. Mas-ter, with an-guish of spir-it I bow in my grief to-day;
3. Mas-ter, the ter-ror is o-ver, The el-e-ments sweet-ly rest;
The sky is o'er-shadowed with blackness, No shel-ter or help is nigh;
The depths of my sad heart are troub-led—Oh, wak-en and save, I pray!
Earth's sun in the calm lake is mir-rored, And Heav-en's with-in my breast;
Car-est Thou not that we per-ish? How canst Thou lie a-sleep,
Tor-rents of sin and of an-guish Sweep o'er my sink-ing soul;
Lin-ger, O bless-ed Re-deem-er! Leave me a-lone no more;
When each moment so mad-ly is threat'ning A grave in the an-gry deep!
And I per-ish! I per-ish! dear Mas-ter—Oh, has-ten, and take con-trol.
And with joy I shall make the blest har-bor, And rest on the bliss-ful shore

Master, the Tempest is Raging.

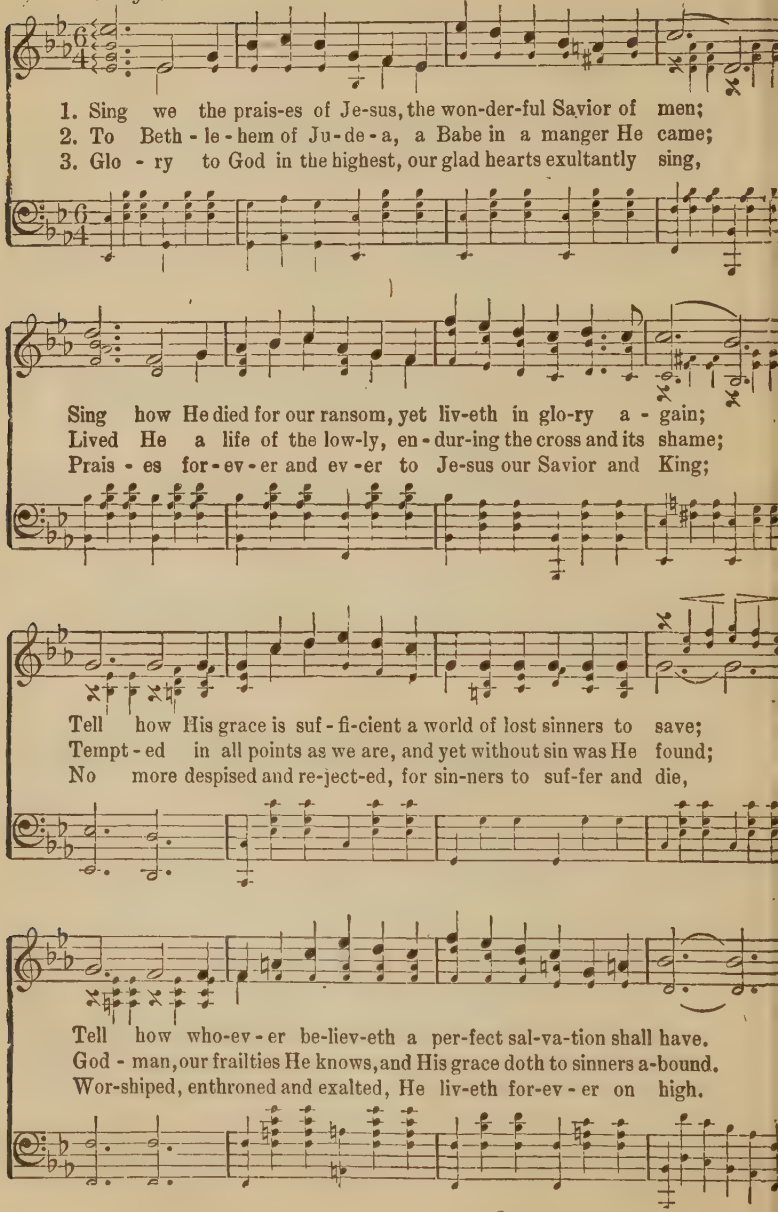

Chorus.
p
pp
The winds and the waves shall o-bey Thy will, Peace, . . be still! . . .
Peace, be still! Peace, be still!
Wheth-er the wrath of the storm-tossed sea, Or de-mons or men, or what-
cres.
ev-er it be, No wa-ters can swal-low the ship where lies The Mas-ter of
ff
m
m
o-cean, and earth, and skies; They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, be still!
p
p
pp
Peace be still! They all shall sweetly o-bey Thy will, Peace, peace, be still!

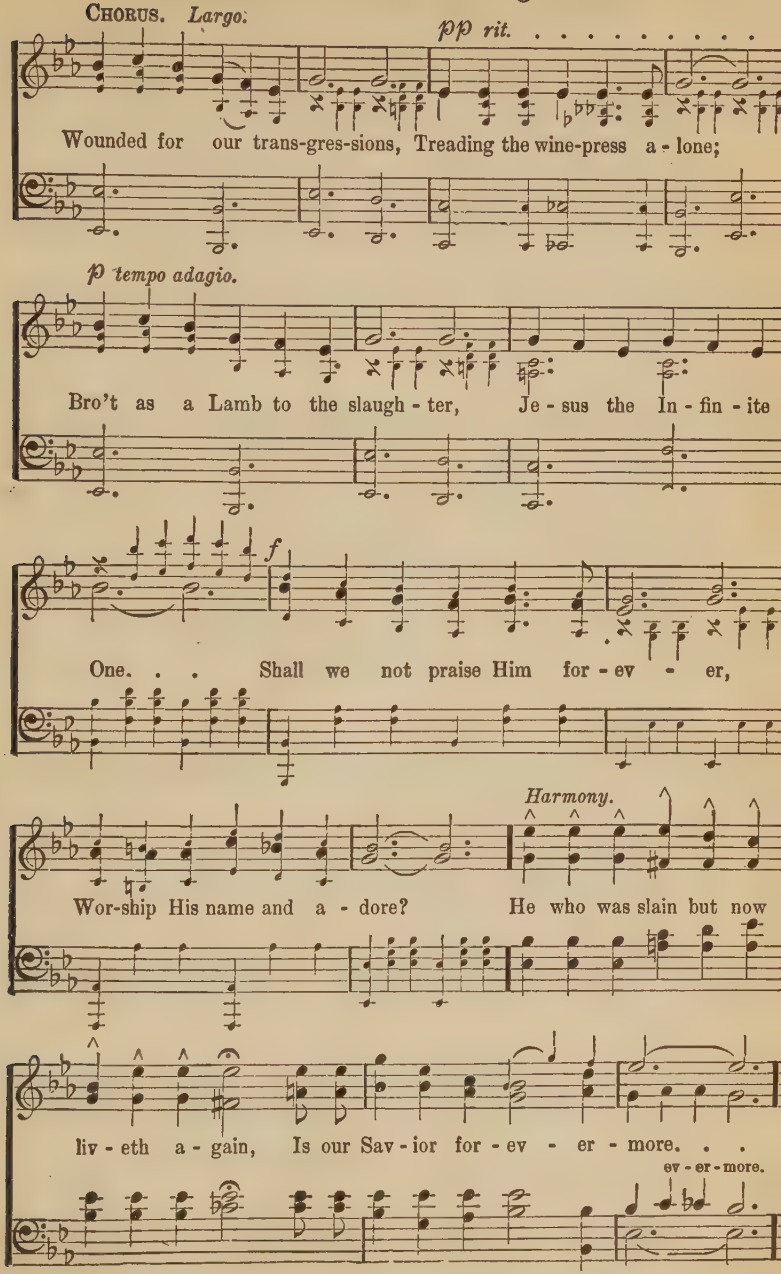
No. 166. Wounded for Our Transgressions.

COPYRIGHT, 1911, BY ARTHUR S. MAGANN, MADISON. WISCONSIN

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H Morris.

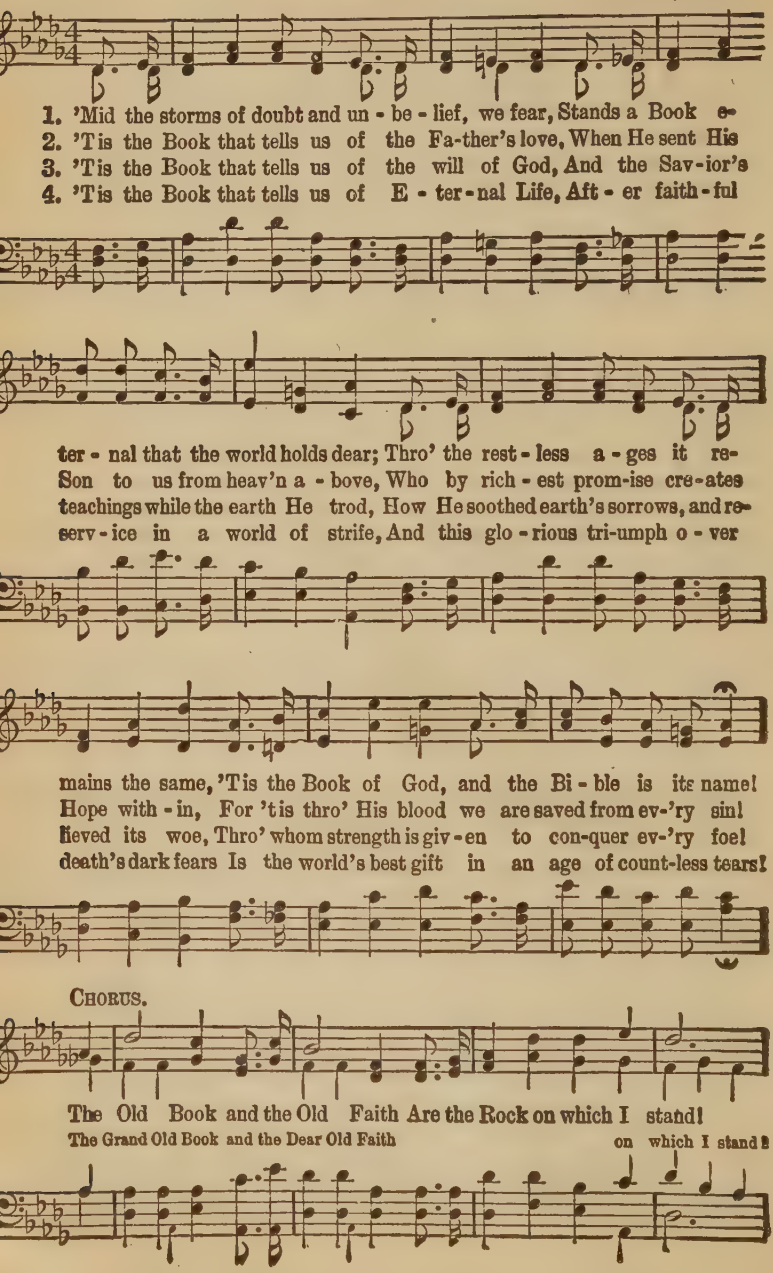
Adagio.


1. Sing we the prais-es of Je-sus, the won-der-ful Savior of men;
2. To Beth - le - hem of Ju-de-a, a Babe in a manger He came;
3. Glo - ry to God in the highest, our glad hearts exultantly sing,
Sing how He died for our ransom, yet liv-eth in glo-ry a - gain;
Lived He a life of the low-ly, en - dur-ing the cross and its shame;
Prais - es for - ev - er and ev - er to Je-sus our Savior and King;
Tell how His grace is suf - fi-cient a world of lost sinners to save;
Tempt - ed in all points as we are, and yet without sin was He found;
No more despised and re-ject-ed, for sin-ners to suf-fer and die,
Tell how who-ev - er be-liev-eth a per-fect sal-va-tion shall have.
God - man, our frailties He knows, and His grace doth to sinners a-bound.
Wor-shiped, enthroned and exalted, He liv-eth for-ev - er on high.

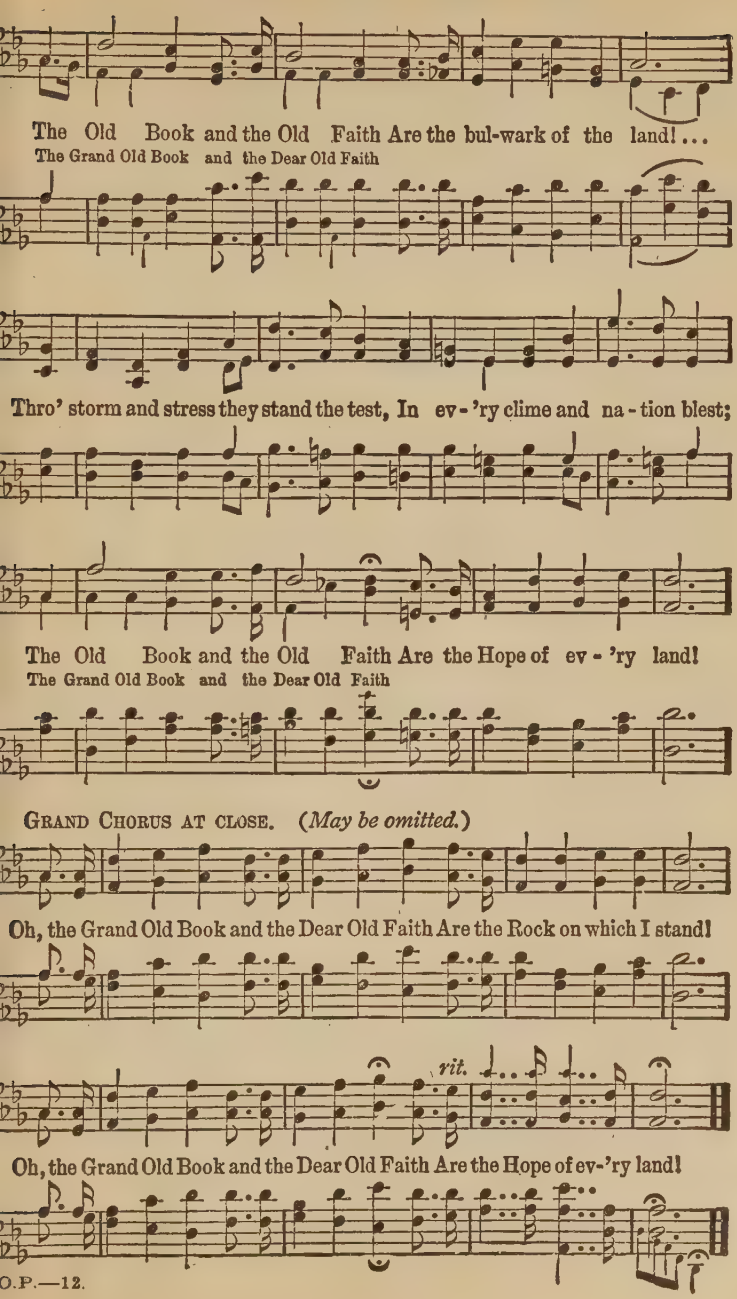
Wounded for Our Transgressions.

Chorus. Largo.
pp rit.
Wounded for our trans-gres-sions, Treading the wine-press a-lone;
p tempo adagio.
Bro't as a Lamb to the slaugh-ter, Je-sus the In-fin-ite
f
One. . . Shall we not praise Him for-ev-er,
Harmony.
Wor-ship His name and a-dore? He who was slain but now
liv-eth a-gain, Is our Sav-ior for-ev-er-more. . .
ev-er-more.

No. 167. The Old Book and the Old Faith.

G. H. C. COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. Geo. H. Carr.


1. 'Mid the storms of doubt and un - be - lief, we fear, Stands a Book e-
2. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the Fa-ther's love, When He sent His
3. 'Tis the Book that tells us of the will of God, And the Sav-ior's
4. 'Tis the Book that tells us of E - ter - nal Life, Aft - er faith - ful
ter - nal that the world holds dear; Thro' the rest - less a - ges it re-
Son to us from heav'n a - bove, Who by rich - est prom-ise cre-ates
teachings while the earth He trod, How He soothed earth's sorrows, and re-
serv - ice in a world of strife, And this glo - rious tri-umph o - ver
mains the same, 'Tis the Book of God, and the Bi - ble is its name!
Hope with - in, For 'tis thro' His blood we are saved from ev-'ry sin!
lieved its woe, Thro' whom strength is giv - en to con-quer ev-'ry foe!
death's dark fears Is the world's best gift in an age of count-less tears!
CHORUS.
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
on which I stand!

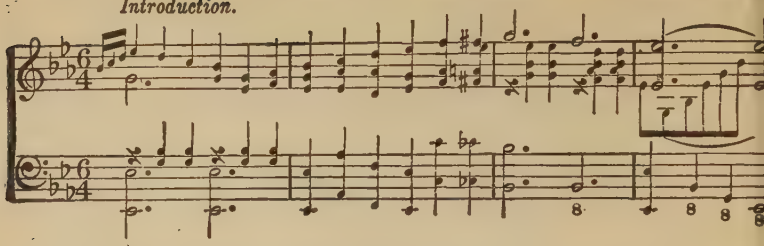
The Old Book and the Old Faith.


The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the bul-wark of the land! ...
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
Thro' storm and stress they stand the test, In ev-'ry clime and na-tion blest;
The Old Book and the Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!
The Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith
GRAND CHORUS AT CLOSE. (*May be omitted.*)
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Rock on which I stand!
rit.
Oh, the Grand Old Book and the Dear Old Faith Are the Hope of ev-'ry land!

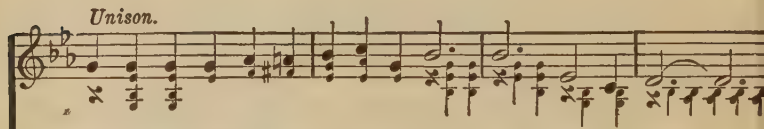
No. 168. Saved By The Blood.

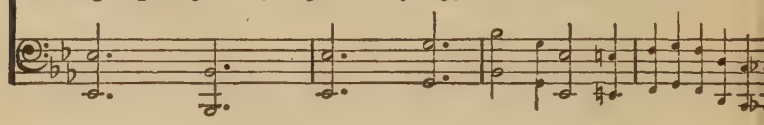
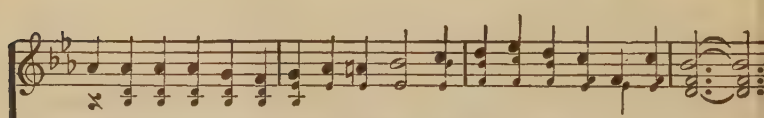
E. E. Hewitt. COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY W. E. M. HACKLEMAN. D. Ward Milam.

Introduction.

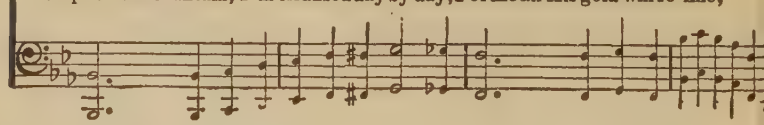
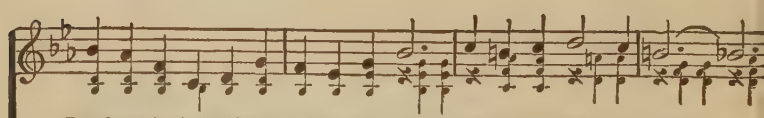


Unison.

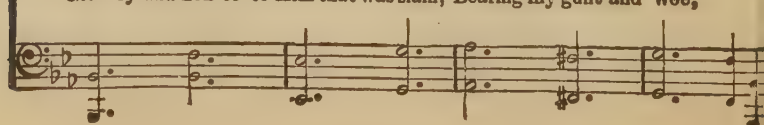


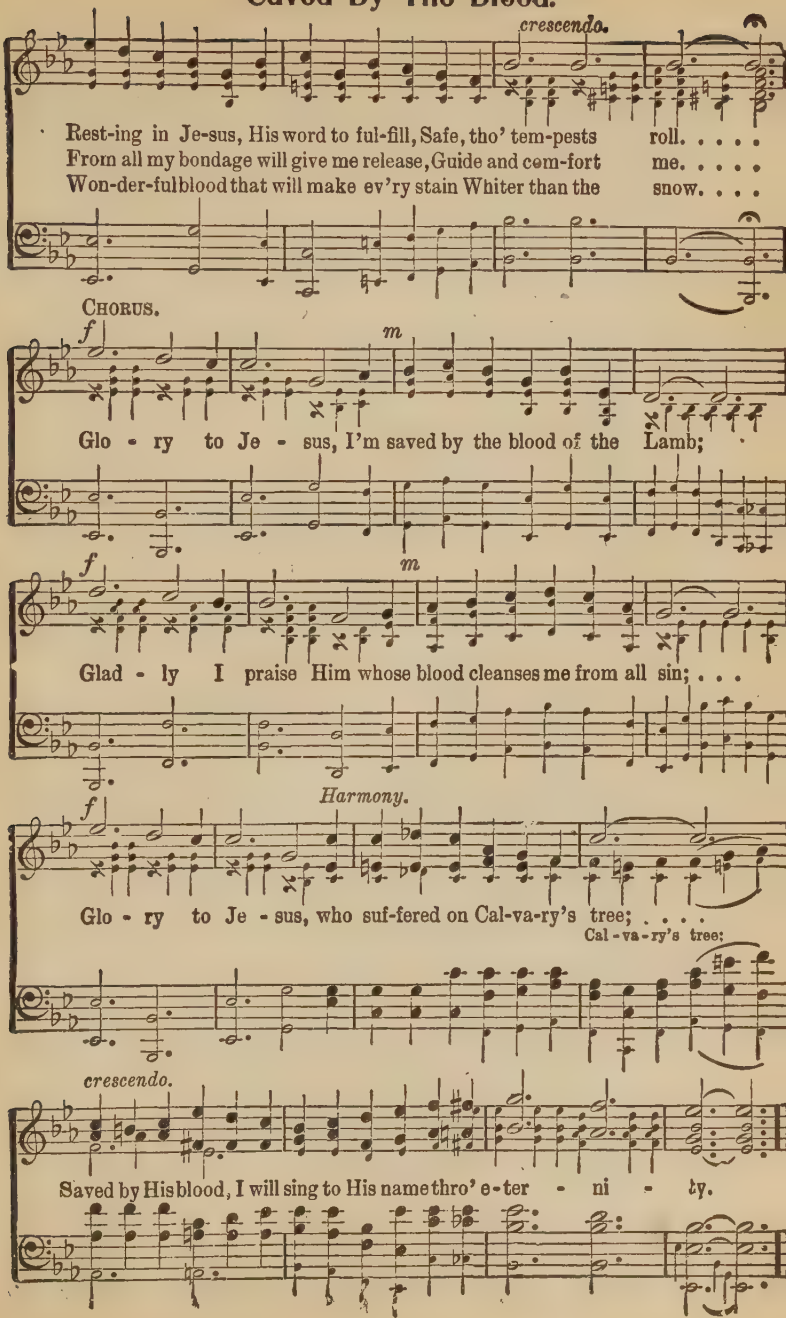
1. Saved by the blood of the Cru-ci-fied One, Je - sus is mine;
2. Look-ing to Him, lift-ed up from my sin, Je - sus is mine;
3. Sing - ing His prais-es, I'll press on my way, Je - sus is mine;



Cleansed in the blood of God's in-fi-nite Son, And in His own beauty to shine;
Trust-ing the pow'r that has cleansed me within, I'm kept by His mercy Di-vine;
Kept in the fountain, I'm cleansed day by day, For He all His gold will re-fine;



Precious the fountain from Calvary's hill, There will I bathe my soul;
Trust-ing in Je-sus for pardon and peace, He will my ref - uge be;
Glo - ry and hon-or to Him that was slain, Bearing my guilt and woe;



Saved By The Blood.

crescendo.
Rest-ing in Je-sus, His word to ful-fill, Safe, tho' tem-pests roll. . . . .
From all my bondage will give me release, Guide and com-fort me. . . . .
Won-der-ful blood that will make ev'ry stain Whiter than the snow. . . .
CHORUS.
f
m
Glo - ry to Je - sus, I'm saved by the blood of the Lamb;
f
m
Glad - ly I praise Him whose blood cleanses me from all sin; . . .
Harmony.
f
Glo - ry to Je - sus, who suf-fered on Cal-va-ry's tree; . . . .
Cal - va - ry's tree;
crescendo.
Saved by His blood, I will sing to His name thro' e - ter - ni - ty.

No. 169. All Hail, Immanuel!

D. R. Van Sickle.

COPYRIGHT, 1910, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, We cast.....our crowns be-
2. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, The ran - - somed hosts sur-
3. All hail to Thee, Im-man - u - el, Our ris - - en King and

fore Thee; Let ev - 'ry heart o - bey Thy will, And ev - - 'ry voice a-
round Thee; And earthly monarchs clamor forth Their Sov - 'reign, King to
Sav - ior! Thy foes are vanquished, and Thou art Om - nip - o - tent for-

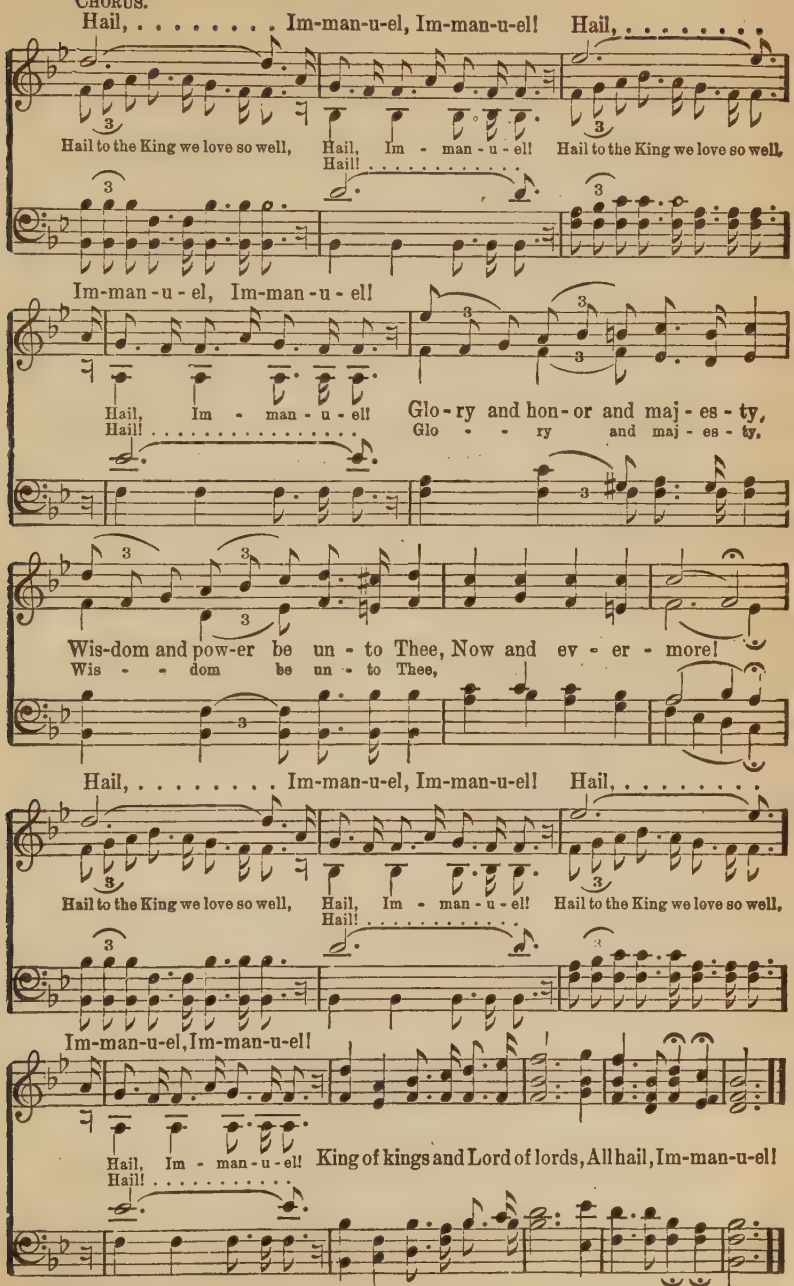
dore Thee. In praise to Thee, our Sav - ior, King, The vi-brant chords of
crown Thee. While those redeemed in a - ges gone, As-semb-led round the
ev - er. Death, sin and hell no lon - ger reign, And Sa-tan's pow'r is

heav - en ring, And ech - o back the might - y strain: All
great white throne, Break forth in - to im - mor - tal song: All
burst in twain; E - ter - nal glo - ry to Thy Name: All

ff

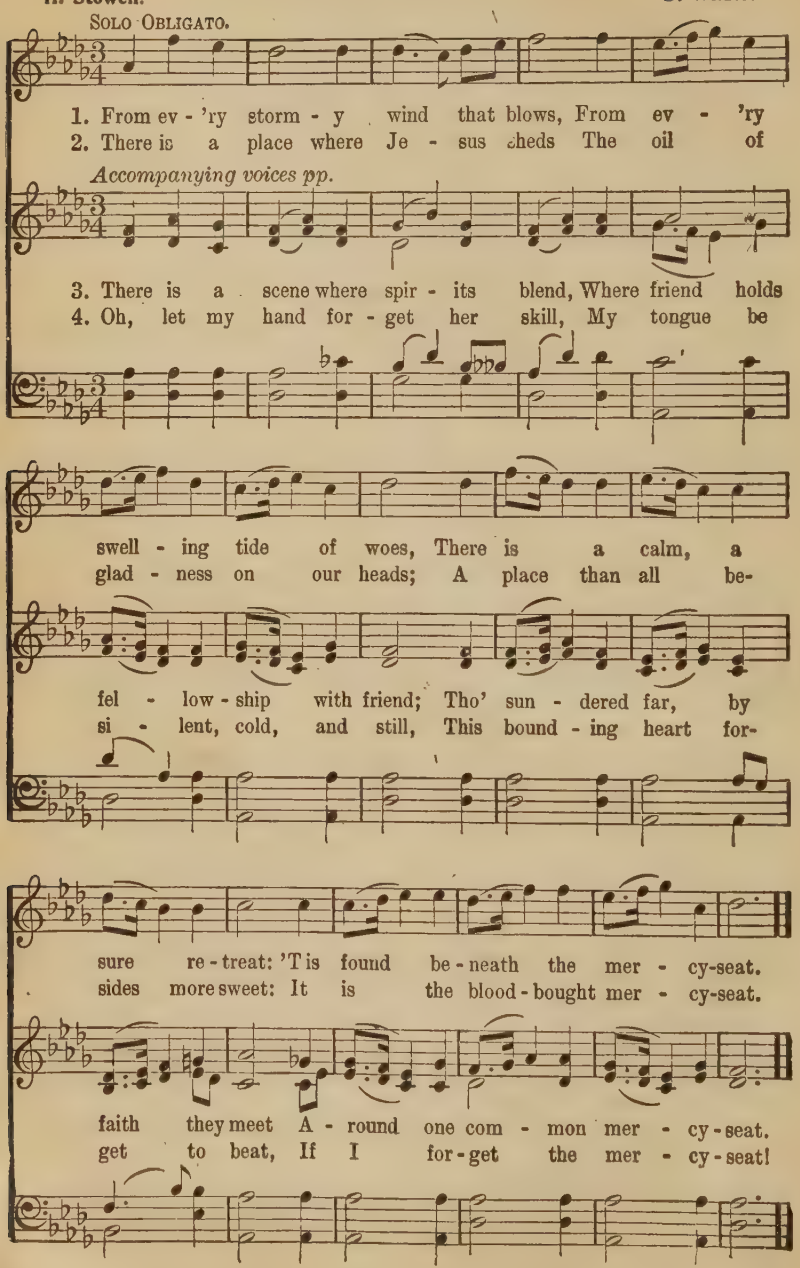
hail! all hail! All hail, all hail, Im - man - u - el!
All hail! all hail!

All Hail, Immanuel!


Chorus.
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man - u - el, Im-man - u - el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! Glo - ry and hon - or and maj - es - ty,
Hail! . . . . . Glo - - - ry and maj - es - ty,
Wis-dom and pow-er be un - to Thee, Now and ev - er - more!
Wis - - - dom be un - to Thee,
Hail, ... Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el! Hail, ...
Hail to the King we love so well, Hail, Im - man - u - el! Hail to the King we love so well,
Hail! . . . . . .
Im-man-u-el, Im-man-u-el!
Hail, Im - man - u - el! King of kings and Lord of lords, All hail, Im-man-u-el!
Hail! . . . . . .

No. 170. From Every Stormy Wind.

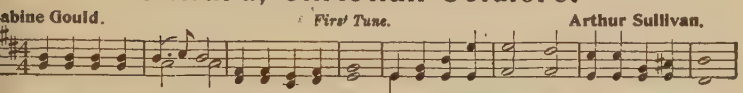
H. Stowell. S. Wilder.


Solo Obligato.
1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of
Accompanying voices pp.
3. There is a scene where spir - its blend, Where friend holds
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be
swell - ing tide of woes, There is a calm, a
glad - ness on our heads; A place than all be-
fel - low - ship with friend; Tho' sun - dered far, by
si - lent, cold, and still, This bound - ing heart for-
sure re - treat: 'T is found be - neath the mer - cy-seat.
sides more sweet: It is the blood - bought mer - cy-seat.
faith they meet A - round one com - mon mer - cy-seat.
get to beat, If I for - get the mer - cy-seat!

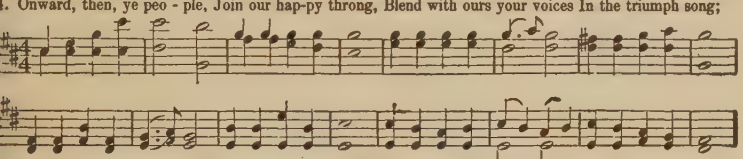
Devotional Hymns.

. 171. Onward, Christian Soldiers.

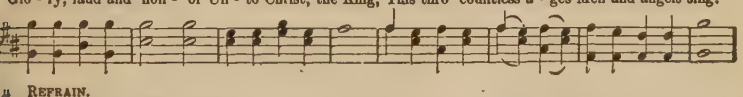
abine Gould. *First Tune.* Arthur Sullivan.



: Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go - ing on be - fore;
2. At the sign of tri - umph, Satan's host doth flee; On, then, Christian soldiers, On to vic - to - ry!
3. Like a might-y ar-my Moves the Church of God; Brothers we are treading Where the saints have trod;
4. Onward, then, ye peo - ple, Join our hap-py throng, Blend with ours your voices In the triumph song;

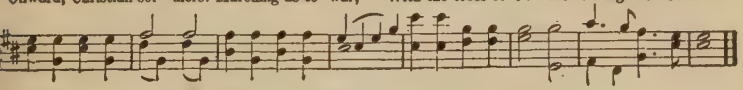


Christ the roy-al Mas - ter, Leads against the foe; For-ward in - to bat - tle, See His ban-ner go!
Hell's foun-da-tions quiv - er At the shout of praise, Brothers, lift your voic-es, Loud your anthems raise.
We are not di - vid - ed; All one bod - y we, One in hope and doc - trine, One in char - i - ty.
Glo - ry, laud and hon - or Un - to Christ, the King, This thro' countless a - ges Men and angels sing.



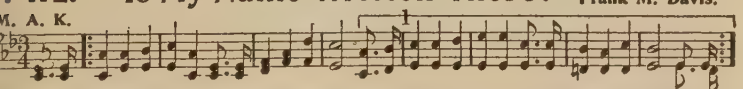
REFRAIN.

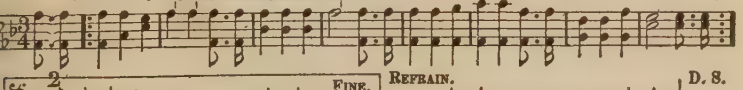
Onward, Christian sol - diers! Marching as to war, With the cross of Je - sus Go-ing on be-fore.



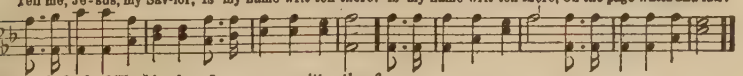
. 172. Is My Name Written There?

M. A. K. Frank M. Davis.



1. Lord, I care not for riches, Neither silver nor gold; I would make sure of heaven, I would ent-er the fold; In the book of Thy kingdom, With its pages so fair, [*Omit . . . . .]*

FINE. REFRAIN. D. S.

Tell me, Je-sus, my Sav-ior, Is my name writ-ten there? Is my name writ-ten there, On the page white and fair?



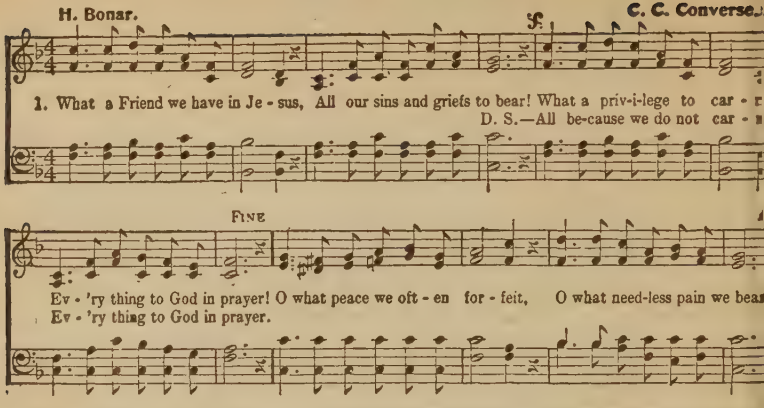
—In the book of Thy kingdom, Is my name written there?

rd, my sins they are many, Like the sands of the sea,
Thy blood, O my Savior, Is sufficient for me;
Thy promise is written In bright letters that glow,
' your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city, With mansions of light,
With its glorified beings, In pure garments of white;
Where no evil thing cometh To despoil what is fair;
Where the angels are watching, Is my name written there?

No. 173. What a Friend.

H. Bonar. C. C. Converse.


1. What a Friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear! What a priv-i-lege to car - r
D. S.—All be-cause we do not car -
FINE
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer! O what peace we oft - en for - feit, O what need-less pain we bear
Ev - 'ry thing to God in prayer.

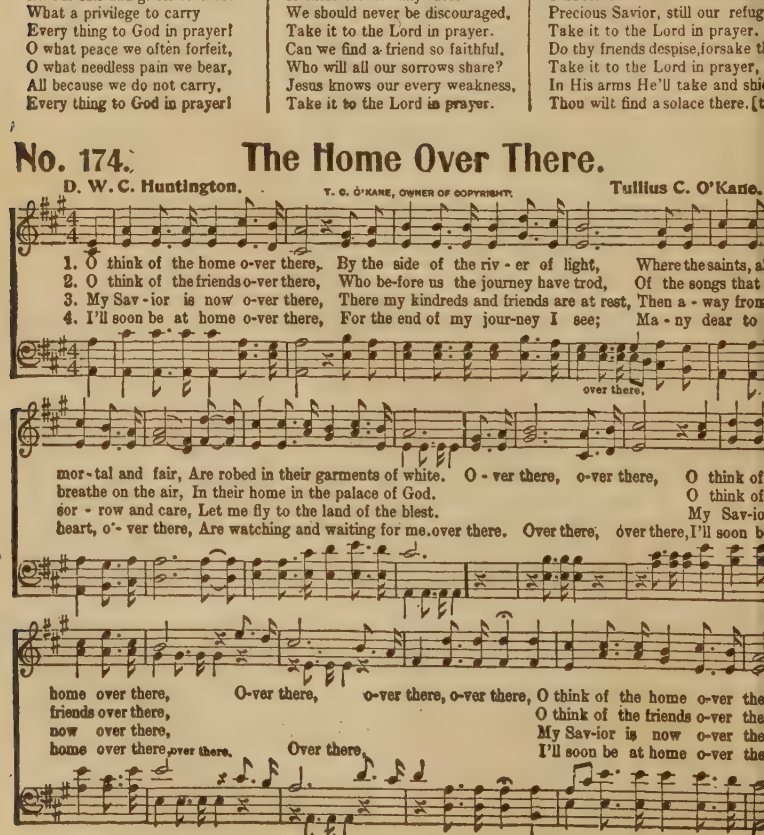
1 What a Friend we have in Jesus,
All our sins and griefs to bear!
What a privilege to carry
Every thing to God in prayer!
O what peace we often forfeit,
O what needless pain we bear,
All because we do not carry,
Every thing to God in prayer!

2 Have we trials and temptations?
Is there trouble anywhere?
We should never be discouraged,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Can we find a friend so faithful,
Who will all our sorrows share?
Jesus knows our every weakness,
Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
Cumbered with a load of care?
Precious Savior, still our refug
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
Do thy friends despise, forsake t
Take it to the Lord in prayer,
In His arms He'll take and shi
Thou wilt find a solace there. [t

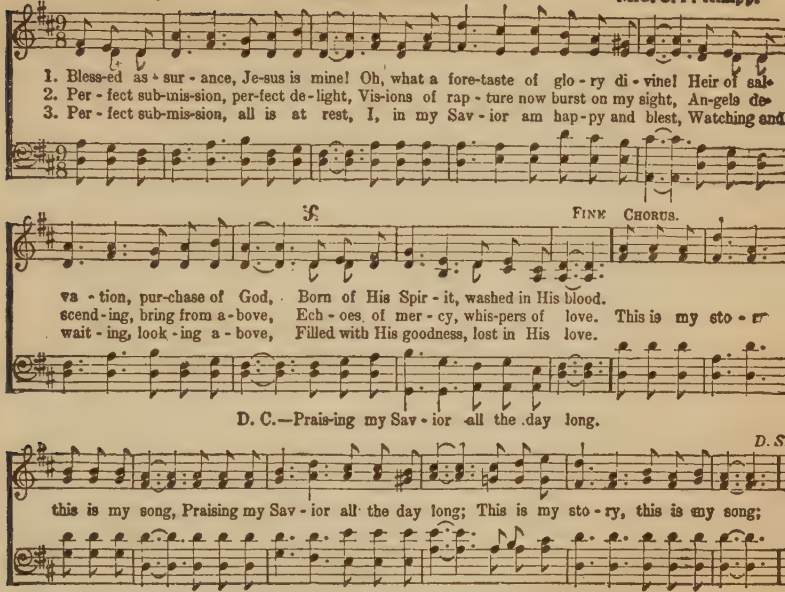
No. 174. The Home Over There.

D. W. C. Huntington. T. C. O'KANE, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Tullius C. O'Kane.


1. O think of the home o-ver there, By the side of the riv - er of light, Where the saints, a
2. O think of the friends o-ver there, Who be-fore us the journey have trod, Of the songs that
3. My Sav - ior is now o-ver there, There my kindreds and friends are at rest, Then a - way from
4. I'll soon be at home o-ver there, For the end of my jour-ney I see; Ma - ny dear to
over there.
mor - tal and fair, Are robed in their garments of white. O - ver there, o-ver there, O think of
breathe on the air, In their home in the palace of God. O think of
sor - row and care, Let me fly to the land of the blest. My Sav-io
heart, o'- ver there, Are watching and waiting for me.over there. Over there, over there, I'll soon b
home over there, O-ver there, o-ver there, o-ver there, O think of the home o-ver the
friends over there, O think of the friends o-ver the
now over there, My Sav-ior is now o-ver the
home over there, over there. Over there, I'll soon be at home o-ver the

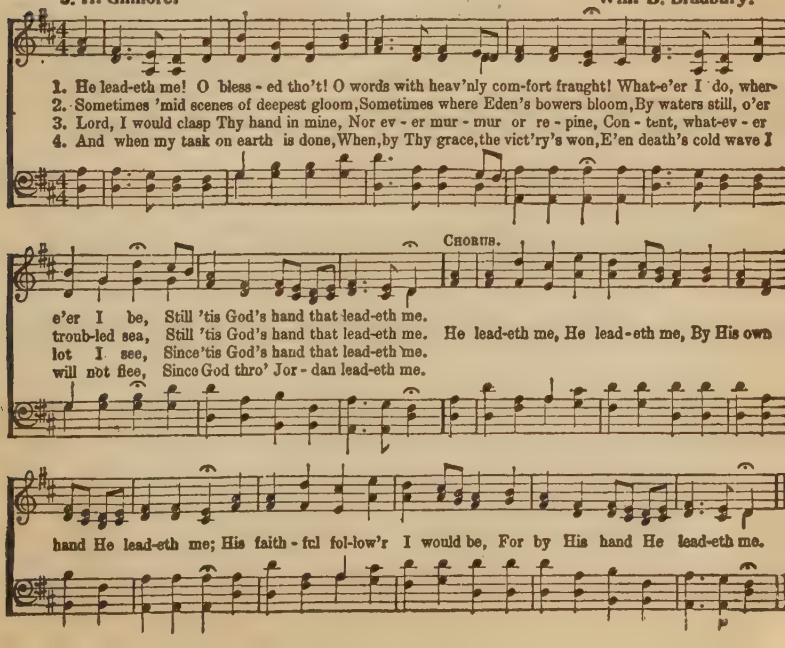
No. 175. Blessed Assurance.

F. J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT, 1873, BY JOS. F. KNAPP. Mrs. J. F. Knapp.


1. Bless-ed as - sur - ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of glo - ry di - vine! Heir of sal-
2. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vis-ions of rap - ture now burst on my sight, An-gels de-
3. Per - fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I, in my Sav - ior am hap - py and blest, Watching and
va - tion, pur-chase of God, Born of His Spir - it, washed in His blood.
scend - ing, bring from a - bove, Ech - oes of mer - cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto - ry
wait - ing, look - ing a - bove, Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
FINE CHORUS.
D. C.—Prais-ing my Sav - ior all the day long.
D. S.
this is my song, Praising my Sav - ior all the day long; This is my sto - ry, this is my song;

No. 176. He Leadeth Me.

J. H. Gilmore. Wm. B. Bradbury.

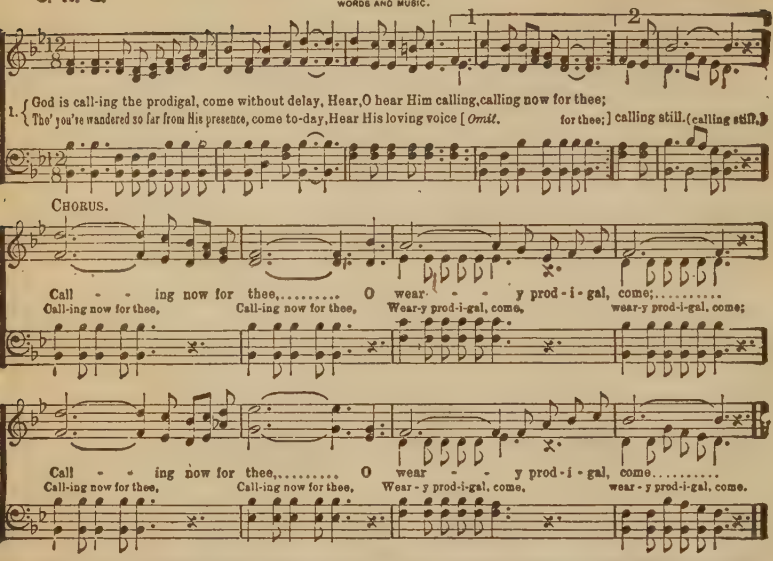

1. He lead-eth me! O bless - ed tho't! O words with heav'nly com-fort fraught! What-e'er I do, wher-
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom, By waters still, o'er
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur or re - pine, Con - tent, what-ev - er
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vict'ry's won, E'en death's cold wave I
CHORUS.
e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
troub-led sea, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me. He lead-eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own
lot I see, Since 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
hand He lead-eth me; His faith - ful fol-low'r I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

No. 177. Calling the Prodigal.

C. H. G.

COPYRIGHT, 1889, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

Chas. H. Gabriel.


1.
God is call-ing the prodigal, come without delay, Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Tho' you're wandered so far from His presence, come to-day, Hear His loving voice [Omit. for thee;] calling still. (calling still.)
Chorus.
Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - - y prod - i - gal, come;.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear-y prod-i-gal, come, wear-y prod-i-gal, come;
Call - - ing now for thee,..... O wear - - - y prod - i - gal, come.....
Call-ing now for thee, Call-ing now for thee, Wear - y prod-i-gal, come, wear - y prod-i-gal, come.

2 Patient, loving, and tenderly still the Father pleads,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Oh! return while the Spirit in mercy intercedes,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

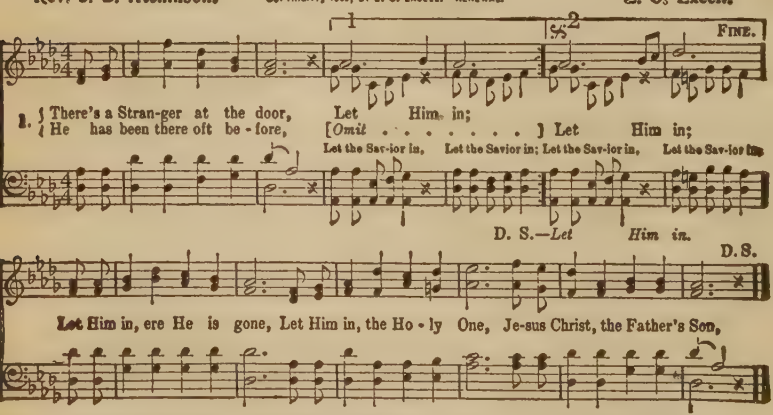
3 Come, there's bread in the house of thy Father, and to spare,
Hear, O hear Him calling, calling now for thee;
Lo! the table is spread and the feast is waiting there,
Hear His loving voice calling still.

No. 178. Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson.

COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

E. O. Excell.

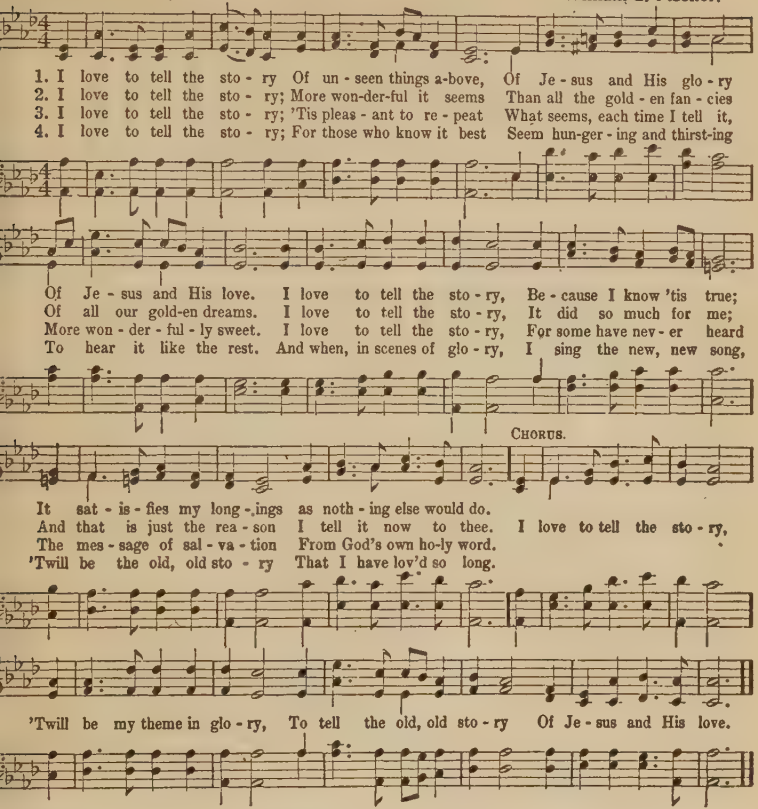

1
2
Fine.
1. There's a Stran-ger at the door, Let Him in;
He has been there oft be - fore, [Omit . . . . .] Let Him in;
Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Savior in; Let the Sav-ior in, Let the Sav-ior in
D. S.—Let Him in.
D. S.
Let Him in, ere He is gone, Let Him in, the Ho - ly One, Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son,

2 Open now to Him your heart,
Let Him in;
If you wait He will depart,
Let Him in;
Let Him in, He is your Friend,
He your soul will sure defend,
He will keep you to the end,
Let Him in.

3 Hear you now His loving voice?
Let Him in;
Now, oh, now make Him your choice,
Let Him in;
He is standing at your door,
Joy to you He will restore,
And His name you will adore,
Let Him in.

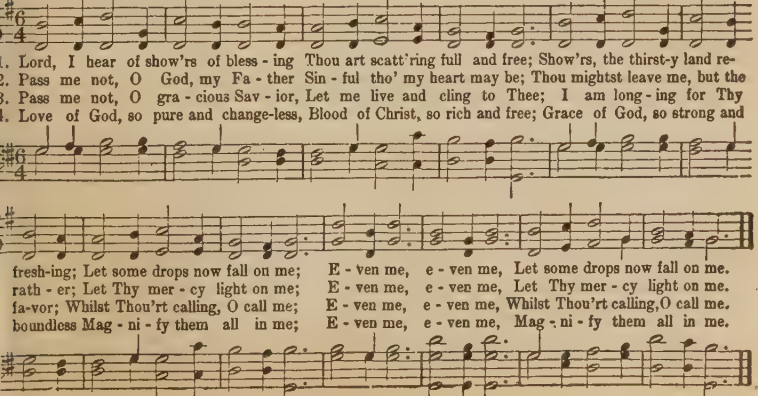
4 Now admit the heavenly Guest,
Let Him in;
He will make for you a feast,
Let Him in;
He will speak your sins forgiven,
And when earth-ties all are riven,
He will take you home to heaven,
Let Him in.

o. 179. I Love To Tell The Story.

Katherine Hankey. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. William G. Fischer.

1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a-bove, Of Je - sus and His glo - ry
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der-ful it seems Than all the gold - en fan - cies
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas - ant to re - peat What seems, each time I tell it,
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun-ger - ing and thirst-ing
Of Je - sus and His love. I love to tell the sto - ry, Be - cause I know 'tis true;
Of all our gold-en dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry, It did so much for me;
More won - der - ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry, For some have nev - er heard
To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry, I sing the new, new song,
CHORUS.
It sat - is - fies my long - ings as noth - ing else would do.
And that is just the rea - son I tell it now to thee. I love to tell the sto - ry,
The mes - sage of sal - va - tion From God's own ho-ly word.
'Twill be the old, old sto - ry That I have lov'd so long.
'Twill be my theme in glo - ry, To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

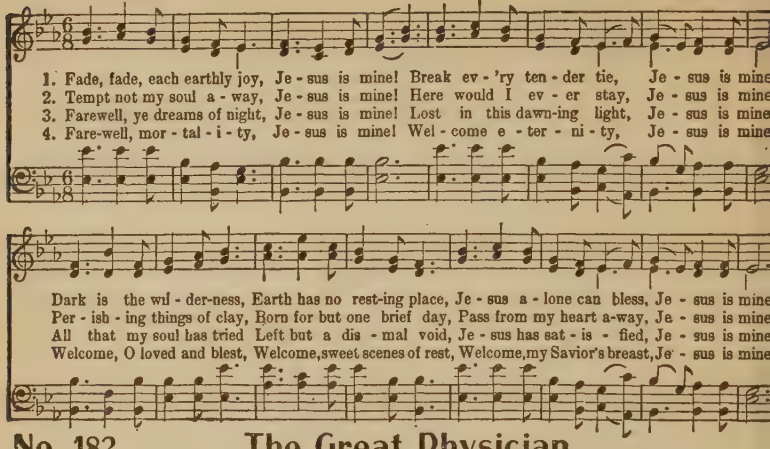
o. 180. Even Me, Even Me.

Mrs. Elizabeth Codner. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Lord, I hear of show'rs of bless - ing Thou art scatt'ring full and free; Show'rs, the thirst-y land re-
2. Pass me not, O God, my Fa - ther Sin - ful tho' my heart may be; Thou mightst leave me, but the
3. Pass me not, O gra - cious Sav - ior, Let me live and cling to Thee; I am long - ing for Thy
4. Love of God, so pure and change-less, Blood of Christ, so rich and free; Grace of God, so strong and
fresh-ing; Let some drops now fall on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let some drops now fall on me.
rath - er; Let Thy mer - cy light on me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Let Thy mer - cy light on me.
fa-vor; Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Whilst Thou'rt calling, O call me.
boundless Mag - ni - fy them all in me; E - ven me, e - ven me, Mag - ni - fy them all in me.

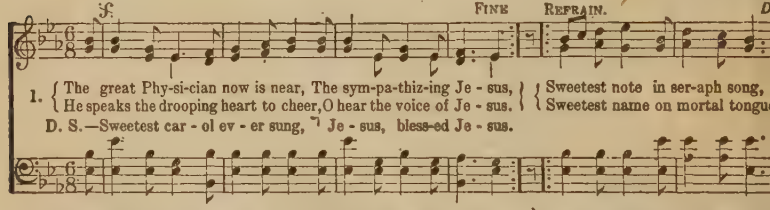
No. 181. Fade, Fade, Each Earthly Joy.

Mrs. Horatius Bonar. T. E. Perkins.


1. Fade, fade, each earthly joy, Je - sus is mine! Break ev - 'ry ten - der tie, Je - sus is mine
2. Tempt not my soul a - way, Je - sus is mine! Here would I ev - er stay, Je - sus is mine
3. Farewell, ye dreams of night, Je - sus is mine! Lost in this dawn-ing light, Je - sus is mine
4. Fare-well, mor - tal - i - ty, Je - sus is mine! Wel - come e - ter - ni - ty, Je - sus is mine
Dark is the wil - der-ness, Earth has no rest-ing place, Je - sus a - lone can bless, Je - sus is mine
Per - ish - ing things of clay, Born for but one brief day, Pass from my heart a-way, Je - sus is mine
All that my soul has tried Left but a dis - mal void, Je - sus has sat - is - fied, Je - sus is mine
Welcome, O loved and blest, Welcome, sweet scenes of rest, Welcome, my Savior's breast, Je - sus is mine

No. 182. The Great Physician.

Wm. Hunter J. H. Stockton.


FINE
REFRAIN.
1. The great Phy-si-cian now is near, The sym-pa-thiz-ing Je - sus, Sweetest note in ser-aph song,
He speaks the drooping heart to cheer, O hear the voice of Je - sus. Sweetest name on mortal tongu
D. S.—Sweetest car - ol ev - er sung, Je - sus, bless-ed Je - sus.

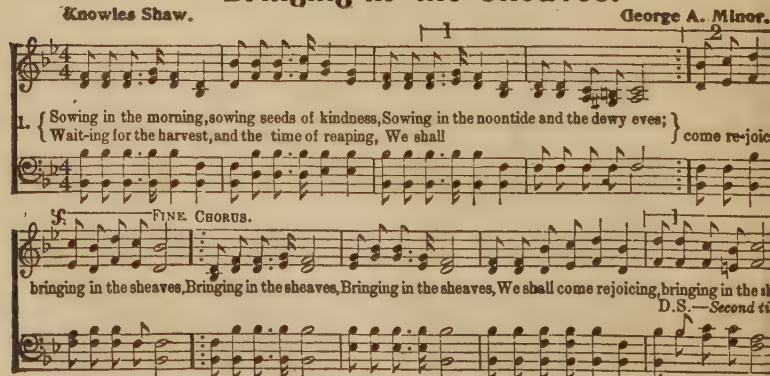
2 Your many sins are all forgiven,
Oh! hear the voice of Jesus;
Go on your way in peace to heaven,
And wear a crown with Jesus.

3 All glory to the dying Lamb!
I now believe in Jesus;
I love the blessed Savior's name,
I love the name of Jesus.

4 His name dispels my guilt and f
No other name but Jesus;
Oh! how my soul delights to he
The charming name of Jesus.

No. 183. Bringing in the Sheaves.

Knowles Shaw. George A. Minor.

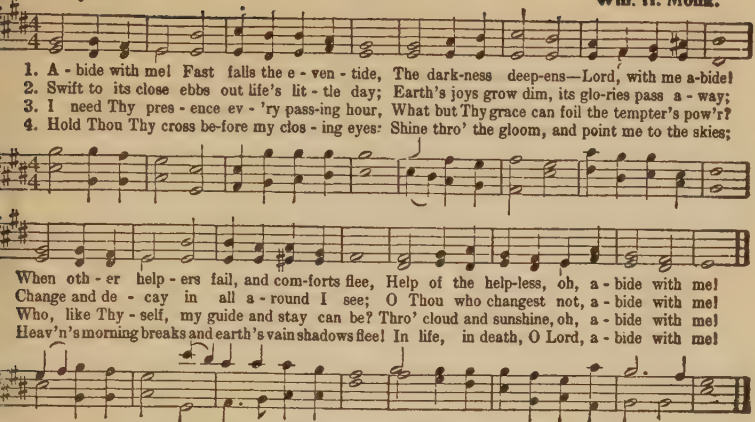

1. Sowing in the morning, sowing seeds of kindness, Sowing in the noontide and the dewy eves;
Wait-ing for the harvest, and the time of reaping, We shall come re-joic
FINE. CHORUS.
bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, Bringing in the sheaves, We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sh
D.S.—Second ti

2 Sowing in the sunshine, sowing in the shadows,
Fearing neither clouds nor winter's chilling breeze;
By and by the harvest and the labor ended,
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheaves.

3 Go then, ever weeping, sowing for the Master,
Though the loss sustained our spirit often griev
When our weeping's over, He will bid us welco
We shall come rejoicing, bringing in the sheave

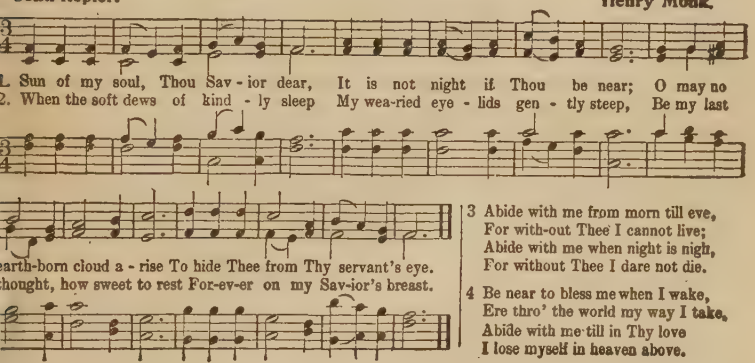
184. Abide With Me.

H. F. Lyte. Wm. H. Monk.


1. A - bide with me! Fast falls the e - ven - tide, The dark-ness deep-ens—Lord, with me a-bide!
2. Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day; Earth's joys grow dim, its glo-ries pass a - way;
3. I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour, What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's pow'r?
4. Hold Thou Thy cross be-fore my clos - ing eyes: Shine thro' the gloom, and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee, Help of the help-less, oh, a - bide with me!
Change and de - cay in all a - round I see; O Thou who changest not, a - bide with me!
Who, like Thy - self, my guide and stay can be? Thro' cloud and sunshine, oh, a - bide with me!
Heav'n's morning breaks and earth's vain shadows flee! In life, in death, O Lord, a - bide with me!

185. Sun of My Soul.

John Kepler. Henry Monk.

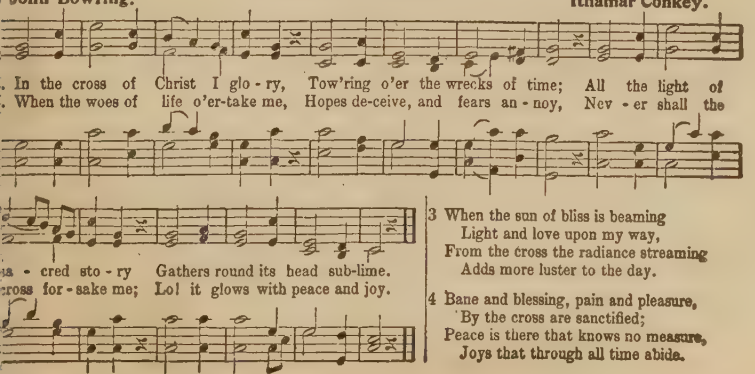

1. Sun of my soul, Thou Sav - ior dear, It is not night if Thou be near; O may no
2. When the soft dews of kind - ly sleep My wea-ried eye - lids gen - tly steep, Be my last
earth-born cloud a - rise To hide Thee from Thy servant's eye.
thought, how sweet to rest For-ev-er on my Sav-ior's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For with-out Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 Be near to bless me when I wake,
Ere thro' the world my way I take,
Abide with me till in Thy love
I lose myself in heaven above.

186. In the Cross.

John Bowring. Ithamar Conkey.

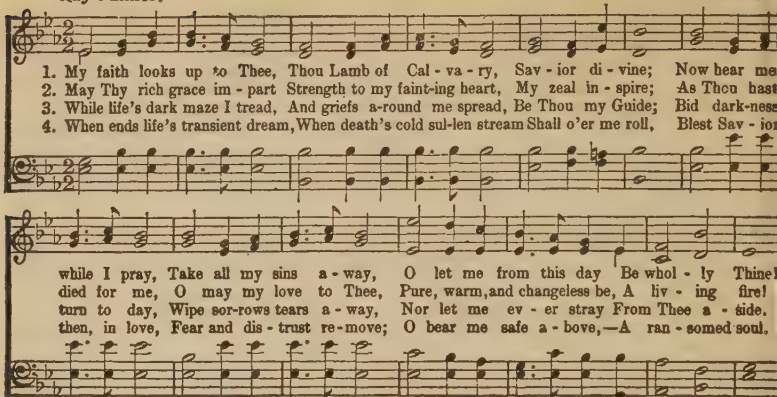

1. In the cross of Christ I glo - ry, Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time; All the light of
2. When the woes of life o'er-take me, Hopes de-ceive, and fears an - noy, Nev - er shall the
a - cred sto - ry Gathers round its head sub-lime.
cross for - sake me; Lo! it glows with peace and joy.

3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more luster to the day.

4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

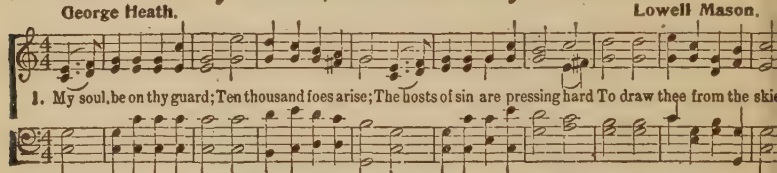
No. 187. My Faith Looks Up to Thee.

Ray Palmer. Lowell Mason.


1. My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of Cal - va - ry, Sav - ior di - vine; Now hear me
2. May Thy rich grace im - part Strength to my faint-ing heart, My zeal in - spire; As Thou hast
3. While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-round me spread, Be Thou my Guide; Bid dark-ness
4. When ends life's transient dream, When death's cold sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll, Blest Sav - ior
while I pray, Take all my sins a - way, O let me from this day Be whol - ly Thine!
died for me, O may my love to Thee, Pure, warm, and changeless be, A liv - ing fire!
turn to day, Wipe sor-rows tears a - way, Nor let me ev - er stray From Thee a - side.
then, in love, Fear and dis - trust re - move; O bear me safe a - bove,—A ran - somed soul.

No. 188. My Soul, Be on Thy Guard.

George Heath. Lowell Mason.



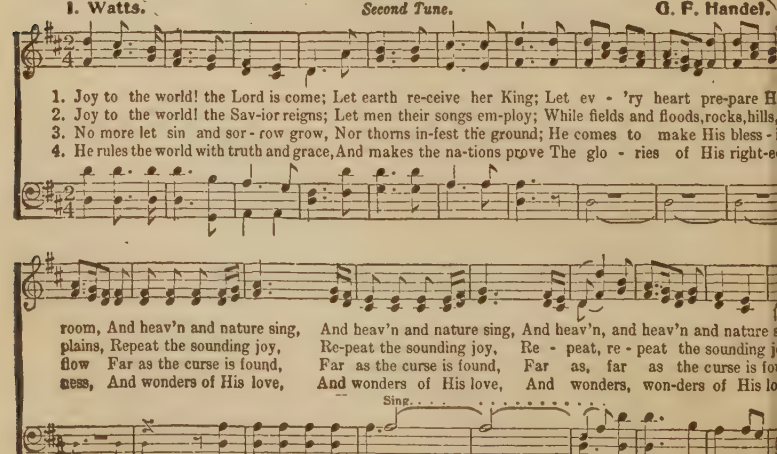
2 O watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
Nor lay thine armor down:
The work of faith will not be done,
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
Shall bring thee to thy God:
He'll take thee, at thy parting
To His divine abode. [brea

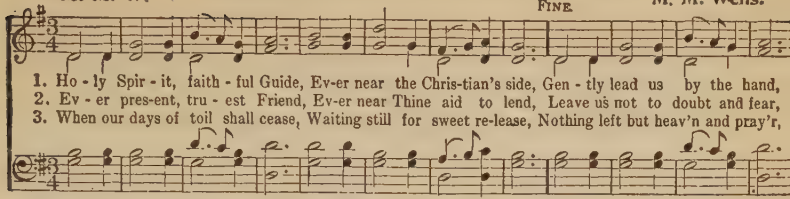
No 189. Joy to the World.

I. Watts. *Second Tune.* G. F. Handel.

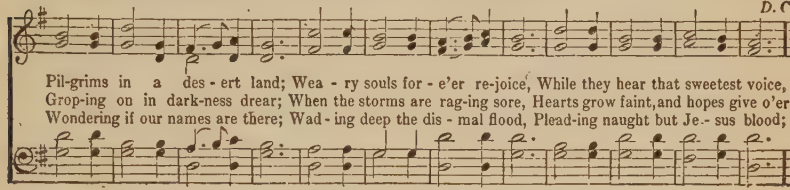

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre-pare H
2. Joy to the world! the Sav-ior reigns; Let men their songs em-ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills,
3. No more let sin and sor - row grow, Nor thorns in-fest the ground; He comes to make His bless -
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the na-tions prove The glo - ries of His right-e
room, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n and nature sing, And heav'n, and heav'n and nature
plains, Repeat the sounding joy, Re-peat the sounding joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sounding
flow Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is found, Far as, far as the curse is fo
ness, And wonders of His love, And wonders of His love, And wonders, won-ders of His lo
Sing.
And heav'n and na - ture sing, And heav'n and na - ture sing.

No. 190. Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide.

M. M. W. FINE M. M. Wells.

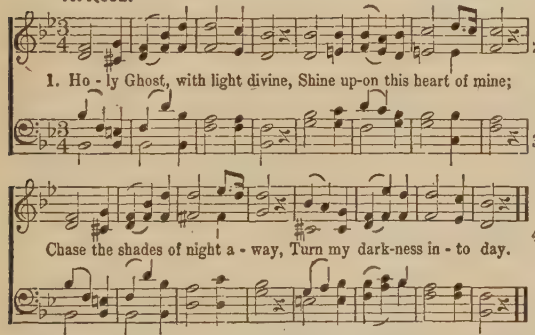

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev-er near the Chris-tian's side, Gen - tly lead us by the hand,
2. Ev - er pres-ent, tru - est Friend, Ev-er near Thine aid to lend, Leave us not to doubt and fear,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Waiting still for sweet re-lease, Nothing left but heav'n and pray'r,

D.C.—Whisper soft-ly, "Wand'rer, come, Follow me, I'll guide thee home."


D. C
Pil-grims in a des - ert land; Wea - ry souls for - e'er re-joice, While they hear that sweetest voice,
Grop-ing on in dark-ness drear; When the storms are rag-ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er
Wondering if our names are there; Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead-ing naught but Je - sus blood;

No. 191. Holy Ghost, with Light Divine.

A. Reed. Gottschalk.



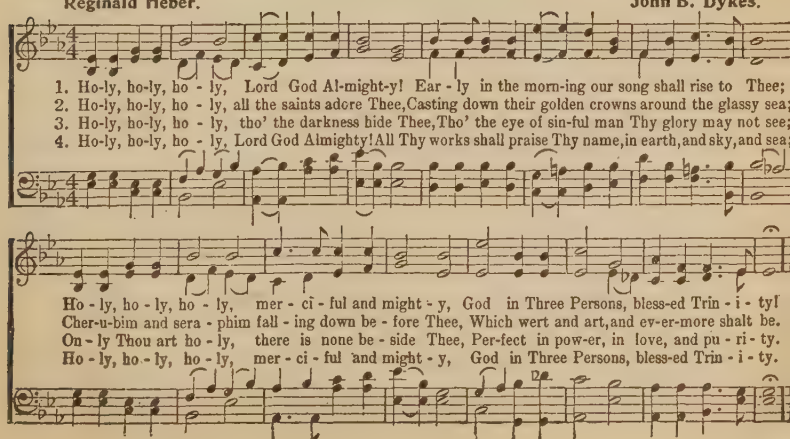
2 Holy Ghost, with pow'r divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine,
Long hath sin without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

3 Holy Ghost, with joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine;
Bid my many woes depart,
Heal my wounded, bleeding heart.

4 Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine;
Cast down ev'ry idol throne,
Reign supreme—and reign alone.

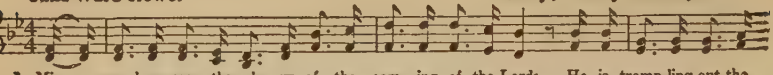
No. 192. Holy, Holy, Holy.

Reginald Heber. John B. Dykes.

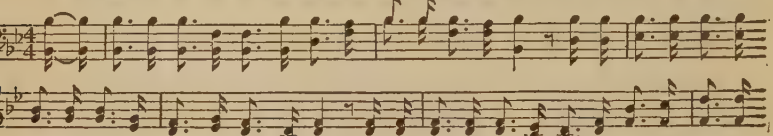

1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Al-might-y! Ear - ly in the morn-ing our song shall rise to Thee;
2. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, all the saints adore Thee, Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
3. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, tho' the darkness hide Thee, Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glory may not see;
4. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, Lord God Almighty! All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty!
Cher-u-bim and sera - phim fall - ing down be - fore Thee, Which wert and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
On - ly Thou art ho - ly, there is none be - side Thee, Per-fect in pow-er, in love, and pu - ri - ty.
Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly, mer - ci - ful and might - y, God in Three Persons, bless-ed Trin - i - ty.

lo. 193. Battle Hymn of the Republic.

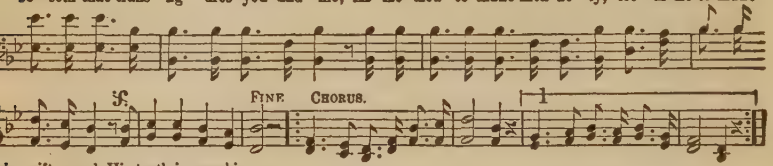
Julia Ward Howe. Melody, "Glory Hallelujah."



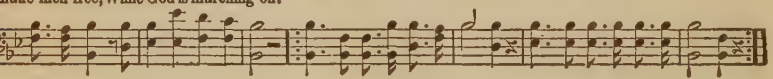
1. Mine eyes have seen the glo - ry of the com - ing of the Lord; He is tramp-ling out the
2. I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hun-dred cir-cling camps; They have builded Him an
3. He has sound-ed forth the trump-et that shall nev - er call re - treat; He is sift - ing out the
4. In the beau - ty of the lil - ies, Christ was born a - cross the sea, With a glo - ry in His



vin-tage where the grapes of wrath are stored; He hath loosed the fate-ful light-ning of His ter - ri-
al - tar in the eve - ning dews and damps; I can read His right-eous sentence by the dim and
hearts of men be - fore His judg-ment seat; O be swift, my soul, to an - swer Him! be ju - bi-
bo - som that trans - fig - ures you and me; As He died to make men ho - ly, let us die to make

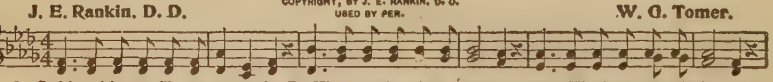


ble swift sword; His truth is marching on.
dar - ing lamps, His day is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! Glo-ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu - jah!
ant my feet, Our God is marching on. } Glo - ry! glo-ry, hal-le - lu-jah! (*D.S.2d time.*)
make men free, While God is marching on.

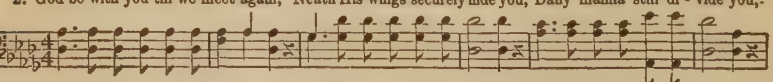


lo. 194. God Be With You.

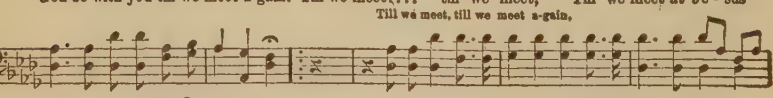
J. E. Rankin, D. D. COPYRIGHT, BY J. E. RANKIN, D. D. USED BY PER. W. G. Tomer.



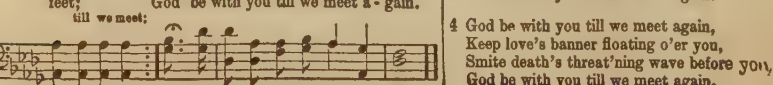
1. God be with you till we meet again, By His counsels guide, uphold you, With His sheep securely fold you,
2. God be with you till we meet again, 'Neath His wings securely hide you, Daily manna still di - vide you,



God be with you till we meet a-gain. Till we meet,... till we meet, Till we meet at Je - sus'
Till we meet, till we meet a-gain,



feet; God be with you till we meet a - gain.
till we meet;

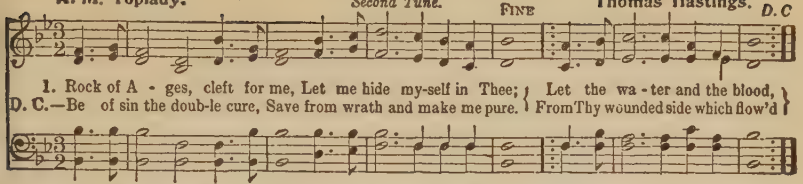


3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put His arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
God be with you till we meet again.

No. 195. Rock of Ages.

A. M. Toplady. *Second Tune.* FINE Thomas Hastings. D.C


1. Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my-self in Thee;
D. C.—Be of sin the doub-le cure, Save from wrath and make me pure.
Let the wa - ter and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd

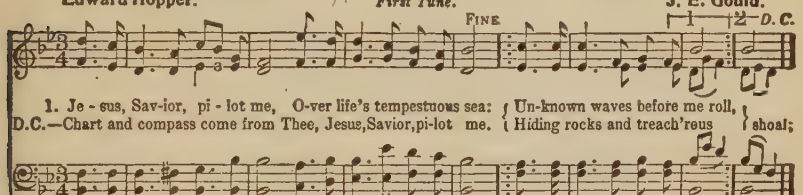
1 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From thy wounded side which flow'd
Be of sin the double cure,
Save from wrath and make me pure.

2 Could my tears forever flow,
Could my zeal no languor know,
These for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone:
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne,
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

No. 196. Jesus, Savior, Pilot Me.

Edward Hopper. *First Tune.* FINE J. E. Gould. 1 2—D. C.


1. Je - sus, Sav-ior, pi - lot me, O-ver life's tempestuous sea:
D.C.—Chart and compass come from Thee, Jesus, Savior, pi-lot me.
Un-known waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'reus shoal;

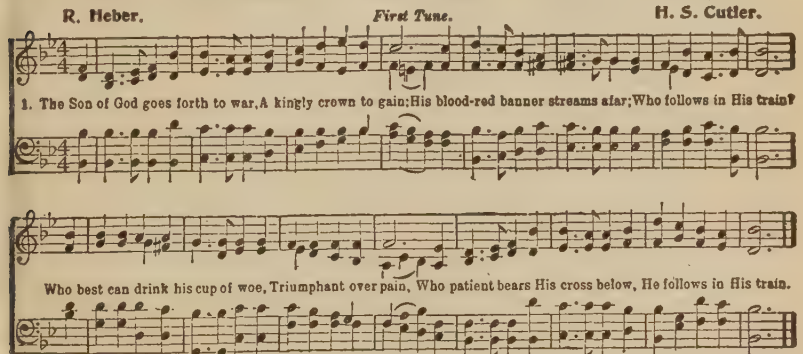
1 Jesus, Savior, pilot me,
Over life's tempestuous sea:
Unknown waves before me roll,
Hiding rocks and treach'rous shoal;
Chart and compass come from Thee
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

2 As a mother stills her child,
Thou canst hush the ocean wild;
Boisterous waves, obey Thy will
When Thou say'st to them "Be still!"
Wondrous Sovereign of the sea,
Jesus, Savior, pilot me.

3 When at last I near the shore,
And the fearful breakers roar
'Twix me and the peaceful rest,
Then, while leaning on Thy breast,
May I hear Thee say to me,
"Fear not, I will pilot thee."

No. 197. The Son of God Goes Forth to War.

R. Heber. *First Tune.* H. S. Cutler.


1. The Son of God goes forth to war, A kingly crown to gain: His blood-red banner streams afar; Who follows in His train?
Who best can drink his cup of woe, Triumphant over pain, Who patient bears His cross below, He follows in His train.

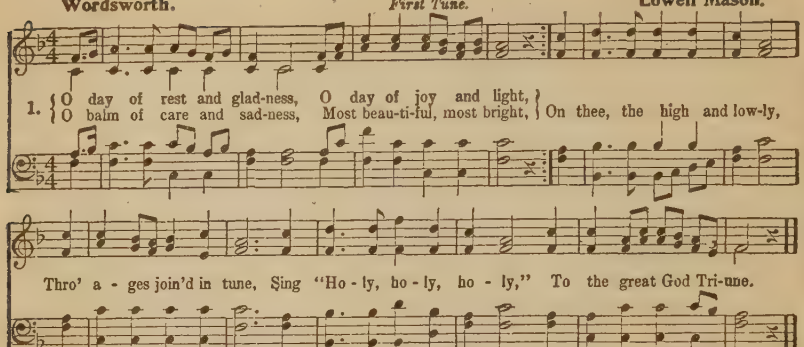
2 That martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave;
Who saw His Master in the sky;
And called on Him to save.
Like Him, with pardon on His tongue
In midst of mortal pain, [wrong,
He pray'd for them that did the
Who follows in His train?

3 A noble band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came; [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame.
They met the tyrant's brandish'd
The lion's gory mane; [steel,
They bowed their heads the stroke
Who follows in their train? [to feel,

4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Savior's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed;
They climbed the steep ascent of
Thro' peril, toil, and pain, [heav'n,
O God, to us may grace be giv'n,
To follow in their train.

No. 198. O Day of Rest and Gladness.

Wordsworth. *First Tune.* Lowell Mason.


1. O day of rest and glad-ness, O day of joy and light,
O balm of care and sad-ness, Most beau-ti-ful, most bright, On thee, the high and low-ly,
Thro' a - ges join'd in tune, Sing "Ho - ly, ho - ly, ho - ly," To the great God Tri-une.

2 On thee, at the creation,
The light first had its birth;
On thee, for our salvation,
Christ rose from depths of earth
On thee, our Lord, victorious,
The Spirit sent from heaven;
And thus on thee, most glorious,
A triple light was given.

3 To-day on weary nations
The heavenly manna falls;
To holy convocations
The silver trumpet calls,
Where gospel light is glowing
With pure and radiant beams,
And living water flowing
With soul-refreshing streams.

4 New graces ever gaining
From this our day of rest,
We reach the rest remaining
To spirits of the blest;
To Holy Ghost be praises,
To Father, and to Son;
The church her voice upraises
To thee, blest Three in One.

No. 199. In Heavenly Love Abiding.

First or Second Tune.

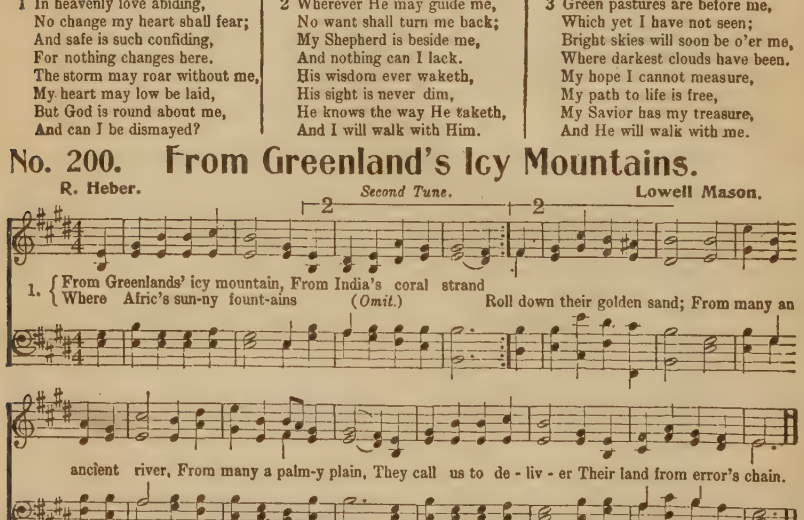
1 In heavenly love abiding,
No change my heart shall fear;
And safe is such confiding,
For nothing changes here.
The storm may roar without me,
My heart may low be laid,
But God is round about me,
And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever He may guide me,
No want shall turn me back;
My Shepherd is beside me,
And nothing can I lack.
His wisdom ever waketh,
His sight is never dim,
He knows the way He taketh,
And I will walk with Him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
Which yet I have not seen;
Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
Where darkest clouds have been.
My hope I cannot measure,
My path to life is free,
My Savior has my treasure,
And He will walk with me.

No. 200. From Greenland's Icy Mountains.

R. Heber. *Second Tune.* Lowell Mason.


2 2
1. From Greenlands' icy mountain, From India's coral strand
Where Afric's sun-ny fount-ains (*Omit.*) Roll down their golden sand; From many an
ancient river, From many a palm-y plain, They call us to de - liv - er Their land from error's chain.

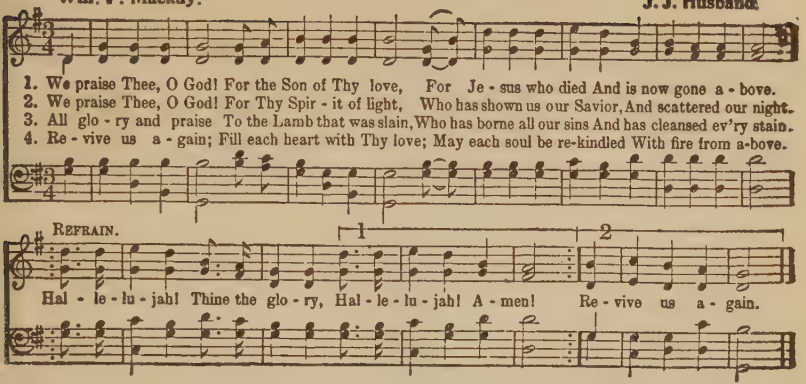
2 What tho' the spicy breezes,
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle;
Tho' every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile?
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The heathen in his blindness,
Bow down to wood and stone.

3 Shall we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Shall we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! O salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learned Messiah's name.

4 Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransomed nature
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bliss returns to reign.

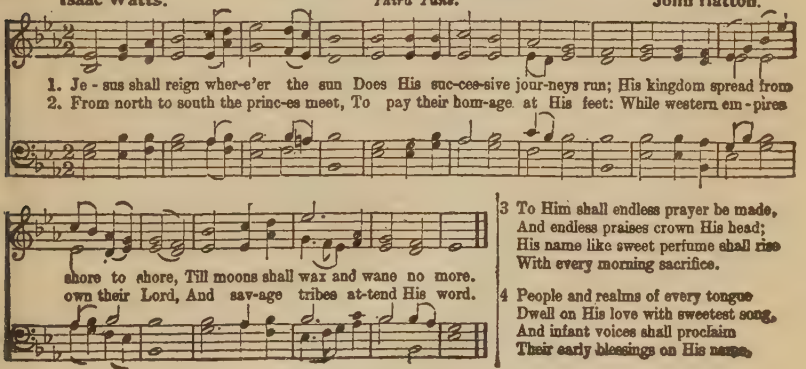
No. 201. Revive Us Again.

Wm. P. Mackay. J. J. Husband.


1. We praise Thee, O God! For the Son of Thy love, For Je - sus who died And is now gone a - bove.
2. We praise Thee, O God! For Thy Spir - it of light, Who has shown us our Savior, And scattered our night.
3. All glo - ry and praise To the Lamb that was slain, Who has borne all our sins And has cleansed ev'ry stain.
4. Re - vive us a - gain; Fill each heart with Thy love; May each soul be re-kindled With fire from a-bove.
Refrain.
1
2
Hal - le - lu - jah! Thine the glo - ry, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men! Re - vive us a - gain.

No. 202. Jesus Shall Reign.

Isaac Watts. *Third Tune.* John Hatton.

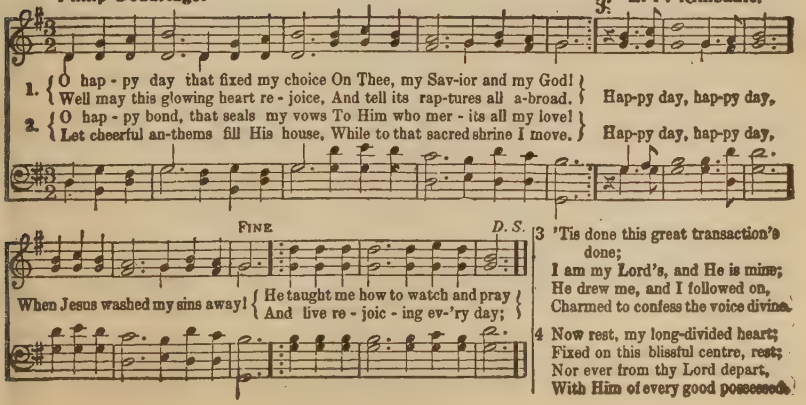

1. Je - sus shall reign wher-e'er the sun Does His suc-ces-sive jour-neys run; His kingdom spread from
2. From north to south the princ-es meet, To pay their hom-age at His feet: While western em - pires
shore to shore, Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
own their Lord, And sav-age tribes at-tend His word.

3 To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And endless praises crown His head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

4 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

No. 203. O Happy Day.

Philip Doddridge. E. F. Rimbault.

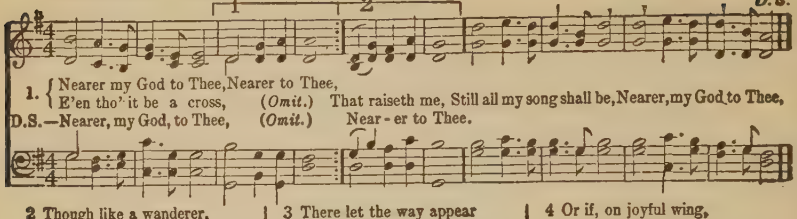

1. O hap - py day that fixed my choice On Thee, my Sav-ior and my God!
Well may this glowing heart re - joice, And tell its rap-tures all a-broad.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
2. O hap - py bond, that seals my vows To Him who mer - its all my love!
Let cheerful an-thems fill His house, While to that sacred shrine I move.
Hap-py day, hap-py day,
Fine
D. S.
When Jesus washed my sins away!
He taught me how to watch and pray
And live re - joic - ing ev-'ry day;

3 'Tis done this great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and He is mine;
He drew me, and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 Now rest, my long-divided heart;
Fixed on this blissful centre, rest;
Nor ever from thy Lord depart,
With Him of every good possessed.

No. 204. Nearer, My God, to Thee.

Mrs. Sarah F. Adams. *Second Tune.* D.S.


1. Nearer my God to Thee, Nearer to Thee,
E'en tho' it be a cross, (*Omit.*) That raiseth me, Still all my song shall be, Nearer, my God, to Thee,
D.S.—Nearer, my God, to Thee, (*Omit.*) Near - er to Thee.

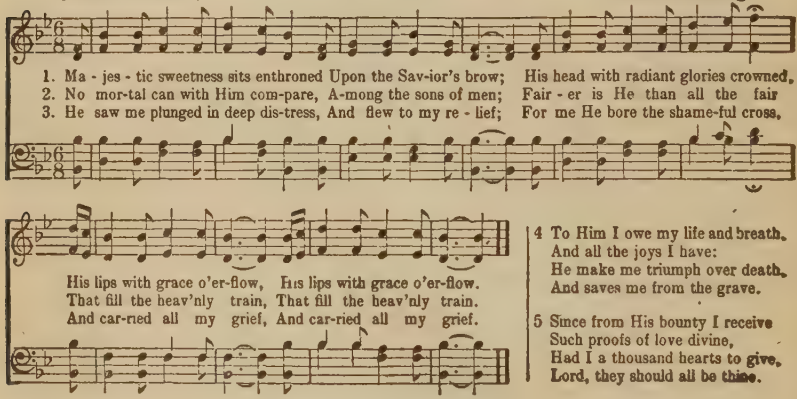
2 Though like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

3 There let the way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me,
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee;
Nearer to Thee!

4 Or if, on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly,
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to Thee,
Nearer to Thee!

No. 205. Majestic Sweetness Sits Enthroned,

Samuel Stennett. Thomas Hastings.

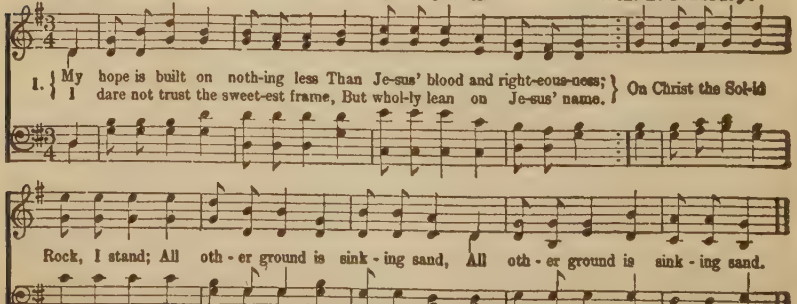

1. Ma - jes - tic sweetness sits enthroned Upon the Sav-ior's brow; His head with radiant glories crowned,
2. No mor-tal can with Him com-pare, A-mong the sons of men; Fair - er is He than all the fair
3. He saw me plunged in deep dis-tress, And flew to my re - lief; For me He bore the shame-ful cross,
His lips with grace o'er-flow, His lips with grace o'er-flow.
That fill the heav'nly train, That fill the heav'nly train.
And car-ried all my grief, And car-ried all my grief.

4 To Him I owe my life and breath,
And all the joys I have:
He make me triumph over death,
And saves me from the grave.

5 Since from His bounty I receive
Such proofs of love divine,
Had I a thousand hearts to give,
Lord, they should all be thine.

No. 206. The Solid Rock.

Rev. Edward Mote. BY PER. OF THE BIGLOW & MAIN CO. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. My hope is built on noth-ing less Than Je-sus' blood and right-eous-ness;
I dare not trust the sweet-est frame, But whol-ly lean on Je-sus' name.
On Christ the Sol-id
Rock, I stand; All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

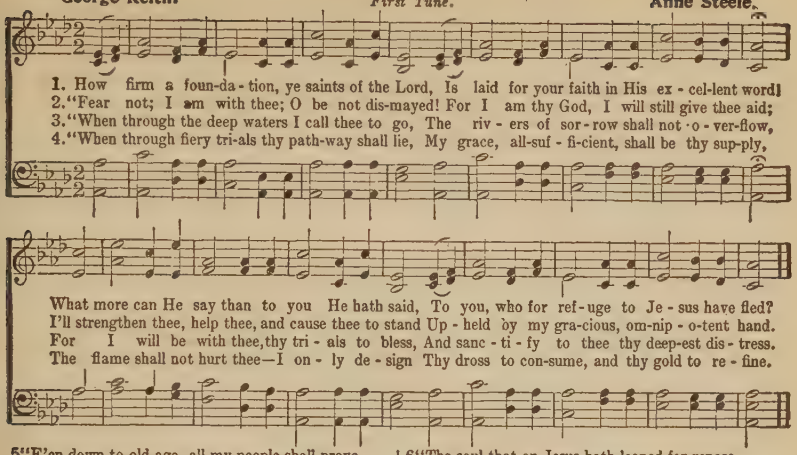
2 When darkness veils His lovely face
I rest on His unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the vail.

3 His oath, His covenant, His blood
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.

4 When He shall come with trumpet sound
O may I then in Him be found,
Drest in His righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

No. 207. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *First Tune.* Anne Steele.


1. How firm a foun-da-tion, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His ex-cel-lent word!
2. "Fear not; I am with thee; O be not dis-mayed! For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid;
3. "When through the deep waters I call thee to go, The riv-ers of sor-row shall not o-ver-flow,
4. "When through fiery tri-als thy path-way shall lie, My grace, all-suf-fi-cient, shall be thy sup-ply,
What more can He say than to you He hath said, To you, who for ref-uge to Je-sus have fled?
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand Up-held by my gra-cious, om-nip-o-tent hand.
For I will be with thee, thy tri-als to bless, And sanc-ti-fy to thee thy deep-est dis-tress.
The flame shall not hurt thee—I on-ly de-sign Thy dross to con-sume, and thy gold to re-fine.

5 "E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be borne.

6 "The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never, no, never, no, never forsake."

No. 208. My Shepherd.

First or Second Tune.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest;
He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wand'ring, redeems when oppress'd.

2 Thro' the valley and shadow of death tho' I stray,
Since Thou art my Guardian, no evil I fear;
Thy rod shall defend me, Thy staff be my stay;
No harm can befall with my Comforter near.

3 In the midst of affliction my table is spread;
With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er;
With perfume and oil Thou annointest my head;
O what shall I ask of Thy providence more?

4 Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
Still follow my steps till I meet Thee above.
I seek by the path which my fore-fathers trod,
Thro' the land of their sojourn, Thy kingdom of love.

No. 209. Delay Not.

First or Second Tune.

1 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near,
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded, the Savior is here,
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

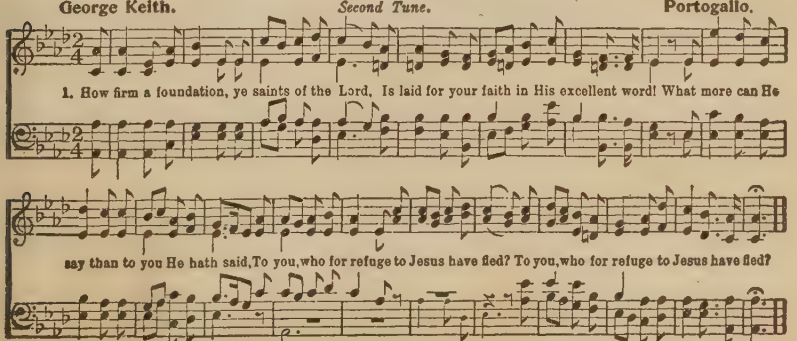
2 Delay not, delay not, why longer abuse
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy God?
A fountain is open, how canst thou refuse
To wash and be cleansed in His pardoning blood?

3 Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee today:
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message, unheeded, will soon pass away.

4 Delay not, delay not, the Spirit of grace
Long grieved and resisted, may take his sad flight,
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy race,
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

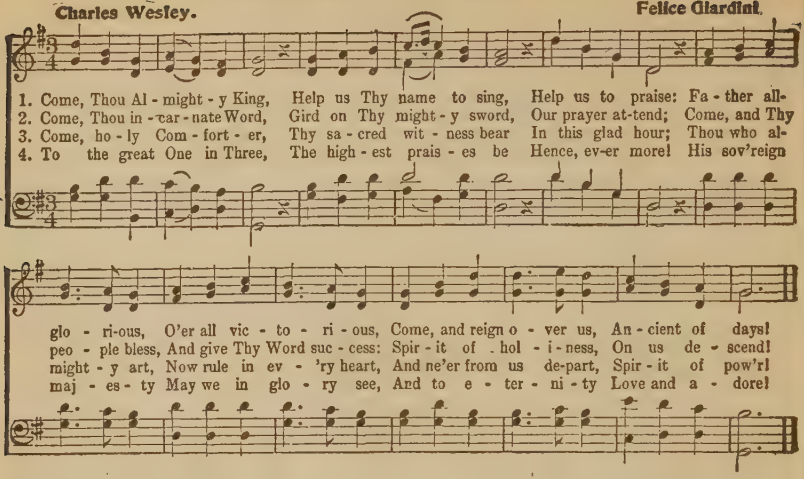
No. 210. How Firm a Foundation.

George Keith. *Second Tune.* Portogallo.


1. How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord, Is laid for your faith in His excellent word! What more can He
say than to you He hath said, To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled? To you, who for refuge to Jesus have fled?

No. 211. Come, Thou Almighty King.

Charles Wesley. Felice Giardini.


1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing, Help us to praise: Fa - ther all-
2. Come, Thou in - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword, Our prayer at-tend; Come, and Thy
3. Come, ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear In this glad hour; Thou who al-
4. To the great One in Three, The high - est prais - es be Hence, ev-er more! His sov'reign
glo - ri-ous, O'er all vic - to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of days!
peo - ple bless, And give Thy Word suc - cess: Spir - it of hol - i - ness, On us de - scend!
might - y art, Now rule in ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de-part, Spir - it of pow'r!
maj - es - ty May we in glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty Love and a - dore!

No. 212. O Worship.

Tune Lyons.

1 O worship the King all glorious above,
And gratefully sing His wonderful love;
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

2 O tell of His might, and sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath the deep thunderclouds form,
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.

3 Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite?
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
It streams from the hills, it descends to the plain,
And sweetly distills in the dew and the rain.

4 Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust, nor find Thee to fail;
Thy mercies how tender! how firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend.

No 213. Ye Servants.

Tune Lyons.

1 Ye servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful name;
The name all victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious: He rules over all.

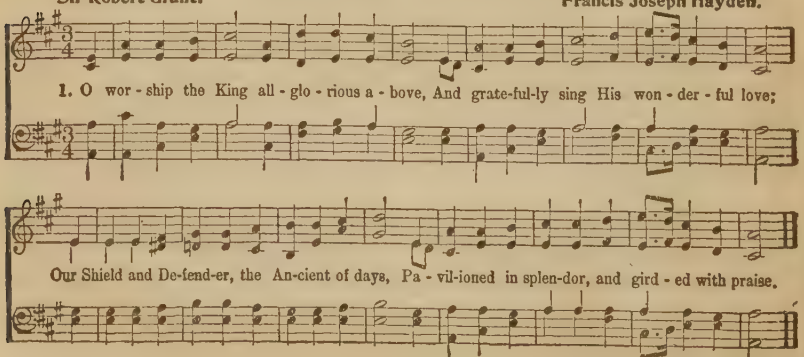
2 God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh: His presence we have;
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus, our King.

3 "Salvation to God, who sits on the throne,"
Let all cry aloud, and honor the Son,
The praises of Jesus the angels proclaim,
Fall down on their faces, and worship the Lamb.

4 Then let us adore, and give Him His right—
All glory and power, and wisdom and might;
All honor and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never ceasing, for infinite love.

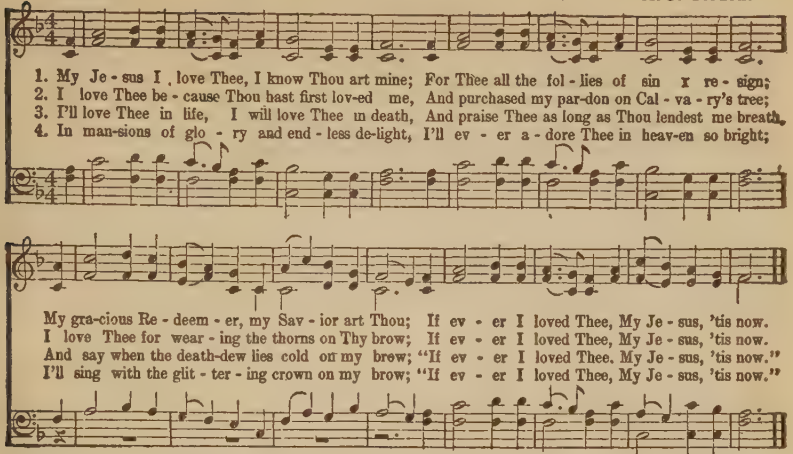
No. 214. Lyons. 10s, 11s,

Sir Robert Grant. Francis Joseph Hayden.


1. O wor - ship the King all - glo - rious a - bove, And grate-ful-ly sing His won - der - ful love;
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of days, Pa - vil-ioned in splen-dor, and gird - ed with praise.

No. 215. My Jesus I Love Thee.

English. *First Tune.* A. J. Gordon.


1. My Je - sus I love Thee, I know Thou art mine; For Thee all the fol - lies of sin I re - sign;
2. I love Thee be - cause Thou hast first lov-ed me, And purchased my par-don on Cal - va - ry's tree;
3. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as long as Thou lendest me breath.
4. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de-light, I'll ev - er a - dore Thee in heav-en so bright;
My gra-cious Re - deem - er, my Sav - ior art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
I love Thee for wear - ing the thorns on Thy brow; If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now.
And say when the death-dew lies cold on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee. My Je - sus, 'tis now."
I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing crown on my brow; "If ev - er I loved Thee, My Je - sus, 'tis now."

No. 216. O Turn Ye.

First or Second Tune.

1 O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die,
When God in great mercy is coming so nigh?
Now Jesus invites you, the Spirit says, "Come,"
And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

2 And now Christ is ready your souls to receive,
O how can you question, if you will believe?
If sin is your burden, why will you not come?
'Tis you He bids welcome; He bids you come home.

3 In riches, in pleasures, what can you obtain,
To soothe your affliction, or banish your pain?
To bear up your spirit when summoned to die,
Or waft you to mansions of glory on high?

4 Why will you be starving, and feeding on air?
There's mercy in Jesus, enough and to spare;
If still you are doubting, make trial and see,
And prove that His mercy is boundless and free.

No. 217. Look to Jesus.

First or Second Tune.

1 O eyes that are weary, and hearts that are sore,
Look off unto Jesus, now sorrow no more;
The light of His countenance shineth so bright,
That here, as in Heaven, there need be no night.

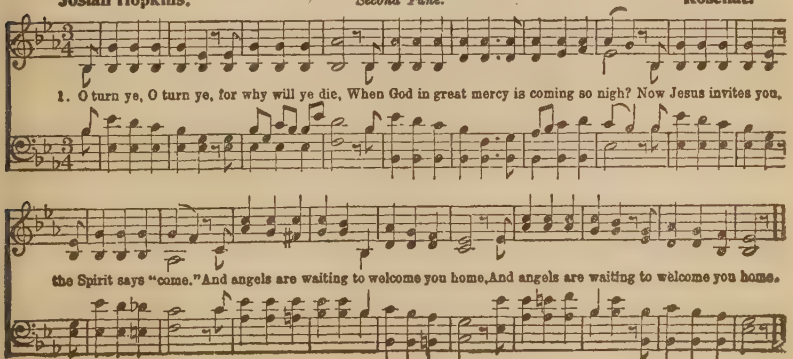
2 While looking to Jesus, my heart cannot fear,
I tremble no more when I see Jesus near,
I know that His presence my safe-guard will be,
For, "Why are ye troubled?" He saith unto me.

3 Still looking to Jesus, oh, may I be found,
When Jordan's dark waters encompass me round;
They bear me away in His presence to be
I see Him still nearer whom always I see.

4 Then, then shall I know the full beauty and grace
Of Jesus, my Lord, when I stand face to face
Shall know how His love went before me each day,
And wonder that ever my eyes turned away.

No. 218. Expostulation.

Josiah Hopkins. *Second Tune.* Koschat.

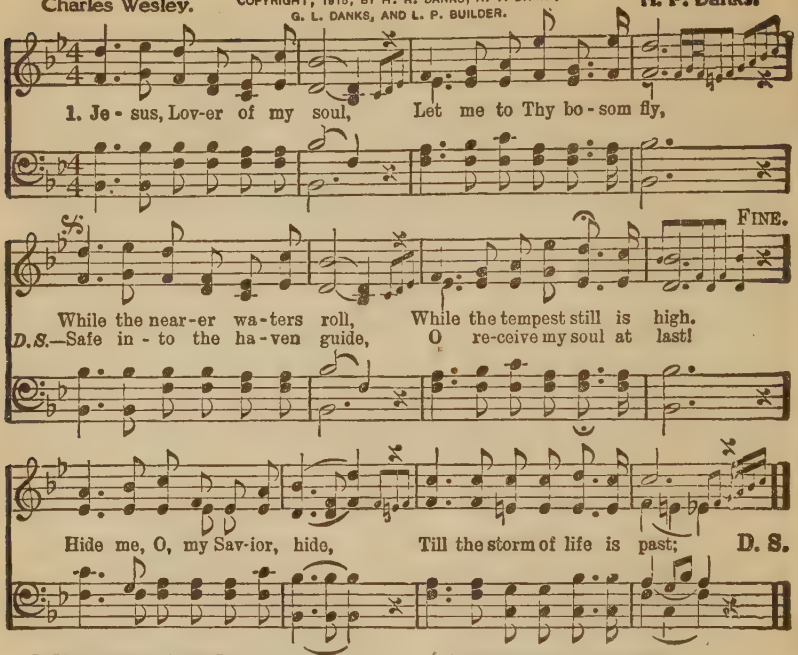

1. O turn ye, O turn ye, for why will ye die, When God in great mercy is coming so nigh? Now Jesus invites you,
the Spirit says "come." And angels are waiting to welcome you home, And angels are waiting to welcome you home.

No. 219. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

Charles Wesley.

COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY H. R. DANKS, A. V. DANKS, G. L. DANKS, AND L. P. BUILDER.

H. P. Danks.


1. Je - sus, Lov-er of my soul, Let me to Thy bo - som fly,
While the near-er wa-ters roll, While the tempest still is high.
D.S.—Safe in - to the ha-ven guide, O re-ceive my soul at last!
FINE.
Hide me, O, my Sav-ior, hide, Till the storm of life is past;
D. S.

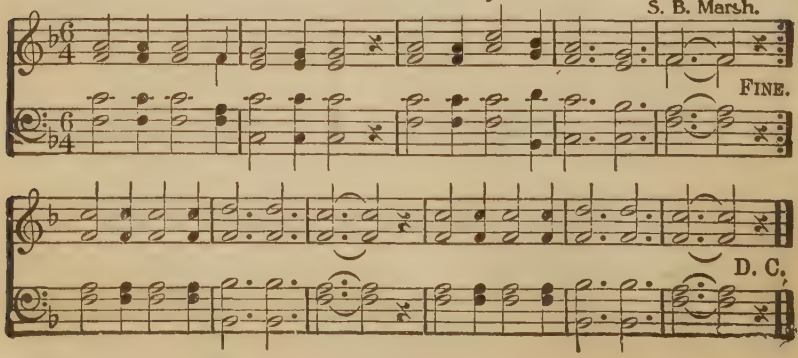
2 Other refuge have I none;
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, oh, leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me.
All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find;
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.
Just and holy is Thy name,
I am all unrighteousness;
Vile and full of sin I am,
Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cover all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound;
Make and keep me pure within.
Thou of life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity.

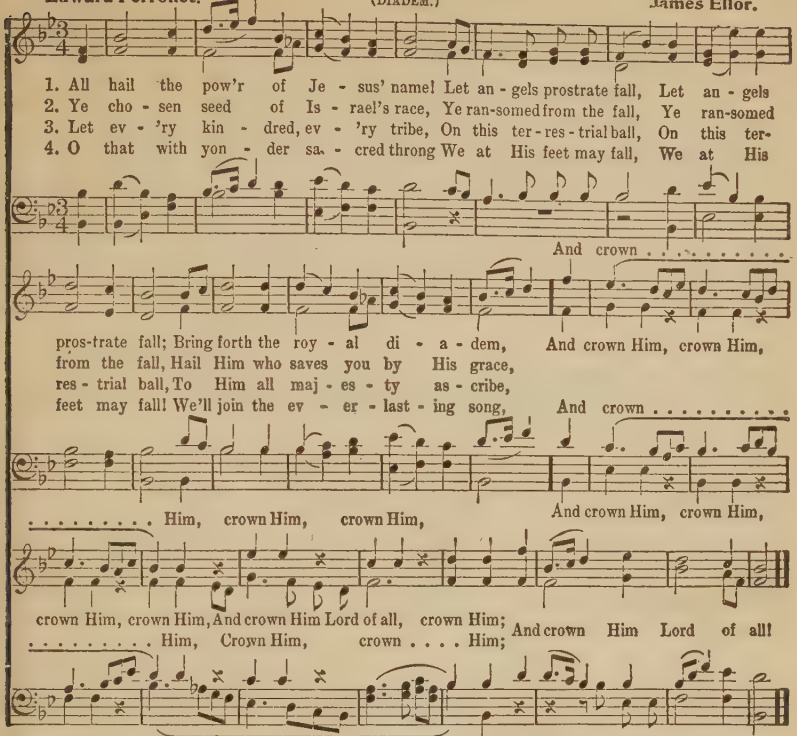
No. 220. Jesus, Lover of My Soul.

S. B. Marsh.



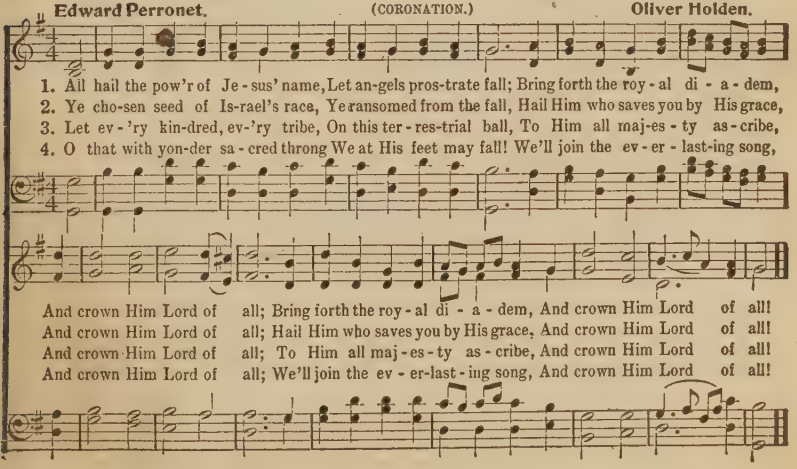
No. 221. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (DIADEM.) James Ellor.


1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name! Let an - gels prostrate fall, Let an - gels
2. Ye cho - sen seed of Is - rael's race, Ye ran-somed from the fall, Ye ran-somed
3. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball, On this ter-
4. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall, We at His
And crown . . . . . .
pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him, crown Him,
from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
res - trial ball, To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe,
feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown . . . . . .
. . . . . Him, crown Him, crown Him,
And crown Him, crown Him,
crown Him, crown Him, And crown Him Lord of all, crown Him;
. . . . . Him, Crown Him, crown . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!
crown Him Crown . . . . . Him;
And crown Him Lord of all!

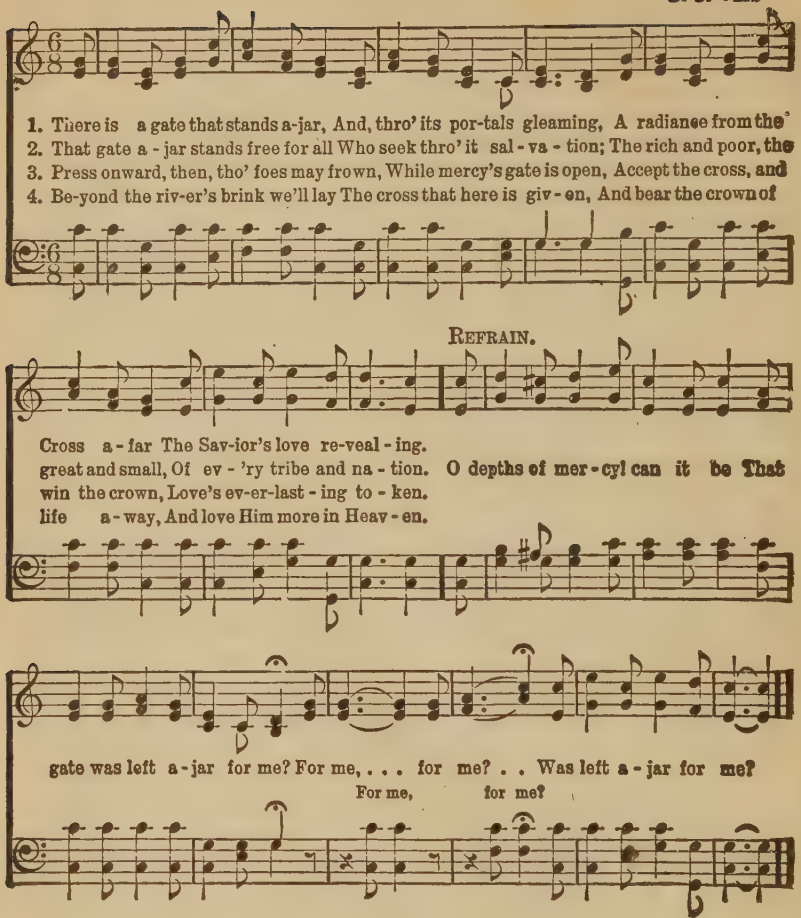
No. 222. All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name.

Edward Perronet. (CORONATION.) Oliver Holden.

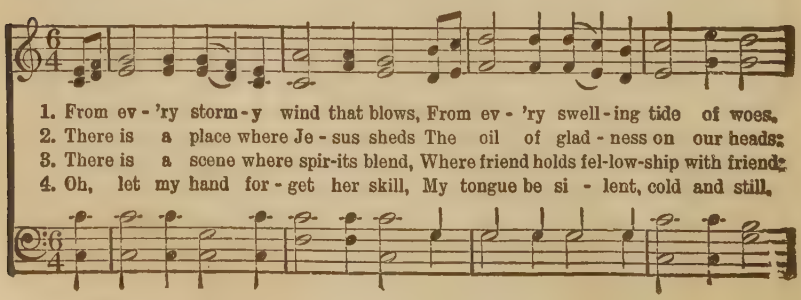

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an-gels pros-trate fall; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem,
2. Ye cho-sen seed of Is-rael's race, Ye ransomed from the fall, Hail Him who saves you by His grace,
3. Let ev - 'ry kin-dred, ev-'ry tribe, On this ter - res-trial ball, To Him all maj-es - ty as-cribe,
4. O that with yon-der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall! We'll join the ev - er - last-ing song,
And crown Him Lord of all; Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; Hail Him who saves you by His grace, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all!
And crown Him Lord of all; We'll join the ev - er-last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all!

No. 223. The Gate Ajar.

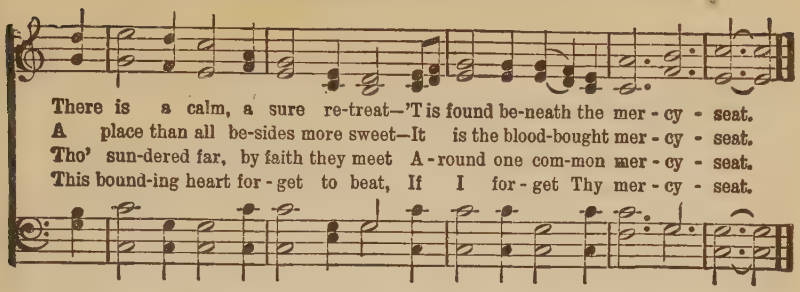
S. J. Vail.


1. There is a gate that stands a-jar, And, thro' its por-tals gleaming, A radiance from the
2. That gate a - jar stands free for all Who seek thro' it sal - va - tion; The rich and poor, the
3. Press onward, then, tho' foes may frown, While mercy's gate is open, Accept the cross, and
4. Be-yond the riv-er's brink we'll lay The cross that here is giv - en, And bear the crown of
REFRAIN.
Cross a - far The Sav-ior's love re-veal - ing.
great and small, Of ev - 'ry tribe and na - tion. O depths of mer - cy! can it be That
win the crown, Love's ev-er-last - ing to - ken.
life a - way, And love Him more in Heav - en.
gate was left a - jar for me? For me, . . . for me? . . Was left a - jar for me?
For me, for me?

No. 224. From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.

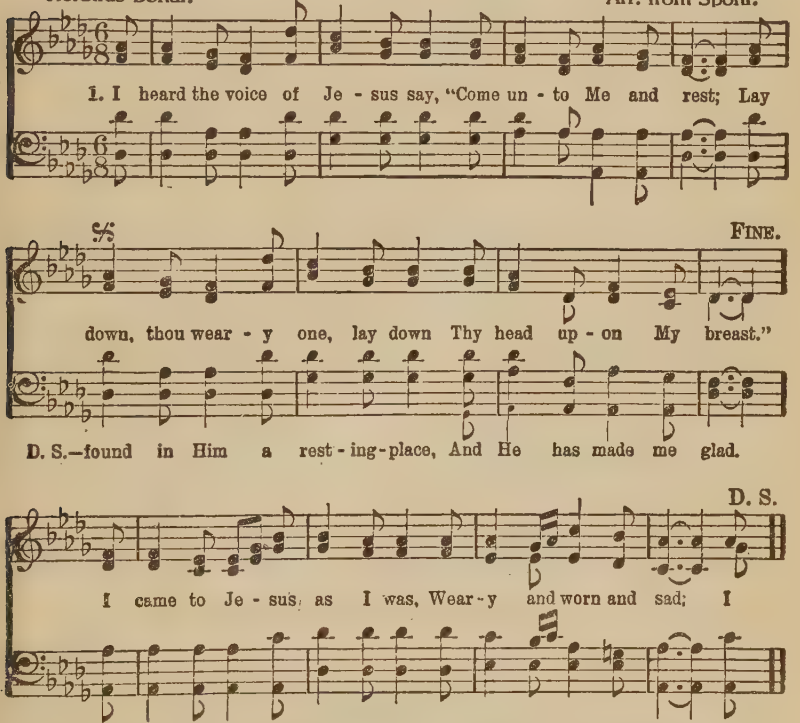

1. From ev - 'ry storm - y wind that blows, From ev - 'ry swell - ing tide of woes,
2. There is a place where Je - sus sheds The oil of glad - ness on our heads;
3. There is a scene where spir-its blend, Where friend holds fel-low-ship with friend;
4. Oh, let my hand for - get her skill, My tongue be si - lent, cold and still,

From Every Stormy Wind That Blows.


There is a calm, a sure re-treat—'T is found be-neath the mer - cy - seat.
A place than all be-sides more sweet—It is the blood-bought mer - cy - seat.
Tho' sun-dered far, by faith they meet A-round one com-mon mer - cy - seat.
This bound-ing heart for - get to beat, If I for - get Thy mer - cy - seat.

No. 225. I Heard the Voice of Jesus Say.

Horatius Bonar. Arr. from Spohr.

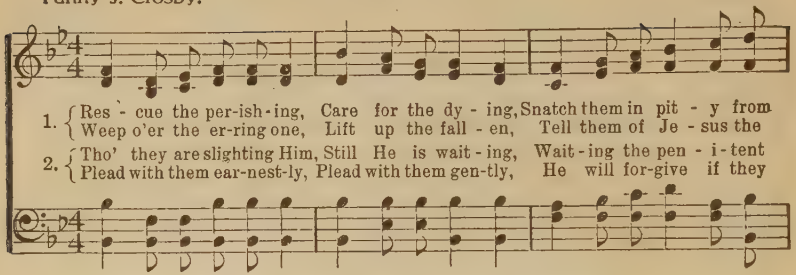

1. I heard the voice of Je - sus say, "Come un - to Me and rest; Lay
down, thou wear - y one, lay down Thy head up - on My breast."
FINE.
D. S.—found in Him a rest - ing-place, And He has made me glad.
D. S.
I came to Je - sus as I was, Wear - y and worn and sad; I

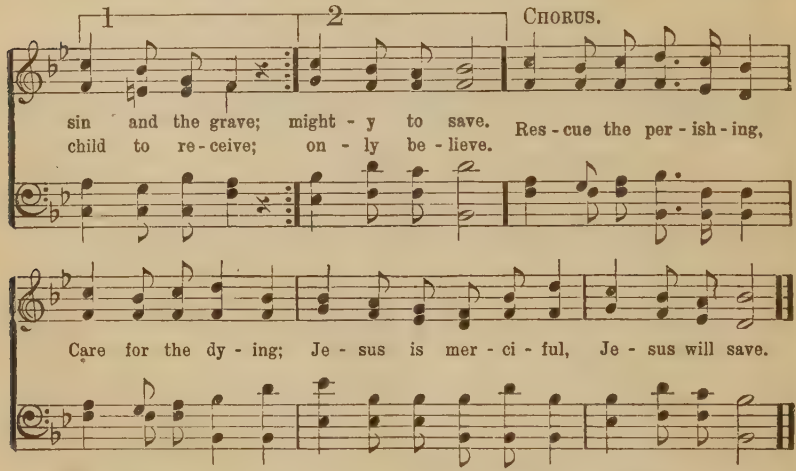
1 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water; thirsty one,
Stoop down, and drink and live."
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream:
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
And now I live in Him,

3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto Me; thy morn shall rise,
And all thy day be bright."
I looked to Jesus and I found
In Him my Star, my Sun:
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till all my journey's done.

No. 226. Rescue the Perishing.

Fanny J. Crosby. COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF W. H. DOANE. W. H. Doane.


1. Res - cue the per-ish-ing, Care for the dy - ing, Snatch them in pit - y from
Weep o'er the er-ring one, Lift up the fall - en, Tell them of Je - sus the
2. Tho' they are slighting Him, Still He is wait - ing, Wait - ing the pen - i - tent
Plead with them ear-nest-ly, Plead with them gen-tly, He will for-give if they

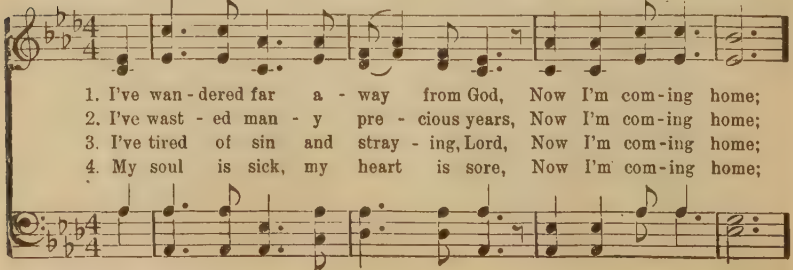

1
2
CHORUS.
sin and the grave; might - y to save.
child to re - ceive; on - ly be - lieve.
Res - cue the per - ish - ing,
Care for the dy - ing; Je - sus is mer - ci - ful, Je - sus will save.

3 Down in the human heart,
Crushed by the tempter,
Feelings lie buried that grace can restore;
Touched by a loving heart,
Wakened by kindness,
Chords that were broken will vibrate once more.

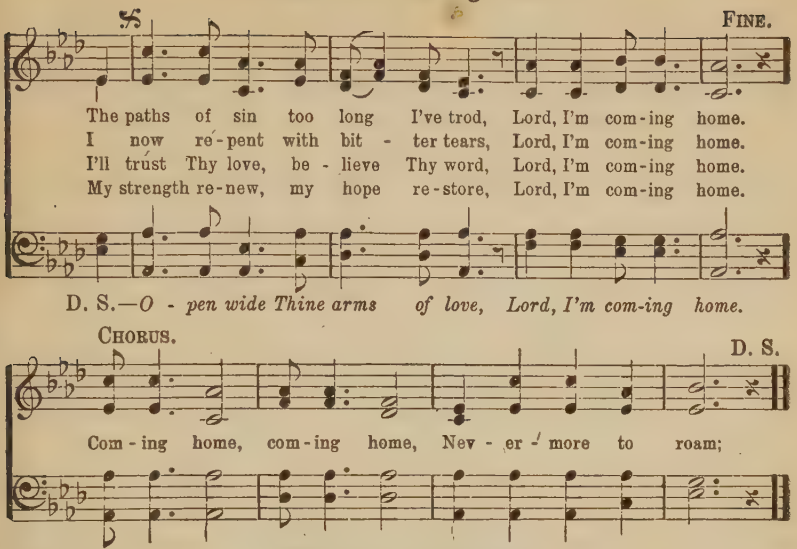
4 Rescue the perishing,
Duty demands it: [vide;
Strength for thy labor the Lord will pro-
Back to the narrow way
Patiently win them;
Tell the poor wand'rer a Savior has died.

No. 227. Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. COPYRIGHT, 1892, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

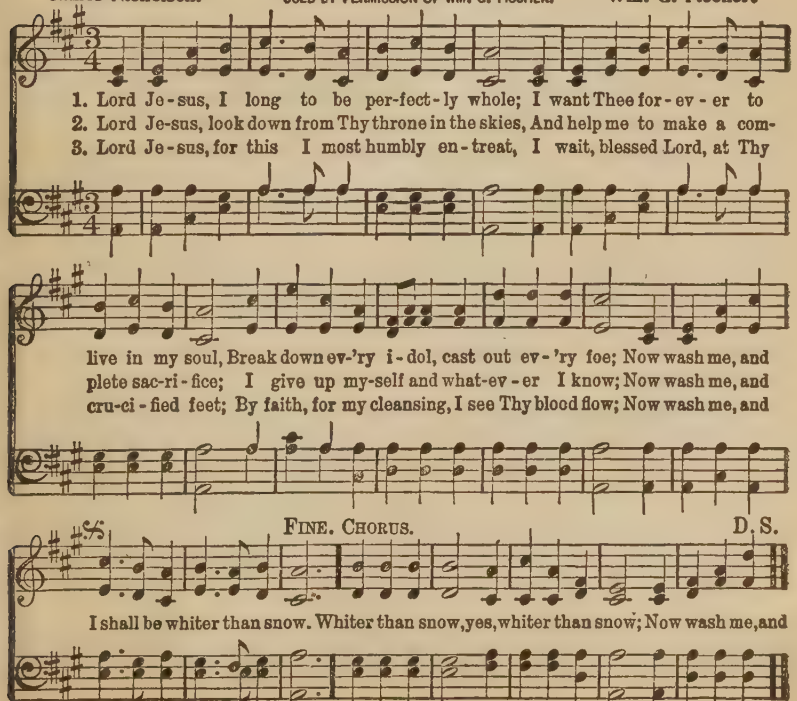

1. I've wan - dered far a - way from God, Now I'm com - ing home;
2. I've wast - ed man - y pre - cious years, Now I'm com - ing home;
3. I've tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm com - ing home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm com - ing home;

Lord, I'm Coming Home.


FINE.
The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I now re-pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
I'll trust Thy love, be - lieve Thy word, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
My strength re-new, my hope re-store, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
D. S.—O - pen wide Thine arms of love, Lord, I'm com-ing home.
CHORUS.
D. S.
Com - ing home, com-ing home, Nev - er more to roam;

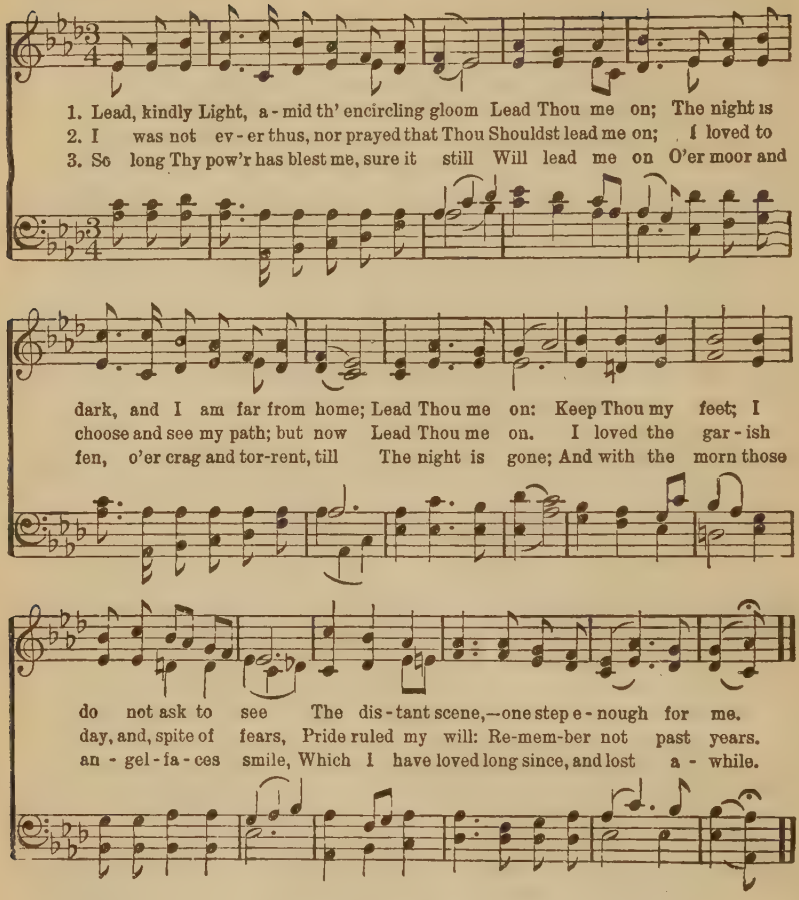
No. 228. Whiter Than Snow.

James Nicholson. USED BY PERMISSION OF WM. G. FISCHER. Wm. G. Fischer.


1. Lord Je-sus, I long to be per-fect-ly whole; I want Thee for-ev-er to
2. Lord Je-sus, look down from Thy throne in the skies, And help me to make a com-
3. Lord Je-sus, for this I most humbly en-treat, I wait, blessed Lord, at Thy
live in my soul, Break down ev-'ry i-dol, cast out ev-'ry foe; Now wash me, and
plete sac-ri-fice; I give up my-self and what-ev-er I know; Now wash me, and
cru-ci-fied feet; By faith, for my cleansing, I see Thy blood flow; Now wash me, and
FINE. CHORUS.
D. S.
I shall be whiter than snow. Whiter than snow, yes, whiter than snow; Now wash me, and

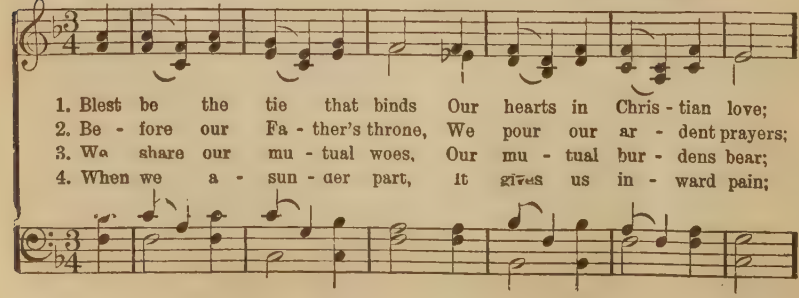
No. 229. Lead, Kindly Light.

J. H. Newman. J. B. Dykes.

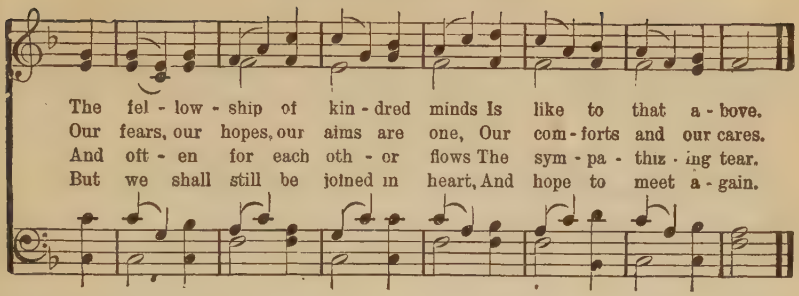

1. Lead, kindly Light, a - mid th' encircling gloom Lead Thou me on; The night is
2. I was not ev - er thus, nor prayed that Thou Shouldst lead me on; I loved to
3. So long Thy pow'r has blest me, sure it still Will lead me on O'er moor and
dark, and I am far from home; Lead Thou me on: Keep Thou my feet; I
choose and see my path; but now Lead Thou me on. I loved the gar - ish
fen, o'er crag and tor-rent, till The night is gone; And with the morn those
do not ask to see The dis - tant scene,—one step e - nough for me.
day, and, spite of fears, Pride ruled my will: Re-mem-ber not past years.
an - gel - fa - ces smile, Which I have loved long since, and lost a - while.

No. 230. Blest Be the Tie.

John Fawcett. Hans George Naegeli.


1. Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in Chris - tian love;
2. Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne, We pour our ar - dent prayers;
3. We share our mu - tual woes, Our mu - tual bur - dens bear;
4. When we a - sun - der part, it gives us in - ward pain;

Blest Be the Tie.

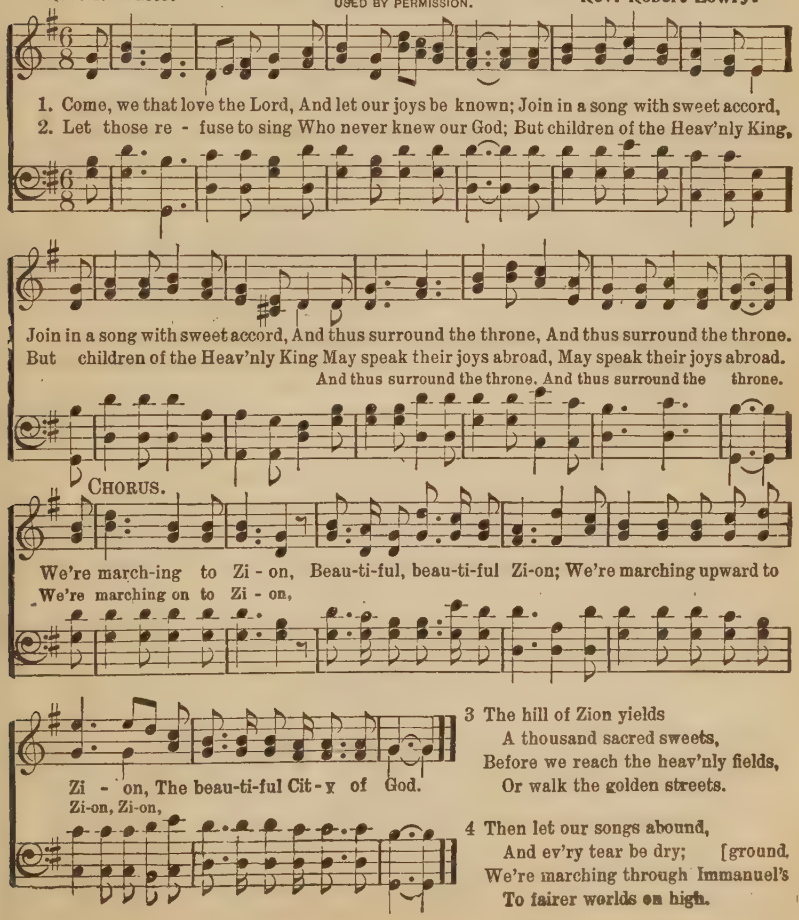

The fel - low - ship of kin - dred minds Is like to that a - bove.
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one, Our com - forts and our cares.
And oft - en for each oth - or flows The sym - pa - thiz - ing tear.
But we shall still be joined in heart, And hope to meet a - gain.

No. 231. We're Marching to Zion.

Rev. I. Watts.

COPYRIGHT PROPERTY OF MARY RUNYAN LOWRY. USED BY PERMISSION.

Rev. Robert Lowry.


1. Come, we that love the Lord, And let our joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord,
2. Let those re - fuse to sing Who never knew our God; But children of the Heav'nly King,
Join in a song with sweet accord, And thus surround the throne, And thus surround the throne.
But children of the Heav'nly King May speak their joys abroad, May speak their joys abroad.
And thus surround the throne. And thus surround the throne.
CHORUS.
We're march-ing to Zi - on, Beau-ti-ful, beau-ti-ful Zi-on; We're marching upward to
We're marching on to Zi - on,
Zi - on, The beau-ti-ful Cit - y of God.
Zi-on, Zi-on,

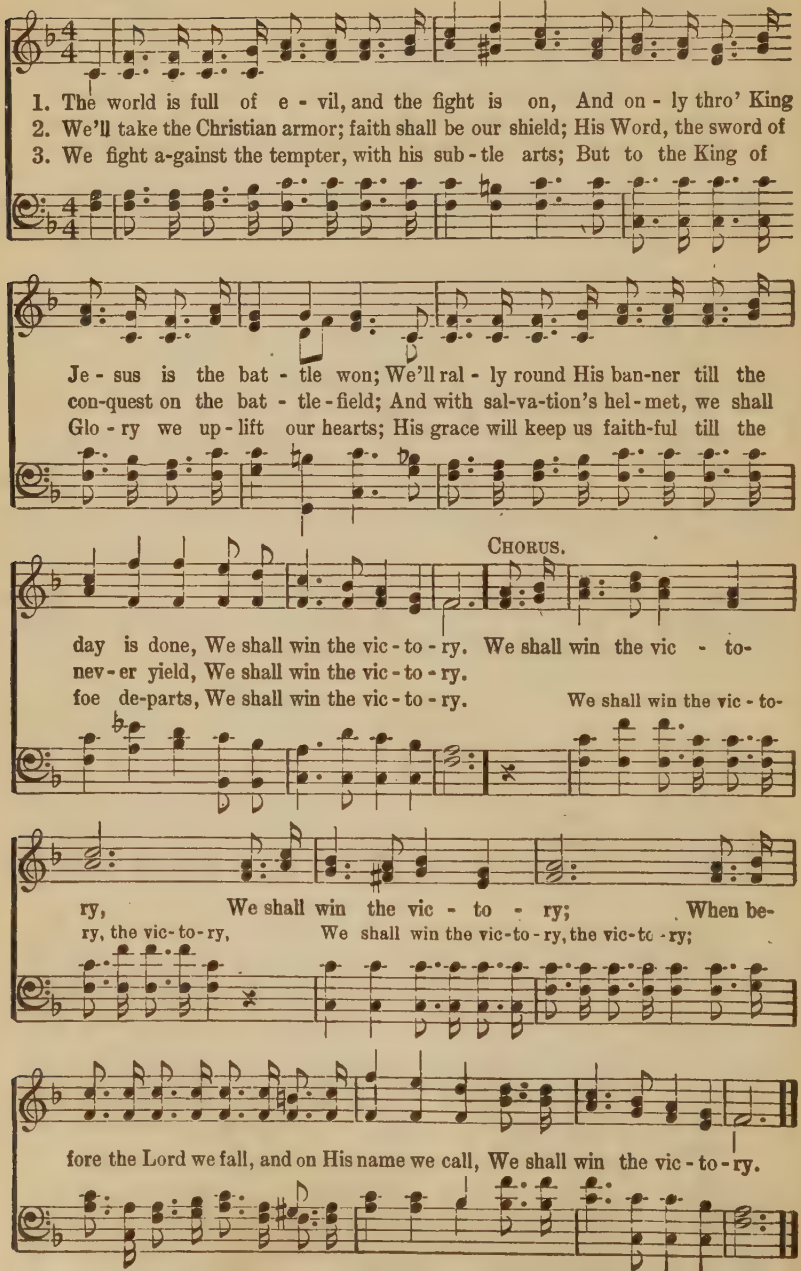
3 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heav'nly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

4 Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground.
To fairer worlds on high.

No. 232. We Shall Win the Victory.

COPYRIGHT, 1908, BY WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

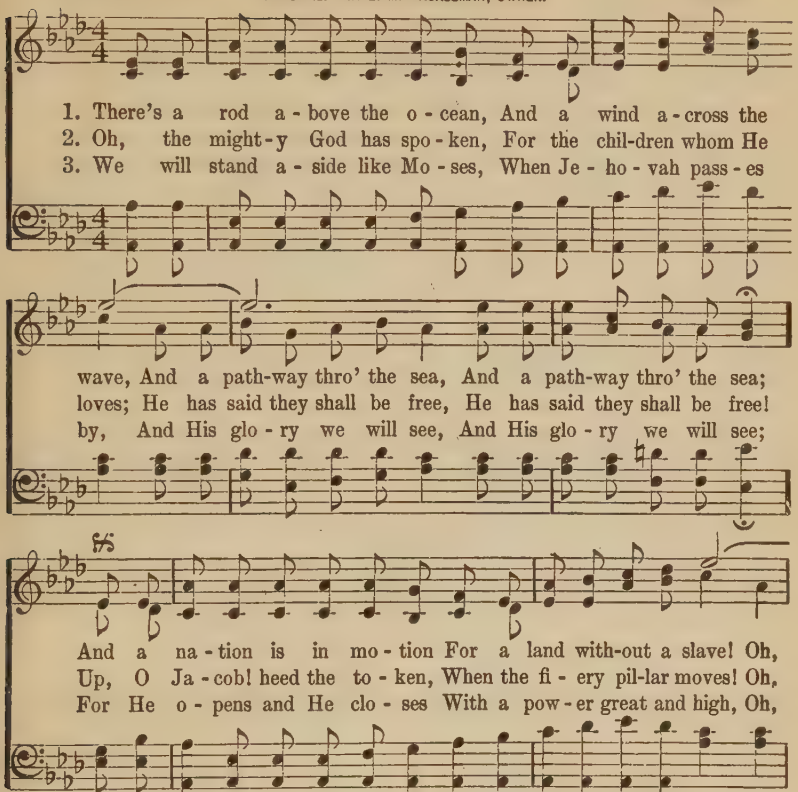

1. The world is full of e - vil, and the fight is on, And on - ly thro' King
2. We'll take the Christian armor; faith shall be our shield; His Word, the sword of
3. We fight a-gainst the tempter, with his sub - tle arts; But to the King of
Je - sus is the bat - tle won; We'll ral - ly round His ban-ner till the
con-quest on the bat - tle - field; And with sal-va-tion's hel - met, we shall
Glo - ry we up - lift our hearts; His grace will keep us faith-ful till the
Chorus.
day is done, We shall win the vic - to - ry. We shall win the vic - to-
nev - er yield, We shall win the vic - to - ry.
foe de-parts, We shall win the vic - to - ry. We shall win the vic - to-
ry, We shall win the vic - to - ry; When be-
ry, the vic - to - ry, We shall win the vic - to - ry, the vic - to - ry;
fore the Lord we fall, and on His name we call, We shall win the vic - to - ry.

No. 233. Oh, Sound the Jubilee.

Howard S. Taylor.

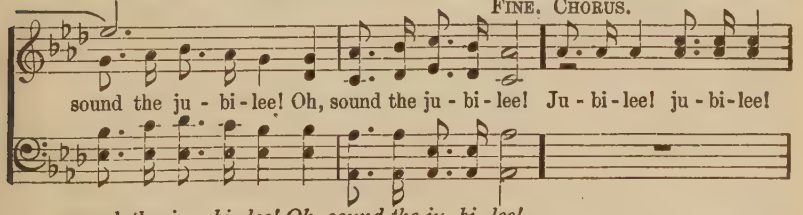
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY TAYLOR AND HERBERT.
RENEWAL. W. E. M. HACKLEMAN, OWNER.

Dr. J. B. Herbert.


1. There's a rod a - bove the o - cean, And a wind a - cross the
2. Oh, the might - y God has spo - ken, For the chil-dren whom He
3. We will stand a - side like Mo - ses, When Je - ho - vah pass - es
wave, And a path-way thro' the sea, And a path-way thro' the sea;
loves; He has said they shall be free, He has said they shall be free!
by, And His glo - ry we will see, And His glo - ry we will see;
And a na - tion is in mo - tion For a land with-out a slave! Oh,
Up, O Ja - cob! heed the to - ken, When the fi - ery pil-lar moves! Oh,
For He o - pens and He clo - ses With a pow - er great and high, Oh,

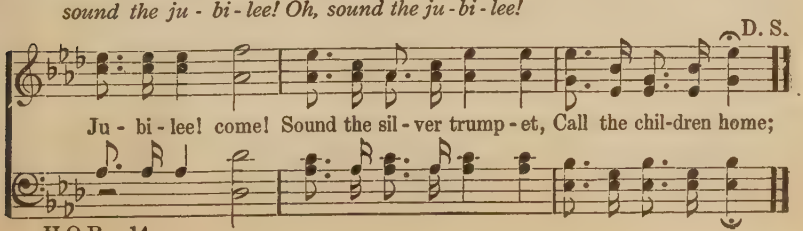
D. S.—*For the yoke of Rum is bro - ken, And the peo - ple shall be free! Oh,*

FINE. CHORUS.



sound the ju - bi - lee! Oh, sound the ju - bi - lee!

D. S.



No. 234. The Walls of Jericho.

J. B. H.

COPYRIGHT. 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

J. B. Herbert.

Deliberately.

1. The walls of Jer - i-cho fell down, As Israel's host marched boldly 'round,
2. They marched around for seven days, The walls stood si - lent in a - maze;
3. The liquor men are on the run, Their troub-les have but just be - gun;
4. Get read-y for the ju - bi - lee, We're march - ing on to vic - to - ry;

(1) They fell down, boldly 'round.

Led on by thrilling trumpet's sound, And ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
Then fell down flat, the Scripture says, When ev - 'ry-bod-y shouted. (Shout.)
It's our turn now to have some fun, Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)
Rum's walls are tumbling, don't you see? Let ev - 'ry-bod-y shout it! (Shout.)

trumpet's sound.

CHORUS. *Very spirited.*

Old whiskey's walls have got to go Just like the walls of Jer - i - cho!

The rummies won't know where they're at; Their walls must tumble down, down flat.

* Quartet shout. A stirring effect may be produced by the audience joining in the shout at the end of each verse.

† With palms turned downward, stoop till the hands are near the floor for the word "flat."

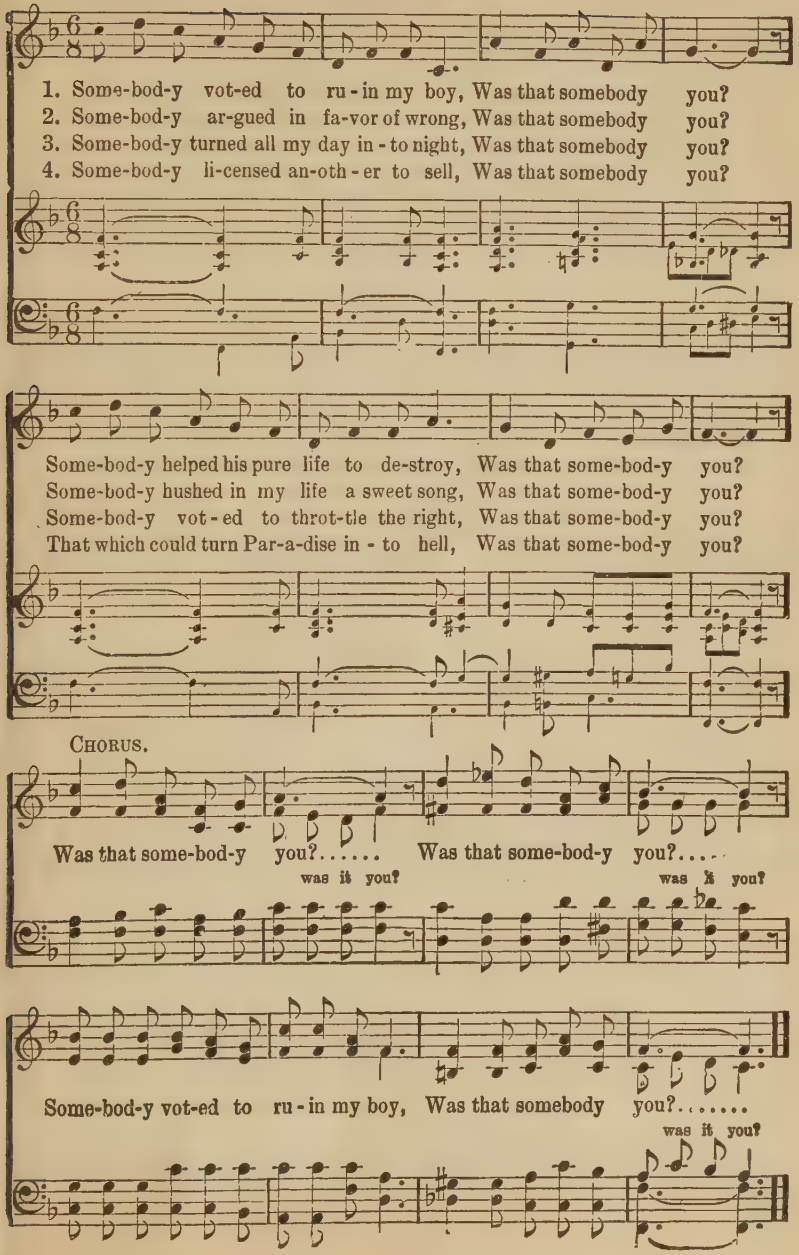
No. 235.

Was It You?

C. D. Martin.

COPYRIGHT, 1905, BY CHAS. H. GABRIEL.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

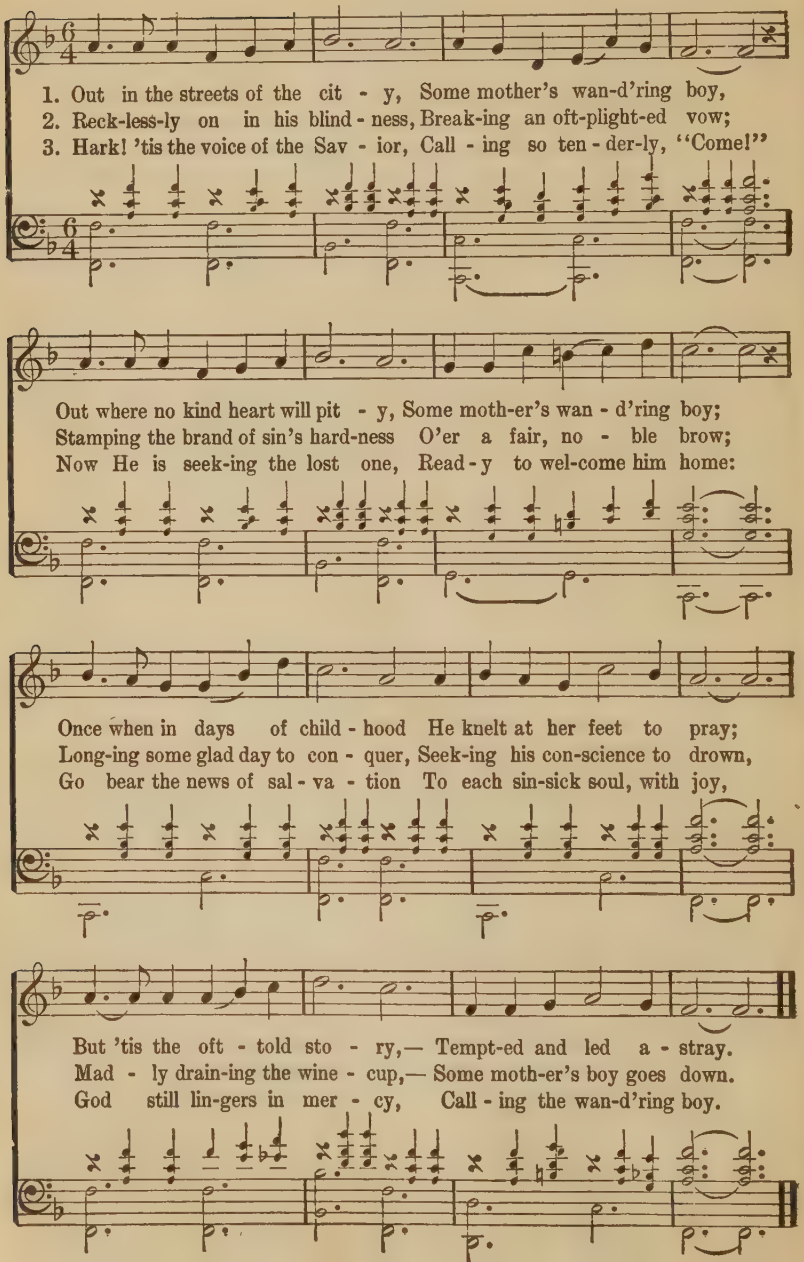
Chas. H. Gabriel.


1. Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that somebody you?
2. Some-bod-y ar-gued in fa-vor of wrong, Was that somebody you?
3. Some-bod-y turned all my day in-to night, Was that somebody you?
4. Some-bod-y li-censed an-oth-er to sell, Was that somebody you?
Some-bod-y helped his pure life to de-stroy, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y hushed in my life a sweet song, Was that some-bod-y you?
Some-bod-y vot-ed to throt-tle the right, Was that some-bod-y you?
That which could turn Par-a-dise in-to hell, Was that some-bod-y you?
Chorus.
Was that some-bod-y you?..... Was that some-bod-y you?....
was it you?
was it you?
Some-bod-y vot-ed to ru-in my boy, Was that somebody you?.....
was it you?

No. 236. Some Mother's Boy.

W. M.

COPYRIGHT, 1891, BY R. KELSO CARTER.
E. O. EXCELL, OWNER.

W. Macomber.
Arr. by R. K. Carter.

1. Out in the streets of the cit - y, Some mother's wan-d'ring boy,
2. Reck-less-ly on in his blind - ness, Break-ing an oft-plight-ed vow;
3. Hark! 'tis the voice of the Sav - ior, Call - ing so ten - der-ly, "Come!"
Out where no kind heart will pit - y, Some moth-er's wan - d'ring boy;
Stamping the brand of sin's hard-ness O'er a fair, no - ble brow;
Now He is seek-ing the lost one, Read - y to wel-come him home:
Once when in days of child - hood He knelt at her feet to pray;
Long-ing some glad day to con - quer, Seek-ing his con-science to drown,
Go bear the news of sal - va - tion To each sin-sick soul, with joy,
But 'tis the oft - told sto - ry,— Tempt-ed and led a - stray.
Mad - ly drain-ing the wine - cup,— Some moth-er's boy goes down.
God still lin-gers in mer - cy, Call - ing the wan-d'ring boy.

No. 237.

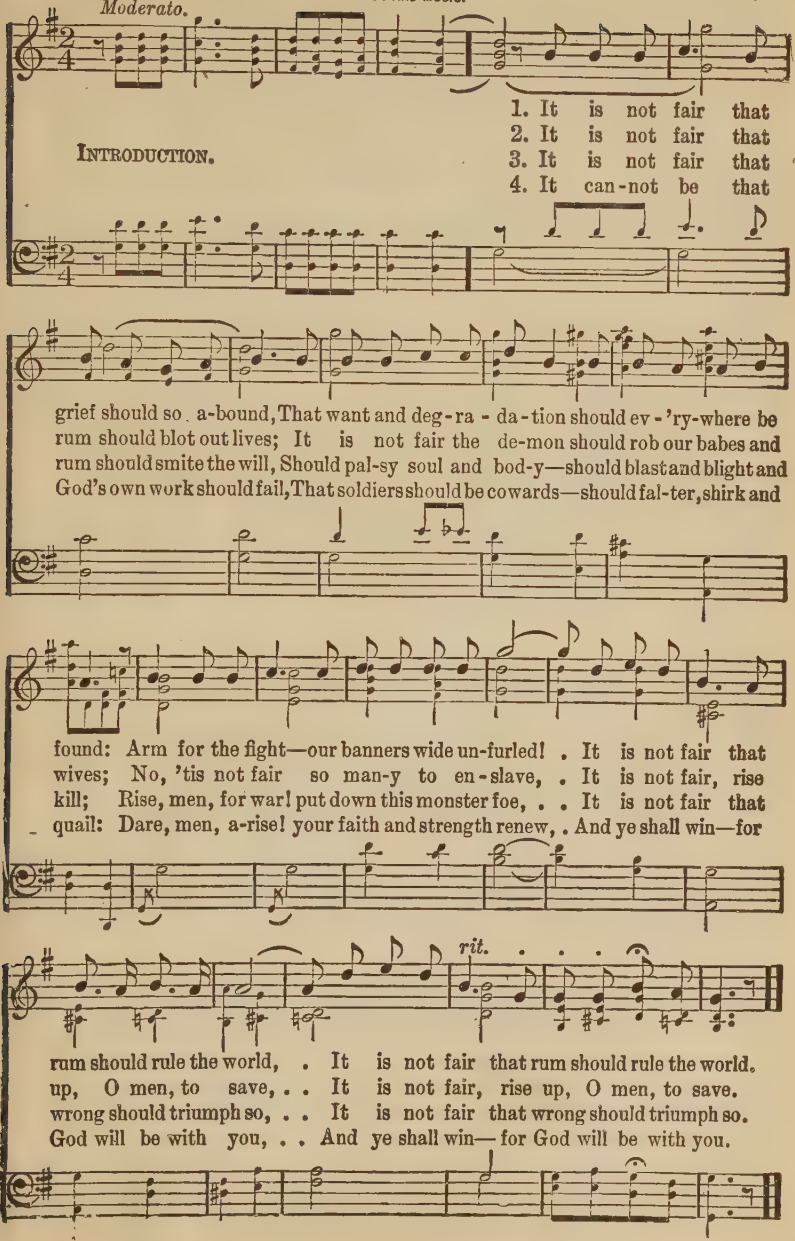
It Is Not Fair.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck.

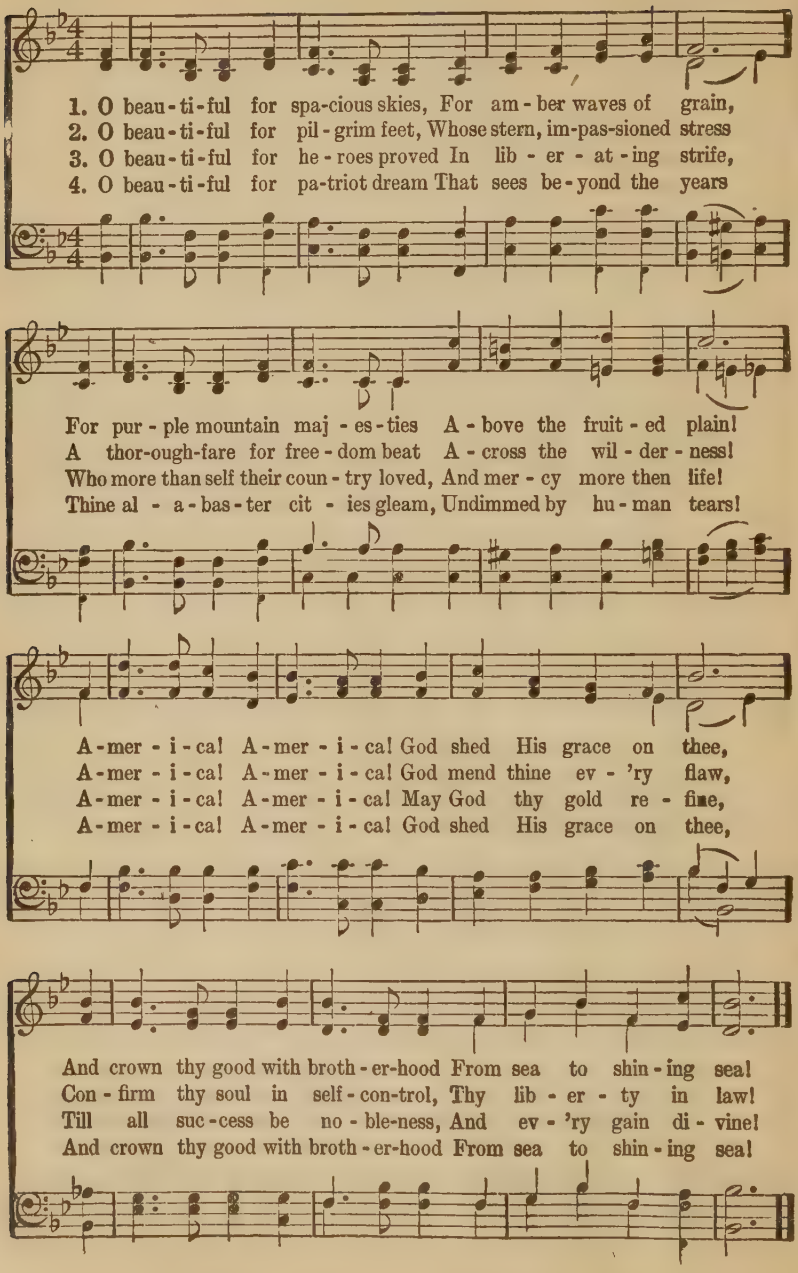
COPYRIGHT, 1914, BY E. O. EXCELL.
WORDS AND MUSIC.

P. D. Bird.

Moderato.

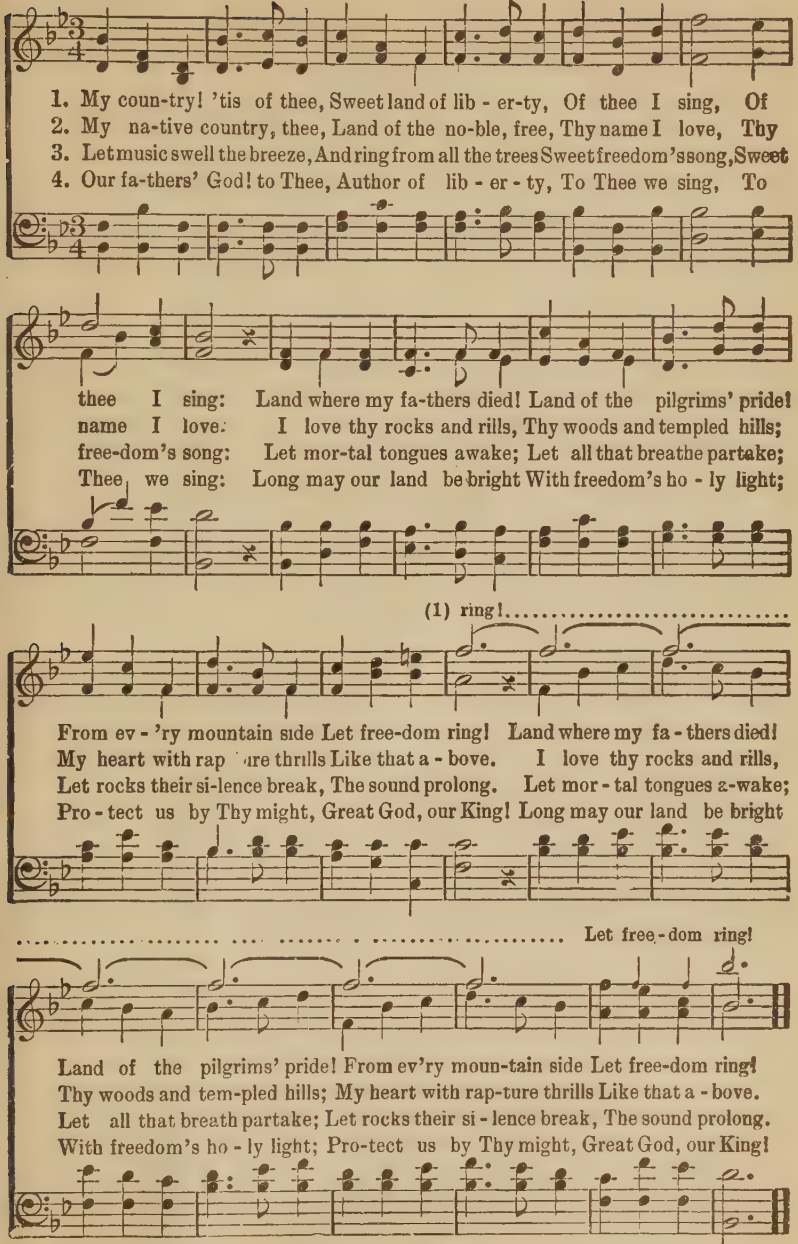

1. It is not fair that
2. It is not fair that
3. It is not fair that
4. It can-not be that
INTRODUCTION.
grief should so a-bound, That want and deg-ra - da-tion should ev-'ry-where be
rum should blot out lives; It is not fair the de-mon should rob our babes and
rum should smite the will, Should pal-sy soul and bod-y—should blast and blight and
God's own work should fail, That soldiers should be cowards—should fal-ter, shirk and
found: Arm for the fight—our banners wide un-furled! . It is not fair that
wives; No, 'tis not fair so man-y to en-slave, . It is not fair, rise
kill; Rise, men, for war! put down this monster foe, . . It is not fair that
quail: Dare, men, a-rise! your faith and strength renew, . And ye shall win—for
rit.
rum should rule the world, . It is not fair that rum should rule the world.
up, O men, to save, . . It is not fair, rise up, O men, to save.
wrong should triumph so, . . It is not fair that wrong should triumph so.
God will be with you, . . And ye shall win—for God will be with you.

No. 238. America the Beautiful.

Katharine Lee Bates. S. A. Ward.

1. O beau-ti-ful for spa-cious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
2. O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-pas-sioned stress
3. O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-at-ing strife,
4. O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years
For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain!
A thor-ough-fare for free-dom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness!
Who more than self their coun-try loved, And mer-cy more then life!
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam, Undimmed by hu-man tears!
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine,
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
Con-firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law!
Till all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine!
And crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

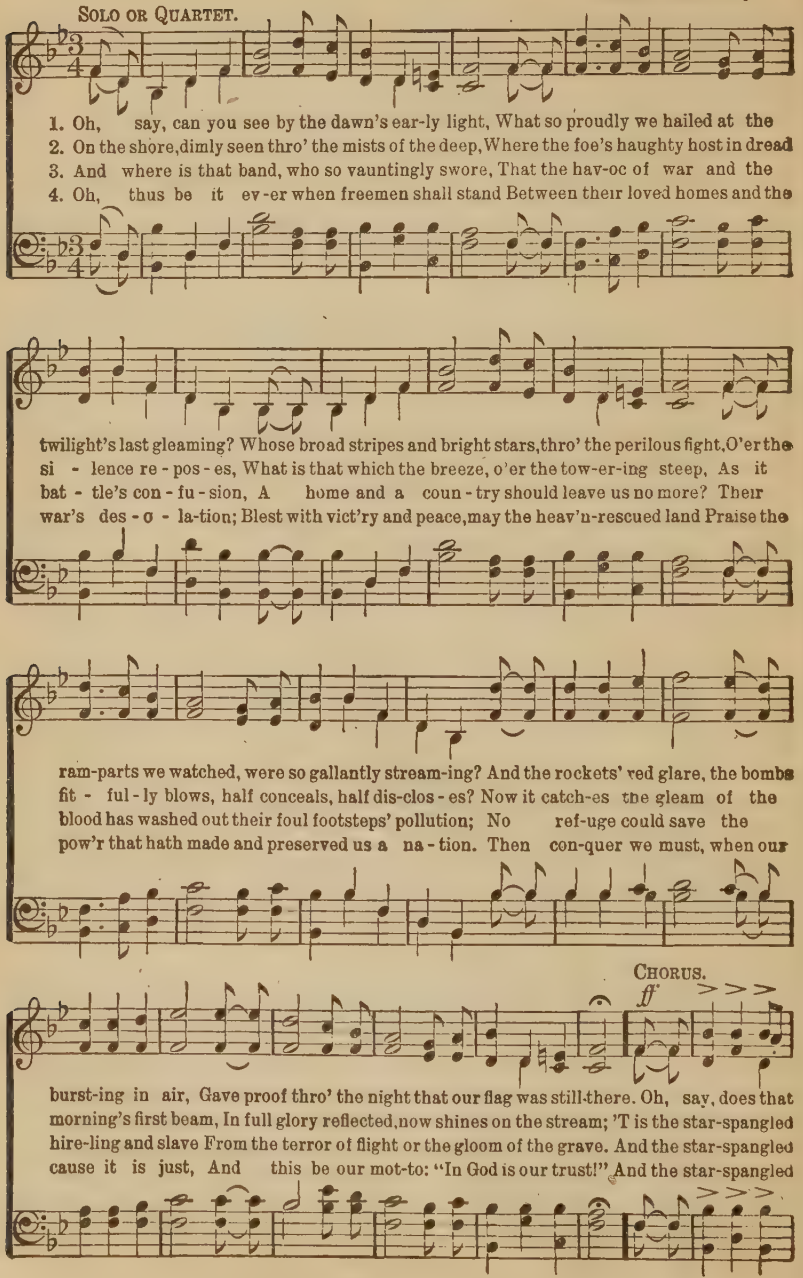
No. 239.

My Country.

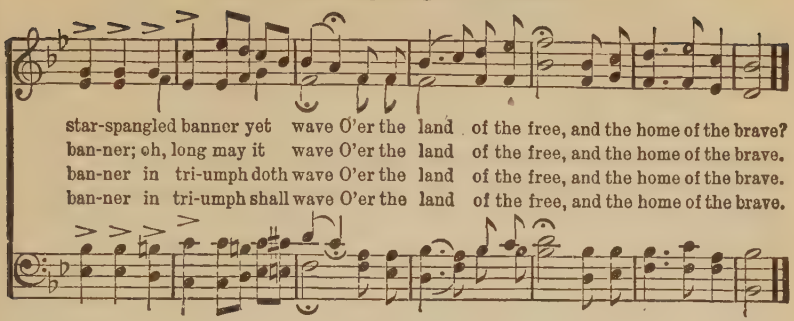
Rev. S. F. Smith. COPYRIGHT, 191 , BY E O. EXCELL. J. B. Herbert.

1. My coun-try! 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er-ty, Of thee I sing, Of thee I sing: Land where my fa-thers died! Land of the pilgrims' pride!
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no-ble, free, Thy name I love, Thy name I love: I love thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills;
3. Let music swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song, Sweet free-dom's song: Let mor-tal tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake;
4. Our fa-thers' God! to Thee, Author of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing, To Thee we sing: Long may our land be bright With freedom's ho - ly light;
(1) ring!
From ev - 'ry mountain side Let free-dom ring! Land where my fa - thers died!
My heart with rap 'ure thrills Like that a - bove. I love thy rocks and rills,
Let rocks their si-lence break, The sound prolong. Let mor - tal tongues a-wake;
Pro - tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King! Long may our land be bright
Let free - dom ring!
Land of the pilgrims' pride! From ev'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
Thy woods and tem-pled hills; My heart with rap-ture thrills Like that a - bove.
Let all that breath partake; Let rocks their si - lence break, The sound prolong.
With freedom's ho - ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 240. The Star-Spangled Banner.

Francis Scott Key.

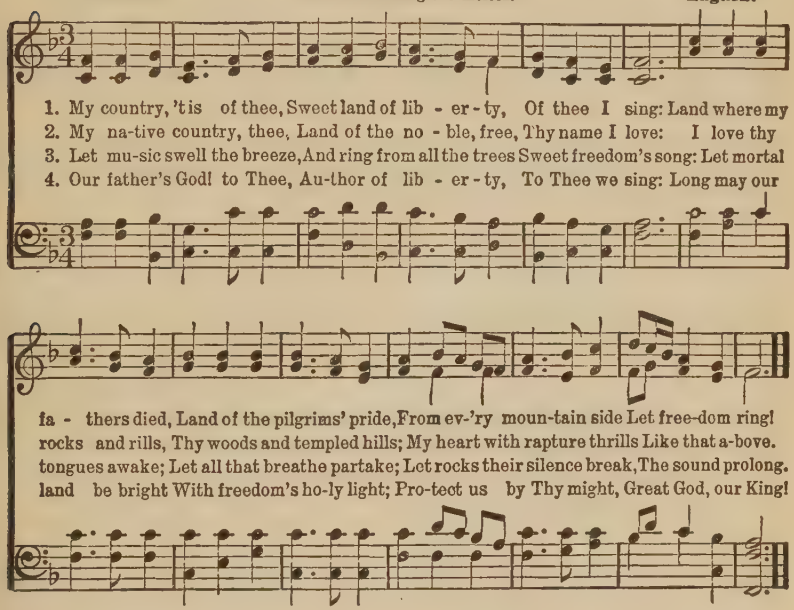

SOLO OR QUARTET.
1. Oh, say, can you see by the dawn's ear-ly light, What so proudly we hailed at the
2. On the shore, dimly seen thro' the mists of the deep, Where the foe's haughty host in dread
3. And where is that band, who so vauntingly swore, That the hav-oc of war and the
4. Oh, thus be it ev-er when freemen shall stand Between their loved homes and the
twilight's last gleaming? Whose broad stripes and bright stars, thro' the perilous fight, O'er the
si - lence re - pos - es, What is that which the breeze, o'er the tow-er-ing steep, As it
bat - tle's con - fu - sion, A home and a coun - try should leave us no more? Their
war's des - o - la-tion; Blest with vict'ry and peace, may the heav'n-rescued land Praise the
ram-parts we watched, were so gallantly stream-ing? And the rockets' red glare, the bombs
fit - ful - ly blows, half conceals, half dis-clos - es? Now it catch-es the gleam of the
blood has washed out their foul footsteps' pollution; No ref-uge could save the
pow'r that hath made and preserved us a na - tion. Then con-quer we must, when our
CHORUS.
ff
burst-ing in air, Gave proof thro' the night that our flag was still there. Oh, say, does that
morning's first beam, In full glory reflected, now shines on the stream; 'T is the star-spangled
hire-ling and slave From the terror of flight or the gloom of the grave. And the star-spangled
cause it is just, And this be our mot-to: "In God is our trust!" And the star-spangled

The Star-Spangled Banner.


star-spangled banner yet wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave?
ban-ner; oh, long may it wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph doth wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.
ban-ner in tri-umph shall wave O'er the land of the free, and the home of the brave.

No. 241. America.

S. F. Smith. The National Song of America. English.


1. My country, 'tis of thee, Sweet land of lib - er - ty, Of thee I sing: Land where my
2. My na-tive country, thee, Land of the no - ble, free, Thy name I love: I love thy
3. Let mu-sic swell the breeze, And ring from all the trees Sweet freedom's song: Let mortal
4. Our father's God! to Thee, Au-thor of lib - er - ty, To Thee we sing: Long may our
fa - thers died, Land of the pilgrims' pride, From ev-'ry moun-tain side Let free-dom ring!
rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills; My heart with rapture thrills Like that a-bove.
tongues awake; Let all that breathe partake; Let rocks their silence break, The sound prolong.
land be bright With freedom's ho-ly light; Pro-tect us by Thy might, Great God, our King!

No. 242. God Save the King.

The National Song of Britain.

1.

God save our gracious King,
Long live our noble King,
God save the King:
Send him victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the King.

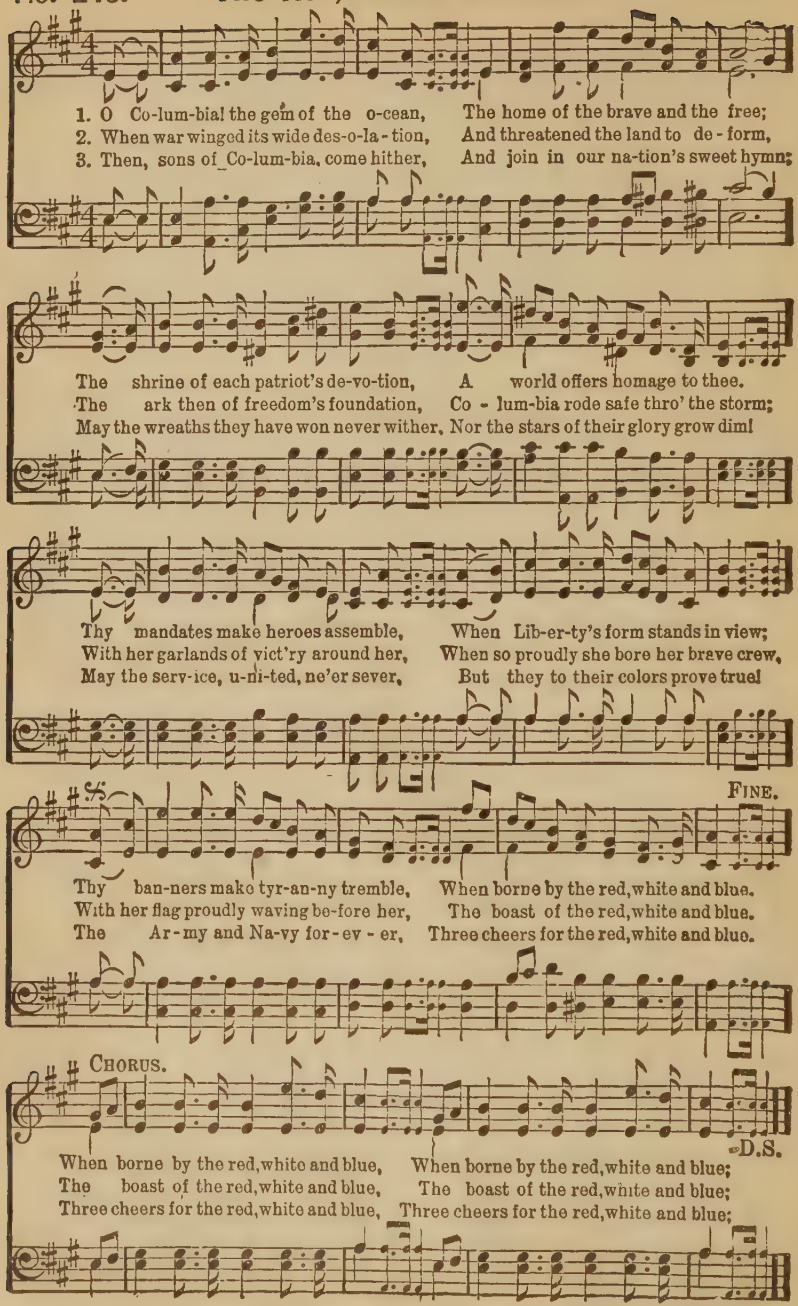
2.

Through every changing scene,
O Lord, preserve our King;
Long may he reign:
His heart inspire and move
With wisdom from above,
And in a nation's love
His throne maintain.

3.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleased to pour;
Long may he reign:
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the King.

No. 243. The Red, White and Blue.


1. O Co-lum-bia! the gem of the o-cean, The home of the brave and the free;
2. When war winged its wide des-o-la-tion, And threatened the land to de-form,
3. Then, sons of Co-lum-bia, come hither, And join in our na-tion's sweet hymn;
The shrine of each patriot's de-vo-tion, A world offers homage to thee.
The ark then of freedom's foundation, Co-lum-bia rode safe thro' the storm;
May the wreaths they have won never wither, Nor the stars of their glory grow dim!
Thy mandates make heroes assemble, When Lib-er-ty's form stands in view;
With her garlands of vict'ry around her, When so proudly she bore her brave crew,
May the serv-ice, u-ni-ted, ne'er sever, But they to their colors prove true!
FINE.
Thy ban-ners make tyr-an-ny tremble, When borne by the red, white and blue.
With her flag proudly waving be-fore her, The boast of the red, white and blue.
The Ar-my and Na-vy for-ev-er, Three cheers for the red, white and blue.
CHORUS.
D.S.
When borne by the red, white and blue, When borne by the red, white and blue;
The boast of the red, white and blue, The boast of the red, white and blue;
Three cheers for the red, white and blue, Three cheers for the red, white and blue;

Responsive Readings.

No. 244. PSALM 1.

1 Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

2 But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night.

3 And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

4 The ungodly are not so; but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

5 Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

6 For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish

No. 245. PSALM 5.

1 Give ear to my words, O Lord, consider my meditation.

2 Hearken unto the voice of my cry, my King and my God; for unto thee will I pray.

3 My voice shalt thou hear in the morning, O Lord; in the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee, and will look up.

4 For thou art not a God that hath pleasure in wickedness: neither shall evil dwell with thee.

5 The foolish shall not stand in thy sight: thou hatest all workers of iniquity.

6 Thou shalt destroy them that speak leasing: the Lord will abhor the bloody and deceitful man.

7 But as for me, I will come unto thy house in the multitude of thy mercy: and in thy fear will I worship toward thy holy temple.

8 Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of mine enemies; make thy way straight before my face.

No. 246. PSALM 8.

1 O Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth! who hast set thy glory above the heavens.

2 Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength, because of thine enemies, that thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

3 When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

4 What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?

5 For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor.

6 Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet:

7 All sheep and oxen, yea, and the beasts of the field;

8 The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas,

9 O Lord, our Lord, how excellent is thy name in all the earth!

No. 247. PSALM 15.

1 Lord, who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell in thy holy hill?

2 He that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart.

3 He that backbiteth not with his tongue, nor doeth evil to his neighbor, nor taketh up a reproach against his neighbor.

4 In whose eyes a vile person is condemned; but he honoreth them that fear the Lord. He that sweareth to his own hurt, and changeth not.

5 He that putteth not out his money to usury, nor taketh reward against the innocent. He that doeth these things shall never be moved.

No. 248. PSALM 17.

1 Hear the right, O Lord, attend unto my cry; give ear unto my prayer, that goeth not out of feigned lips.

2 Let my sentence come forth from thy presence; let thine eyes behold the things that are equal.

3 Thou hast proved mine heart; thou hast visited me in the night; thou hast tried me, and shalt find nothing: I am purposed that my mouth shall not transgress.

4 Concerning the works of men, by the word of thy lips I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer.

5 Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.

6 I have called upon thee, for thou wilt hear me, O God: incline thine ear unto me, and hear my speech.

No. 249. PSALM 19.

1 The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul: the testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the simple.

2 The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart; the commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening the eyes.

3 The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring forever: the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.

4 More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much fine gold: sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.

5 Moreover by them is thy servant warned; and in keeping of them there is great reward.

6 Who can understand his errors? cleanse thou me from secret faults.

7 Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins; let them not have dominion over me: then shall I be upright, and I shall be made innocent from the great transgression.

8 Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my Redeemer.

No. 250. PSALM 23.

1 The Lord is my Shepherd; I shall not want.

2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.

3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.

4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.

5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

No. 251. PSALM 24.

1 The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

2 For he hath founded it upon the seas, and established it upon the floods.

3 Who shall ascend into the the hill of the Lord? or who shall stand in his holy place?

4 He that hath clean hands, and a pure heart; who hath not lifted his soul unto vanity, nor sworn deceitfully.

5 He shall receive the blessing from the Lord, and righteousness from the God of his salvation.

6 This is the generation of them that seek him, that seek thy face, O Jacob. Selah.

7 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

8 Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle.

9 Lift up your heads, O ye gates; even lift them up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of glory shall come in.

10 Who is this king of glory? The Lord of hosts, he is the King of glory. Selah.

No. 252 PSALM 27.

1 The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?

2 When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes, came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and fell.

3 Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear: though war should rise against me, in this will I be confident.

4 One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple.

5 For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his pavilion; in the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me; he shall set me up upon a rock.

6 And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine enemies round about me; therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy; I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.

7 Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice: have mercy also upon me, and answer me.

No. 253. PSALM 32.

1 Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.

2 Blessed is the man unto whom the Lord imputeth not iniquity, and in whose spirit there is no guile.

3 When I kept silence, my bones waxed old through my roaring all the day long.

4 For day and night thy hand was heavy upon me; my moisture is turned into the drought of summer. Selah.

5 I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the Lord; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin. Selah.

6 For this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.

7 Thou art my hiding-place; thou shalt preserve me from trouble; thou shalt compass me about with songs of deliverance. Selah.

No. 254. PSALM 34.

1 I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth.

2 My soul shall make her boast in the Lord: the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.

3 O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together.

4 I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears.

5 They looked unto him, and were lightened: and their faces were not ashamed.

6 This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles.

7 The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them.

8 O taste and see that the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusteth in him.

No. 255. PSALM 51.

1 Have mercy upon me, O God, according to thy loving-kindness: according unto the multitude of thy tender mercies blot out my transgressions.

2 Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin.

3 For I acknowledge my transgressions: and my sin is ever before me.

4 Against thee, thee only, have I sinned, and done this evil in thy sight: that thou mightest be justified when thou speakest, and be clear when thou judgest.

5 Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.

6 Behold, thou desireth truth in the inward parts: and in the hidden part thou shalt make me to know wisdom.

7 Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean: wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow.

8 Make me to hear joy and gladness, that the bones which thou hast broken may rejoice.

9 Hide thy face from my sins, and blot out all my iniquities.

10 Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.

No. 256. PSALM 61.

1 Hear my cry, O God; attend unto my prayer.

2 From the end of the earth will I cry unto thee, when my heart is overwhelmed; lead me to the rock that is higher than I.

3 For thou hast been a shelter for me, and a strong tower from the enemy.

4 I will abide in thy tabernacle forever: I will trust in the covert of thy wings. Selah.

5 For thou, O God, hast heard my vows; thou hast given me the heritage of them that fear thy name.

6 Thou wilt prolong the king's life: and his years as many generations.

7 He shall abide before God for ever; O prepare mercy and truth, which may preserve him.

8 So will I sing praise unto thy name for ever, that I may daily perform my vows.

No. 257. PSALM 63.

1 O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee; my soul thirsteth for thee, my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is;

2 To see thy power and thy glory, so as I have seen thee in the sanctuary.

3 Because thy loving-kindness is better than life, my lips shall praise thee.

4 Thus will I bless thee while I live; I will lift up my hands in thy name.

5 My soul shall be satisfied as with marrow and fatness; and my mouth shall praise thee with joyful lips:

6 When I remember thee upon my bed, and meditate on thee in the night watches.

7 Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice.

8 My soul followeth hard after thee: thy right hand upholdeth me.

9 But those that seek my soul, to destroy it, shall go into the lower parts of the earth.

10 They shall fall by the sword: they shall be a portion for foxes.

11 But the king shall rejoice in God; every one that sweareth by him shall glory: and the mouth of them that speak lies shall be stopped.

No. 258. PSALM 65.

1 Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion: and unto thee shall the vow be performed.

2 O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.

3 Iniquities prevail against me; as for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.

4 Blessed is the man whom thou choosest, and causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell in thy courts: we shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house, even thy holy temple.

5 By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us, O God ofour salvation; who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth, and of them that are afar off upon the sea:

6 Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains; being girded with power:

7 Which stilleth the noise of the seas, the noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

8 They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid of thy tokens: thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening rejoice.

9 Thou visitest the earth, and waterest it: thou greatly enrichest it with the river of God, which is full of water: thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided for it.

No. 259. PSALM 67.

1 God be merciful unto us, and bless us; and cause his face to shine upon us. Selah.

2 That thy way may be known upon earth, thy saving health among all nations.

3 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

4 O let the nations be glad and sing for joy: for thou shalt judge the people righteously, and govern the nations upon earth. Selah.

5 Let the people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee.

6 Then shall the earth yield her increase; and God, even our own God, shall bless us.

7 God shall bless us; and all the ends of the earth shall fear him.

No. 260. PSALM 84.

1 How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of hosts!

2 My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.

3 Yea, the sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my God.

4 Blessed are they that dwell in thy house: they will be still praising thee. Selah.

5 Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee; in whose heart are the ways of them.

6 Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well: the rain also filleth the pools.

7 They go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

8 O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer: give ear, O God of Jacob. Selah.

9 Behold, O God, our shield, and look upon the face of thine anointed.

10 For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, that to dwell in the tents of wickedness.

11 For the Lord God is a sun and shield: the Lord will give grace and glory: no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly.

12 O Lord of hosts, blessed is the man that trusteth in thee.

No. 261. PSALM 91.

1 He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

2 I will say of the Lord, he is my refuge and my fortress: my God; in him will I trust.

3 Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the fowler, and from the noisome pestilence.

4 He shall cover thee with his feathers, and under his wings shalt thou trust: his truth shall be thy shield and buckler.

5 Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night; nor for the arrow that flieth by day;

6 Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness; nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

7 A thousand shall fall at thy side, and ten thousand at thy right hand; but it shall not come nigh thee.

8 Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see the reward of the wicked.

9 Because thou hast made the Lord, which is my refuge, even the Most High, thy habitation.

No. 262. PSALM 93.

1 The Lord reigneth, he is clothed with majesty: the Lord is clothed with strength, wherewith he hath girded himself: the world also is established, that it cannot be moved.

2 Thy throne is established of old; thou art from everlasting.

3 The floods have lifted up, O Lord, the floods have lifted up their voice; the floods lift up their waves.

4 The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea, than the mighty waves of the sea.

5 Thy testimonies are very sure: holiness becometh thine house, O Lord, for ever.

No. 263. PSALM 95.

1 O come, let us sing unto the Lord; let us make a joyful noise to the Rock of our salvation.

2 Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving, and make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.

3 For the Lord is a great God, and a great King above all gods.

4 In his hand are the deep places of the earth: the strength of the hills is his also.

5 The sea is his, and he made it: and his hands formed the dry land.

6 O come, let us worship and bow down: let us kneel before the Lord, our Maker.

7 For he is our God; and we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.

No. 264. PSALM 98.

1 O sing unto the Lord a new song; for he hath done marvelous things: his right hand, and his holy arm, hath gottten him the victory.

2 The Lord hath made known his salvation: his righteousness hath he openly showed in the sight of the heathen.

3 He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward the house of Israel: all the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our God.

4 Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth: make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

5 Sing unto the Lord with the harp; with the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

6 With trumpets and sound of cornet make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

7 Let the sea roar, and the fullness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein.

8 Let the floods clap their hands: let the hills be joyful together

9 Before the Lord; for he cometh to judge the earth: with righteousness shall he judge the world, and the people with equity.

No. 265. PSALM 103.

1 Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name.

2 Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits.

3 Who forgiveth all thine iniquities; who healeth all thy diseases;

4 Who redeemeth thy life from destruction; who crowneth thee with loving-kindness and tender mercies;

5 Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things; so that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

6 The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.

7 He made known his ways unto Moses, his acts unto the children of Israel.

8 The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

9 He will not always chide: neither will he keep his anger forever.

10 He hath not dealt with us after our sins; nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

11 For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him.

12 As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed our transgressions from us.

No. 266. PSALM 119.

1 Blessed are the undefiled in the way, who walk in the law of the Lord.

2 Blessed are they that keep his testimonies, and that seek him with the whole heart.

3 They also do no iniquity: they walk in his ways.

4 Thou hast commanded us to keep thy precepts diligently.

5 O that my ways were directed to keep thy statutes!

6 Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all thy commandments.

7 I will praise thee with uprightness of heart, when I shall have learned thy righteous judgments.

8 I will keep thy statutes: O forsake me not utterly.

No. 267. PSALM 122.

1 I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go unto the house of the Lord.

2 Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Jerusalem.

3 Jerusalem is builded as a city that is compact together.

4 Whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord.

5 For there are set thrones of judgment, the thrones of the house of David.

6 Pray for the peace of Jerusalem: they shall prosper that love thee.

7 Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces.

8 For my brethren and companions' sakes, I will now say, Peace be within thee.

9 Because of the house of the Lord our God I will seek thy good.

No. 268. PSALM 138.

1 I will praise thee with my whole heart; before the gods will I sing praise unto thee.

2 I will worship toward thy holy temple, and praise thy name for thy loving-kindness and for thy truth; for thou hast magnified thy word above all thy name.

3 In the day when I cried thou answeredst me, and strengthenedst me with strength in my soul.

4 All the kings of the earth shall praise thee, O Lord, when they hear the words of thy mouth.

5 Yea, they shall sing in the way of the Lord: for great is the glory of the Lord.

6 Though the Lord be high, yet hath he respect unto the lowly; but the proud he knoweth afar off.

7 Though I walk in the midst of trouble, thou wilt revive me: thou shalt stretch forth thine hand against the wrath of mine enemies, and thy right hand shall save me.

8 The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me: thy mercy, O Lord, endureth, for ever: forsake not the works of thine own hands.

No. 269. PSALM 142.

1 I cried unto the Lord with my voice; with my voice unto the Lord did I make my supplication.

2 I poured out my complaint before Him: I showed before Him my trouble.

3 When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path. In the way wherein I walked have they privily laid a snare for me.

4 I looked on my right hand, and beheld, but there was no man that would know me: refuge failed me; no man cared for my soul.

5 I cried unto thee, O Lord: I said, thou art my refuge and my portion in the land of the living.

6 Attend unto my cry: for I am brought very low; deliver me from my persecutors; for they are stronger than I.

7 Bring my soul out of prison, that I may praise thy name: the righteous shall compass me about, for thou shalt deal bountifully with me.

No. 270. PSALM 149.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise in the congregation of saints.

2 Let Israel rejoice in him that made him: let the children of Zion be joyful in their King.

3 Let them praise his name in the dance: let them sing praises unto him with the timbrel and harp.

4 For the Lord taketh pleasure in his people: he will beautify the meek with salvation.

5 Let the saints be joyful in glory: let them sing aloud upon their beds.

6 Let the high praises of God be in their mouth, and a two-edged sword in their hand;

7 To execute vengeance upon the heathen, and punishments upon the people.

8 To bind their kings with chains, and their nobles with fetters of iron;

9 To execute upon them the judgment written: this honor have all his saints. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 271. PSALM 150.

1 Praise ye the Lord. Praise God in his sanctuary: praise him in the firmament of his power.

2 Praise him for his mighty acts: praise him according to his excellent greatness.

3 Praise him with the sound of the trumpet: praise him with the psaltery and harp.

4 Praise him with the timbrel and dance: praise him with stringed instruments and organs.

5 Praise him upon the loud cymbals; praise him upon the high sounding cymbals.

6 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord. Praise ye the Lord.

No. 272. ISAIAH 53.

1 Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed?

2 For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him.

3 He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

4 Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted.

5 But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed.

6 All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

No. 273. JOHN 3 1-6; 14-18.

1 There was a man of the Pharisees, named Nicodemus, a ruler of the Jews:

2 The same came to Jesus by night, and said unto him, Rabbi, we know that thou art a teacher come from God; for no man can do these miracles that thou doest, except God be with him.

3 Jesus answered and said unto him, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.

4 Nicodemus said unto him, How can a man be born when he is old? can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?

5 Jesus answered, Verily, verily, I say unto thee, Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.

6 That which is born of the flesh is flesh; and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.

7 And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness; even so must the Son of man be lifted up:

8 That whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have eternal life.

9 For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

10 For God sent not his Son into the world to condemn the world; but that the world through him might be saved.

11 He that believeth on him is not condemned; but he that believeth not is condemned already; because he hath not believed in the name of the only begotten Son of God.

No. 274. ISAIAH 55.

1 Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money; come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price.

2 Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread? and your labor for that which satisfieth not? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness.

3 Incline your ear, and come unto me; hear, and your soul shall live; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David.

4 Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people.

5 Behold, thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel; for he hath glorified thee.

6 Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near:

7 Let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon.

No. 275. MATTHEW 11: 20-30.

1 Then began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not:

2 Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works which were done in you had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes.

3 But I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you.

4 And thou Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell; for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day.

5 But I say unto you, That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

6 At that time Jesus answered and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth; because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes.

7 Even so, Father: for so it seemed good in thy sight.

8 All things are delivered unto me of my Father; and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

9 Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

10 Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart; and ye shall find rest unto your souls.

11 For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light.

No. 276. CHRISTMAS.

1 And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field,

2 Keeping watch over their flock by night.

3 And, lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them:

4 And they were sore afraid.

5 And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

6 For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, which is Christ the Lord.

7 And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host, praising God, and saying,

8 Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

9 Now lettest thou thy servant depart, Lord, according to thy word, in peace;

10 For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all peoples;

11 A light for revelation to the Gentiles, and the glory of thy people Israel.

12 Now unto the King eternal, incorruptible, invisible, the only God, be honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen.

No. 277. TEMPERANCE.

1 Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes?

2 They that tarry long at the wine: they that go to seek mixed wine.

3 Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.

4 Be not drunk with wine. Be not among wine bibbers; among riotous eaters of flesh.

5 For the drunkard and the glutton shall come to poverty: and drowsiness shall clothe a man with rags.

6 Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

7 None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself.

8 Let us not judge one another anymore: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

9 The kingdom of God is not meat and drink; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.

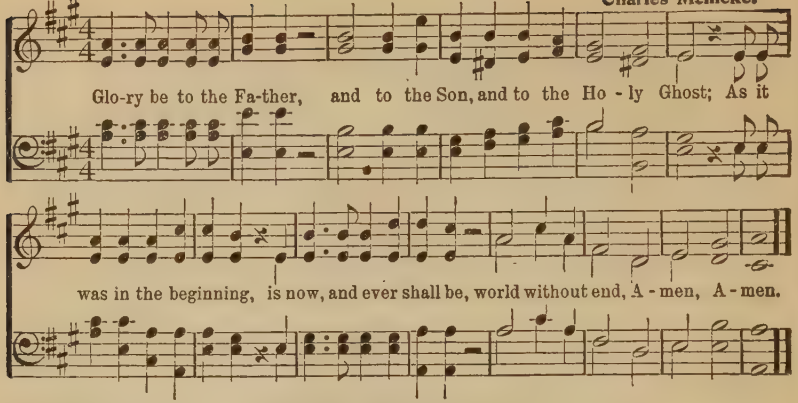
10 He that in these things serveth Christ is acceptable to God, and approved of men.

11 Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.

12 For meat destroy not the work of God. It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak.

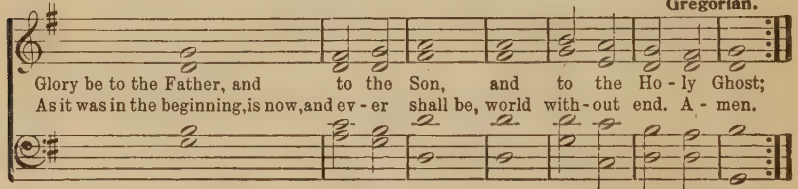
No. 278. Gloria Patri, No. 1.

Charles Mzineke.


Glo-ry be to the Fa-ther, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost; As it
was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, A - men, A - men.

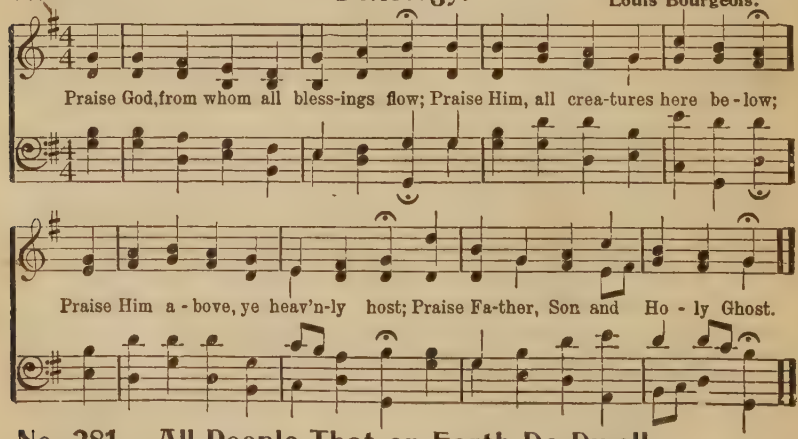
No. 279. Gloria Patri, No. 2.

Gregorian.


Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Ho - ly Ghost;
As it was in the beginning, is now, and ev - er shall be, world with - out end. A - men.

No. 280. Doxology.

Louis Bourgeois.


Praise God, from whom all bless-ings flow; Praise Him, all crea-tures here be - low;
Praise Him a - bove, ye heav'n-ly host; Praise Fa-ther, Son and Ho - ly Ghost.

No. 281. All People That on Earth Do Dwell.

Psalm 100.

1 All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

3 O enter then His gates with joy;
Within His courts His praise proclaim;
Let thankful songs your tongues employ;
O bless and magnify His name.

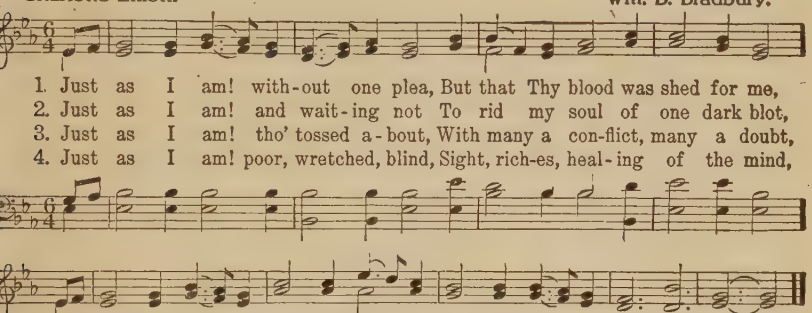
4 Because the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Ye Olden Melodies.

Many of the following melodies were very popular in the "old-fashioned" revival meetings when I was a lad." I reproduce them here (some of them from memory), believing that they will be very useful and effective in the revival campaigns of today.—E. O. E.

No. 1. Just As I Am.

Charlotte Elliott. Wm. B. Bradbury.


1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am! and wait-ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am! tho' tossed a-bout, With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am! poor, wretched, blind, Sight, rich-es, heal-ing of the mind,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Fight-ings and fears with-in, with-out, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!
Yea, all I need in Thee to find, O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

5

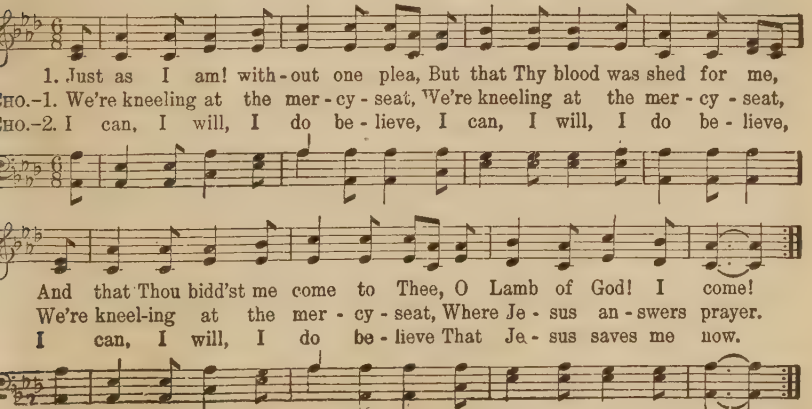
Just as I am! Thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because Thy promise I believe:
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

6

Just as I am—Thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now, to be Thine, yea, Thine alone,
O Lamb of God! I come! I come!

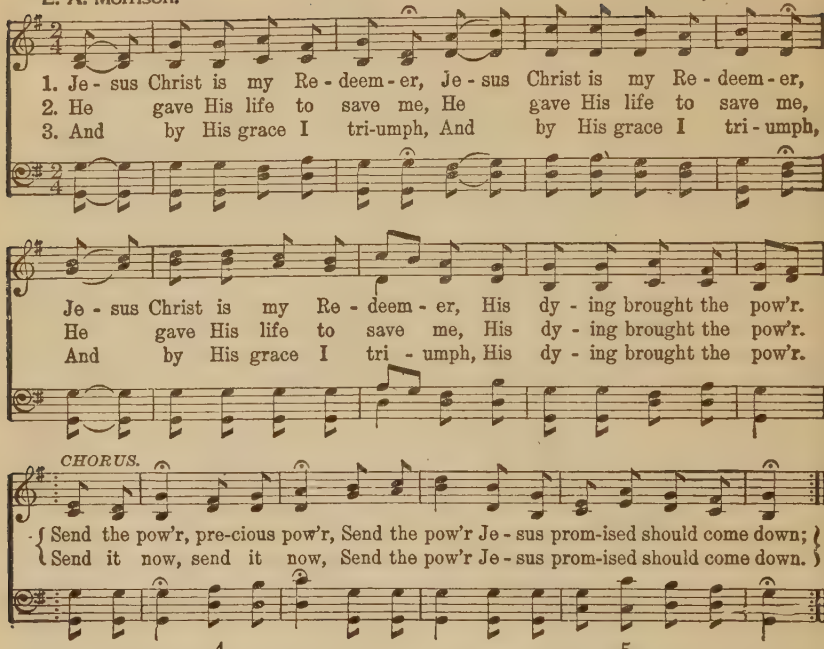
No. 2. We're Kneeling at the Mercy-Seat.

(*Second Tune.*) Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Just as I am! with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
CHO.–1. We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat, We're kneeling at the mer-cy-seat,
CHO.–2. I can, I will, I do be-lieve, I can, I will, I do be-lieve,
And that Thou bidd'st me come to Thee, O Lamb of God! I come!
We're kneel-ing at the mer-cy-seat, Where Je-sus an-swers prayer.
I can, I will, I do be-lieve That Je-sus saves me now.

No. 3. Send the Power.

L. A. Morrison. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er,
2. He gave His life to save me, He gave His life to save me,
3. And by His grace I tri-umph, And by His grace I tri - umph,
Je - sus Christ is my Re - deem - er, His dy - ing brought the pow'r.
He gave His life to save me, His dy - ing brought the pow'r.
And by His grace I tri - umph, His dy - ing brought the pow'r.
CHORUS.
Send the pow'r, pre-cious pow'r, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom-ised should come down;
Send it now, send it now, Send the pow'r Je - sus prom-ised should come down.

4

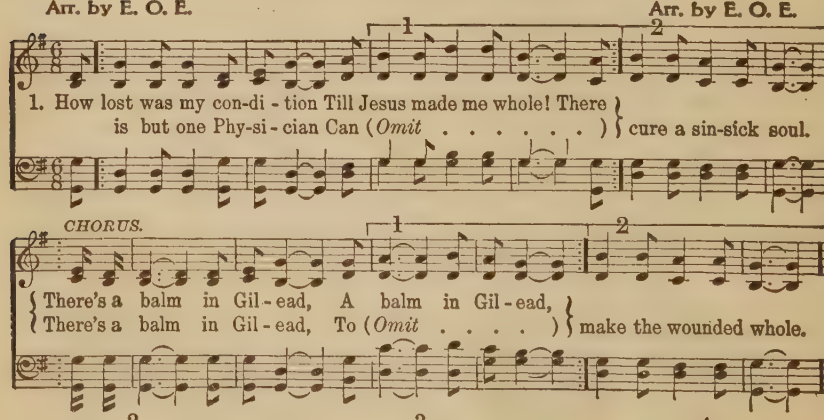
I will glory in His favor, I will, etc.,
His dying brought the power.

5

I shall live with Him forever, I shall, etc.,
His dying brought the power.

No. 4. There's a Balm in Gilead.

Arr. by E. O. E. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. How lost was my con-di - tion Till Jesus made me whole! There is but one Phy-si - cian Can (Omit . . . . .) cure a sin-sick soul.
CHORUS.
There's a balm in Gil - ead, A balm in Gil - ead,
There's a balm in Gil - ead, To (Omit . . . .) make the wounded whole.

2

The worst of all diseases
Is light compared with sin;
On every part it seizes,
But rages most within.

3

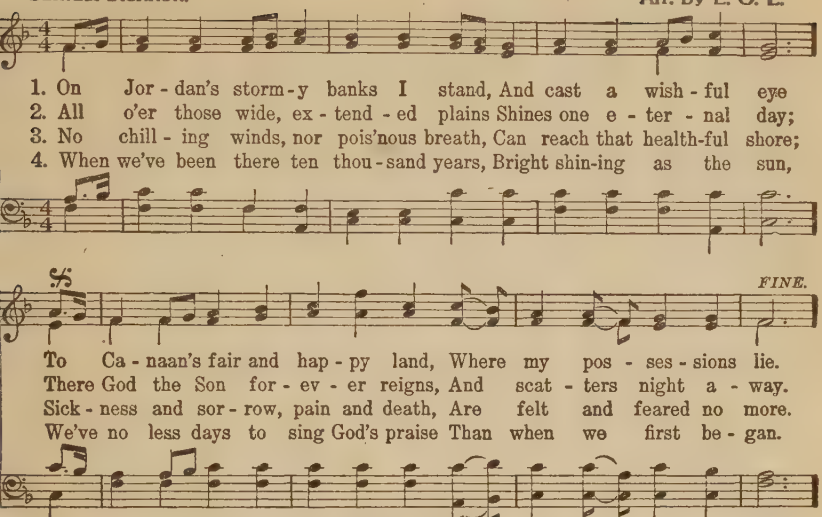
A dying risen Jesus,
Seen by the eye of faith,
At once from danger frees us,
And saves the soul from death.

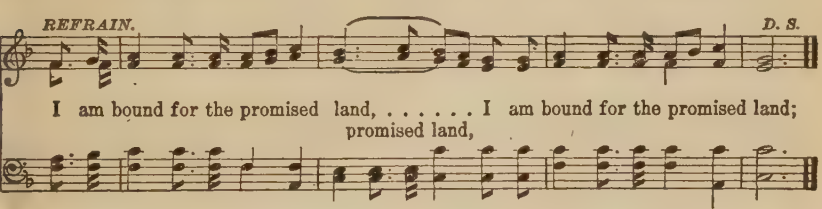
4

Come then to this Physician,
Your sins He will forgive;
He makes no hard condition,
'Tis only look and live.

No. 5. The Promised Land.

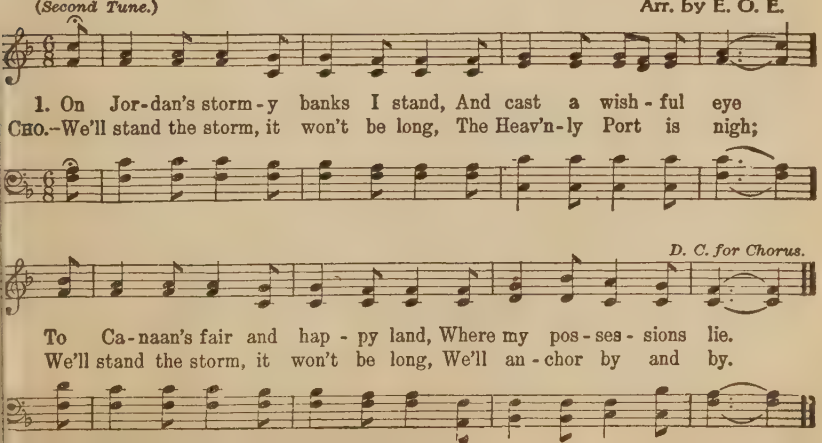
Samuel Stennett. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. On Jor - dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
2. All o'er those wide, ex - tend - ed plains Shines one e - ter - nal day;
3. No chill - ing winds, nor pois'nous breath, Can reach that health-ful shore;
4. When we've been there ten thou - sand years, Bright shin-ing as the sun,
FINE.
To Ca - naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
There God the Son for - ev - er reigns, And scat - ters night a - way.
Sick - ness and sor - row, pain and death, Are felt and feared no more.
We've no less days to sing God's praise Than when we first be - gan.
D. S.—O who will come and go with me? I am bound for the prom-ised land.



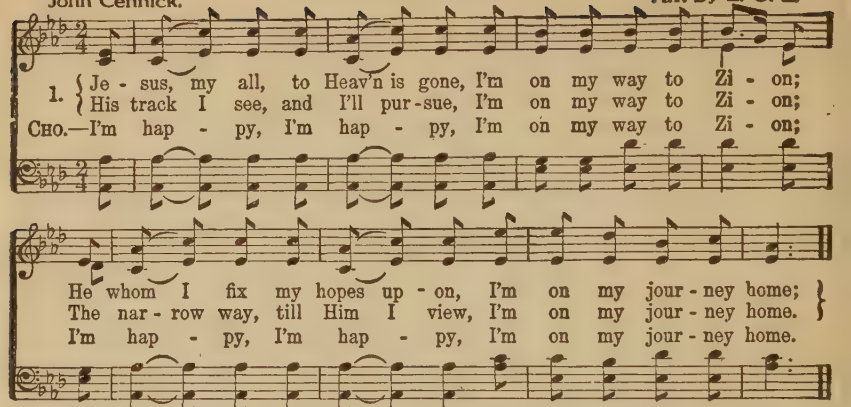
No. 6. We'll Stand the Storm.

(Second Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.


1. On Jor-dan's storm - y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye
CHO.—We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, The Heav'n-ly Port is nigh;
D. C. for Chorus.
To Ca-naan's fair and hap - py land, Where my pos - ses - sions lie.
We'll stand the storm, it won't be long, We'll an - chor by and by.

No. 7. I'm Happy.

John Cennick. Arr. by E. O. E.

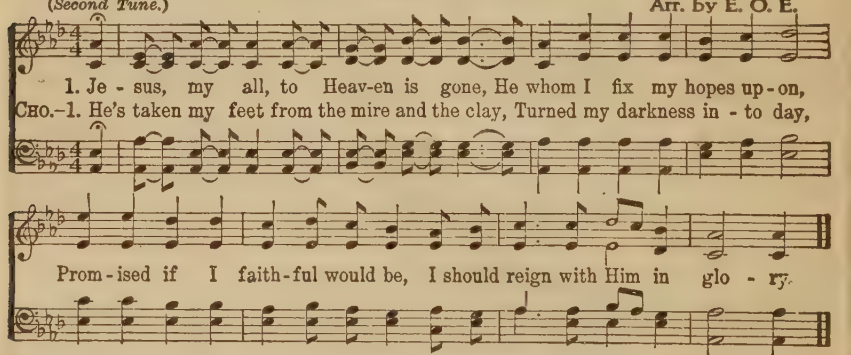

1. Je - sus, my all, to Heav'n is gone, I'm on my way to Zi - on;
His track I see, and I'll pur-sue, I'm on my way to Zi - on;
Cho.—I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, I'm on my way to Zi - on;
He whom I fix my hopes up - on, I'm on my jour - ney home;
The nar - row way, till Him I view, I'm on my jour - ney home.
I'm hap - py, I'm hap - py, I'm on my jour - ney home.

2 The way the holy prophets went,
The road that leads from banishment,
The King's highway of holiness,
I'll go, for all His paths are peace.

3 This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not;
My grief a burden long has been,
Because I was not saved from sin.

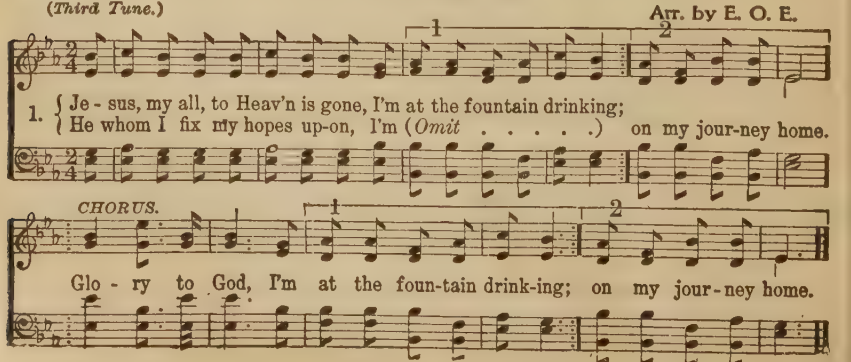
No. 8. He's Taken My Feet.

(Second Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.

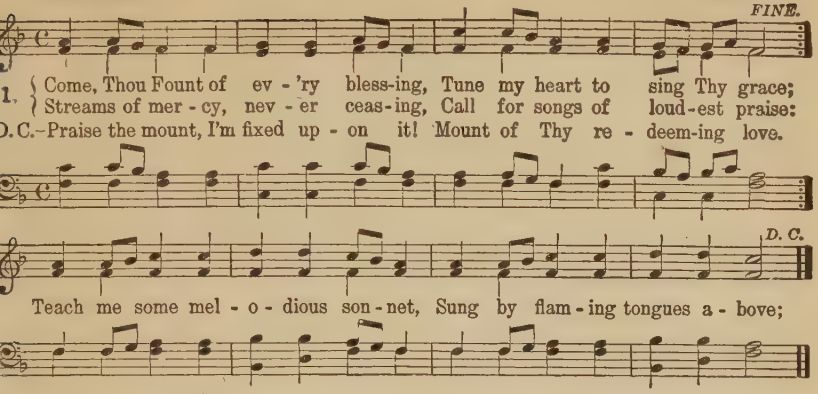

1. Je - sus, my all, to Heav-en is gone, He whom I fix my hopes up - on,
Cho.–1. He's taken my feet from the mire and the clay, Turned my darkness in - to day,
Prom - ised if I faith - ful would be, I should reign with Him in glo - ry.

No. 9. At the Fountain.

(Third Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.


1
2
1. Je - sus, my all, to Heav'n is gone, I'm at the fountain drinking;
He whom I fix my hopes up-on, I'm (Omit . . . . .) on my jour-ney home.
CHORUS.
1
2
Glo - ry to God, I'm at the foun-tain drink-ing; on my jour - ney home.

No. 10. Come, Thou Fount.

Geo. Robinson. Jean Jacques Rousseau.

FINE.
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of loud-est praise:
D. C.–Praise the mount, I'm fixed up - on it! Mount of Thy re - deem-ing love.
D. C.
Teach me some mel - o - dious son - net, Sung by flam - ing tongues a - bove;

2

Here I'll raise my Ebenezer,
Hither by Thy help I'm come;
And I hope, by Thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home:
Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed His precious blood.

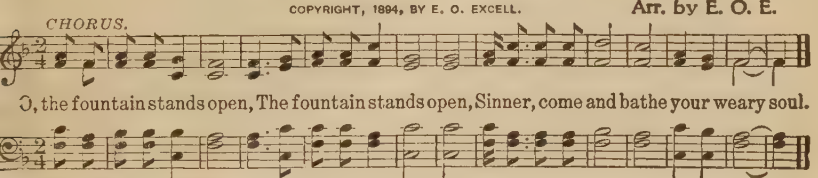
3

Oh, to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrained to be!
Let Thy goodness, like a fetter,
Bind my wandering heart to Thee:
Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love;
Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
Seal it for Thy courts above.

No. 11. *The Fountain Stands Open.

COPYRIGHT, 1894, BY E. O. EXCELL.

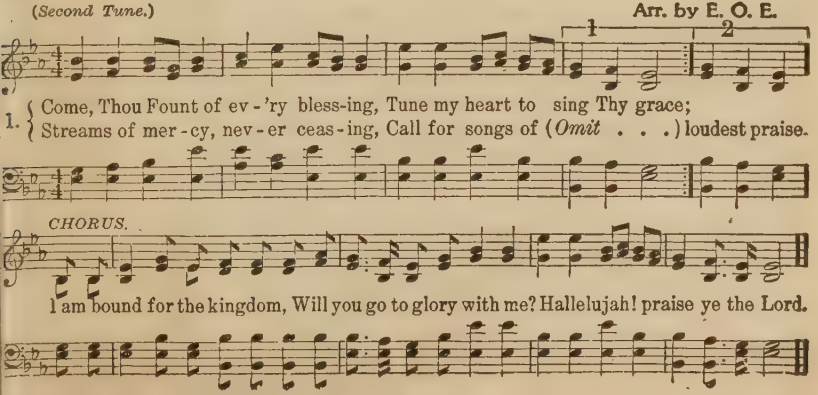
Arr. by E. O. E.



*May be used as a chorus to "Come, Thou Fount."

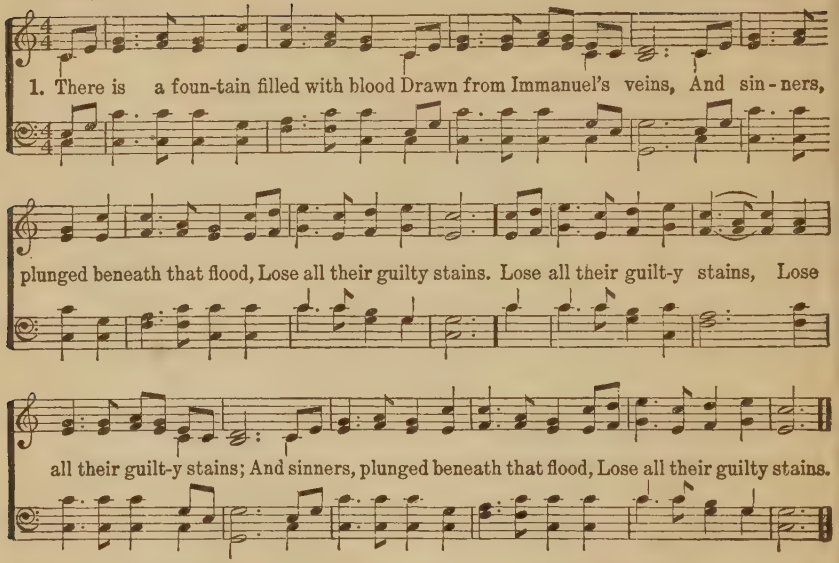
No. 12. I Am Bound for the Kingdom.

(*Second Tune.*) Arr. by E. O. E.


1
2
1. Come, Thou Fount of ev - 'ry bless-ing, Tune my heart to sing Thy grace;
Streams of mer - cy, nev - er ceas-ing, Call for songs of (Omit . . .) loudest praise.
CHORUS.
I am bound for the kingdom, Will you go to glory with me? Hallelujah! praise ye the Lord.

No. 13. There is a Fountain.

Cowper. Unknown.


1. There is a foun-tain filled with blood Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sin-ners,
plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains. Lose all their guilt-y stains, Lose
all their guilt-y stains; And sinners, plunged beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.

2

The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away.

3

Dear dying Lamb, Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed Church of God
Be saved to sin no more.

4

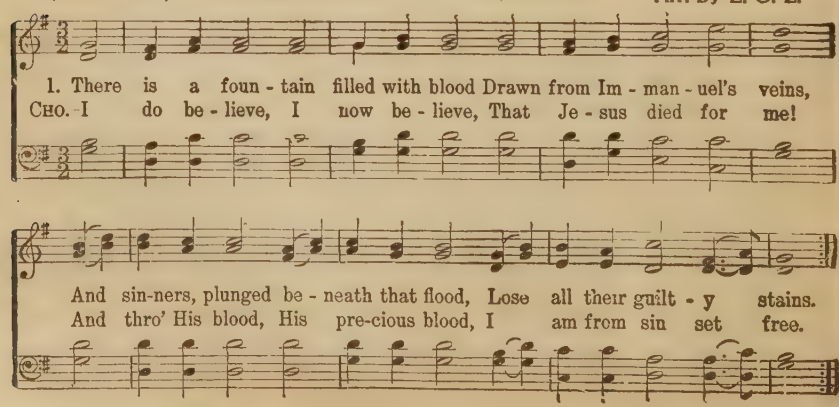
E'er since by faith I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

5

Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing Thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave.

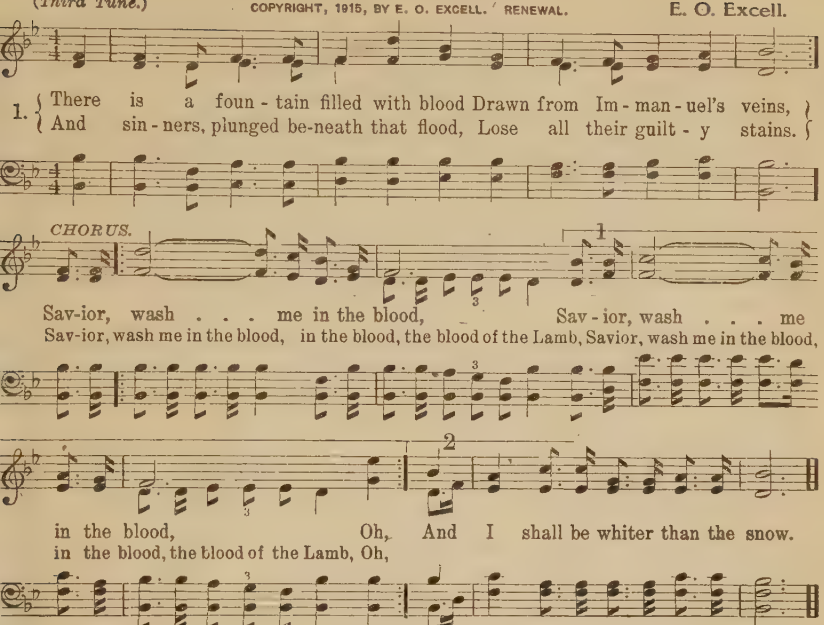
No. 14. I Do Believe.

(*Second Tune.*) Arr. by E. O. E.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
Cho. I do be - lieve, I now be - lieve, That Je - sus died for me!
And sin-ners, plunged be - neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
And thro' His blood, His pre-cious blood, I am from sin set free.

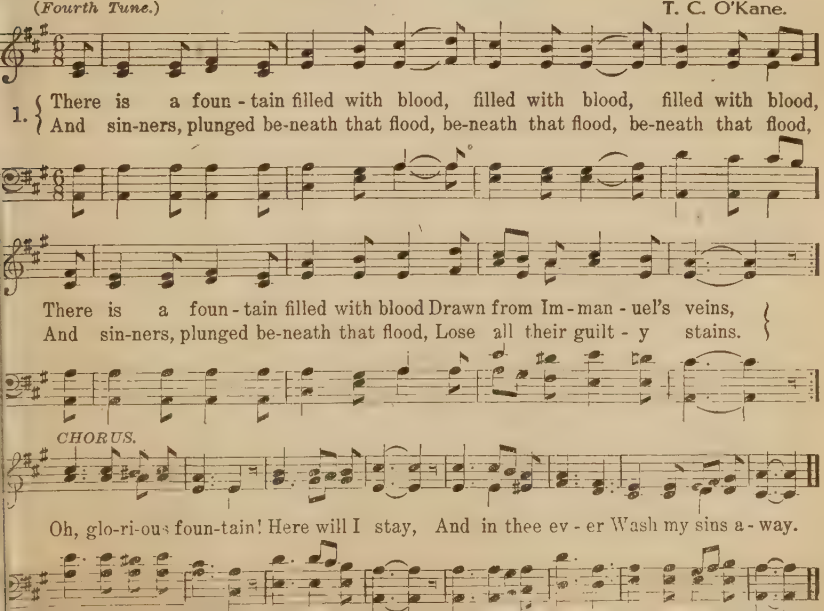
No. 15. Savior, Wash Me in the Blood.

(*Third Tune.*) COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
And sin - ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
CHORUS.
Sav-ior, wash . . . me in the blood, Sav - ior, wash . . . me
Sav-ior, wash me in the blood, in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Savior, wash me in the blood,
in the blood, Oh, And I shall be whiter than the snow.
in the blood, the blood of the Lamb, Oh,

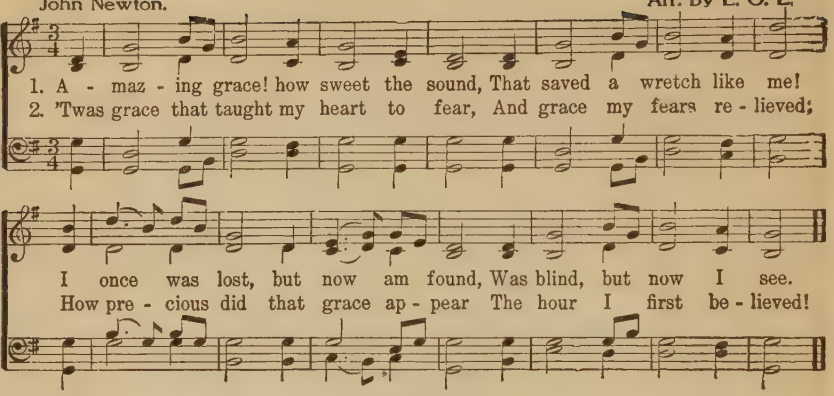
No. 16. Glorious Fountain.

(*Fourth Tune.*) T. C. O'Kane.


1. There is a foun - tain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood, be-neath that flood,
There is a foun - tain filled with blood Drawn from Im - man - uel's veins,
And sin-ners, plunged be-neath that flood, Lose all their guilt - y stains.
CHORUS.
Oh, glo-ri-ous foun-tain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er Wash my sins a - way.

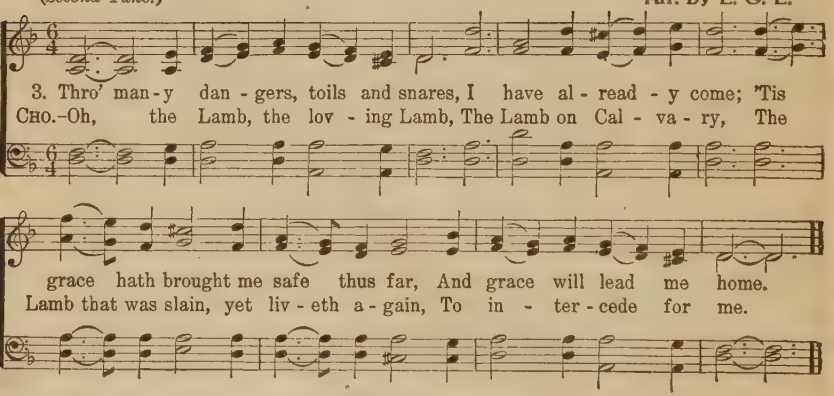
No. 17. Amazing Grace.

John Newton. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. A - maz - ing grace! how sweet the sound, That saved a wretch like me!
2. 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear, And grace my fears re - lieved;
I once was lost, but now am found, Was blind, but now I see.
How pre - cious did that grace ap - pear The hour I first be - lieved!

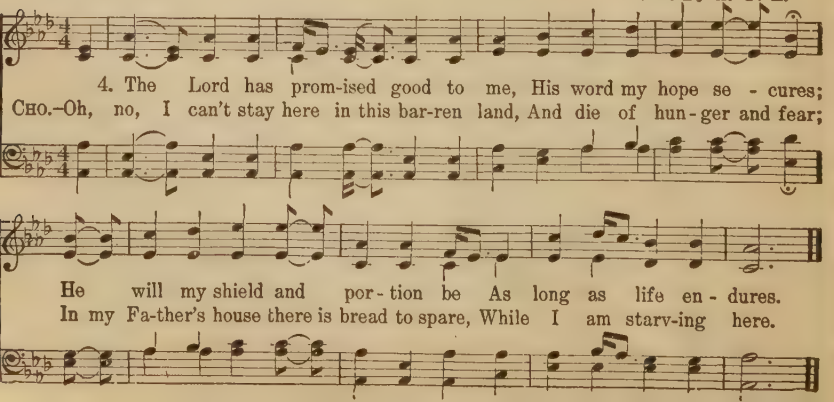
No. 18. Oh, the Lamb.

(Second Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.


3. Thro' man - y dan - gers, toils and snares, I have al - read - y come; 'Tis
CHO.–Oh, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb on Cal - va - ry, The
grace hath brought me safe thus far, And grace will lead me home.
Lamb that was slain, yet liv - eth a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

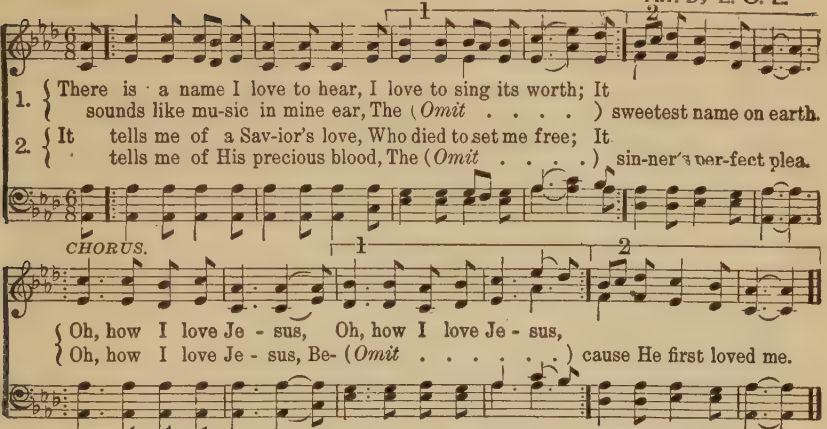
No. 19. Oh, No, I Can't Stay Here.

(Third Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.


4. The Lord has prom-ised good to me, His word my hope se - cures;
CHO.–Oh, no, I can't stay here in this bar-ren land, And die of hun - ger and fear;
He will my shield and por - tion be As long as life en - dures.
In my Fa-ther's house there is bread to spare, While I am starv-ing here.

No. 20. Oh, How I Love Jesus.

Arr. by E. O. E.

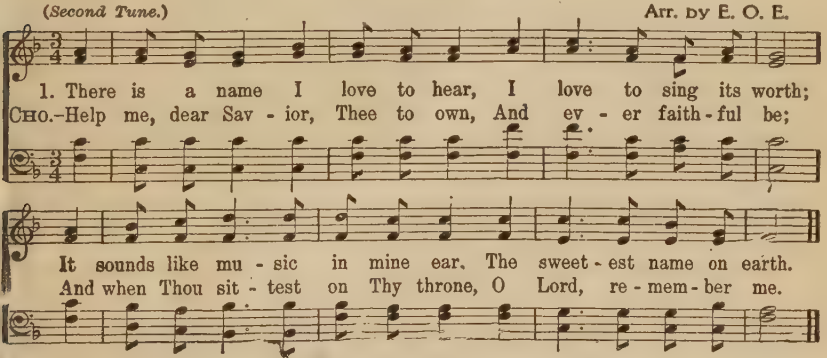

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth; It sounds like mu-sic in mine ear, The (Omit . . . .) sweetest name on earth.
2. It tells me of a Sav-ior's love, Who died to set me free; It tells me of His precious blood, The (Omit . . . .) sin-ner's per-fect plea.
CHORUS.
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Oh, how I love Je - sus,
Oh, how I love Je - sus, Be- (Omit . . . . .) cause He first loved me.

3 It tells me what my Father hath
In store for every day,
And though I tread a darksome pat..
Yields sunshine all the way.

4 It tells of One whose loving heart
Can feel my deepest woe,
Who in each sorrow bears a part,
That none can bear below.

No. 21. Remember Me.

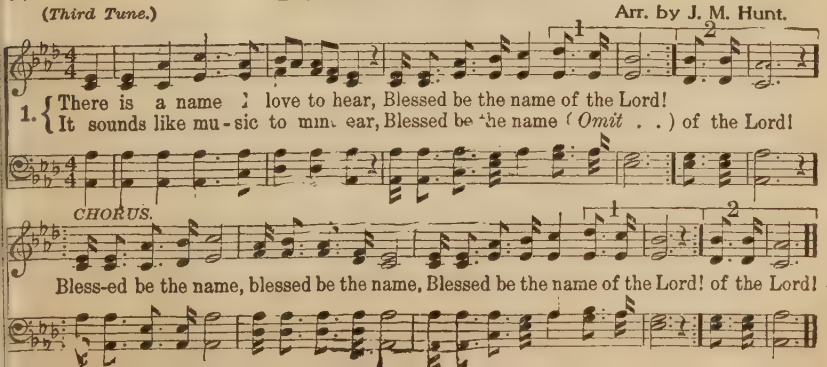
(*Second Tune.*)

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. There is a name I love to hear, I love to sing its worth;
CHO.–Help me, dear Sav - ior, Thee to own, And ev - er faith - ful be;
It sounds like mu - sic in mine ear. The sweet - est name on earth.
And when Thou sit - test on Thy throne, O Lord, re - mem - ber me.

No. 22. Blessed Be the Name.

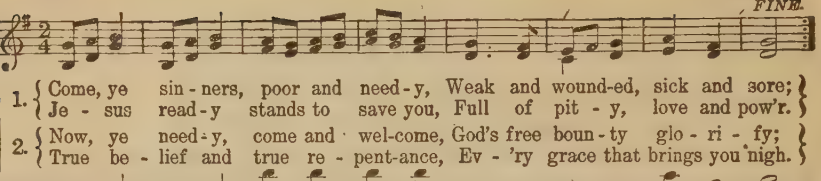
(*Third Tune.*)

Arr. by J. M. Hunt.


1. There is a name I love to hear, Blessed be the name of the Lord!
It sounds like mu - sic to mine ear, Blessed be the name (Omit . .) of the Lord!
CHORUS.
Bless-ed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord! of the Lord!

No. 23. Come, Ye Sinners.

Hart. J. Ingalls.

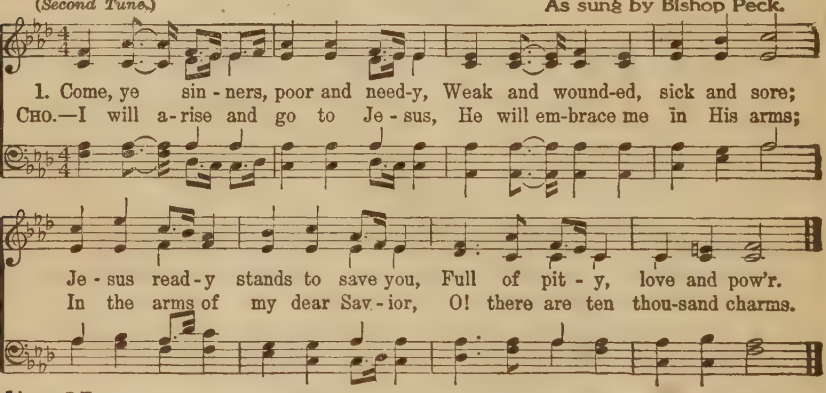

FINE.
1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
2. Now, ye need - y, come and wel-come, God's free boun - ty glo - ri - fy;
True be - lief and true re - pent-ance, Ev - 'ry grace that brings you nigh.
D. C.-Glo - ry, hon - or, and sal - va - tion, Christ the Lord is come to reign.
CHORUS.
D. C.
Turn to the Lord, and seek sal - va - tion, Sound the praise of His dear name;

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream;
All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel your need of Him.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
Bruised and mangled by the fall,
If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all.

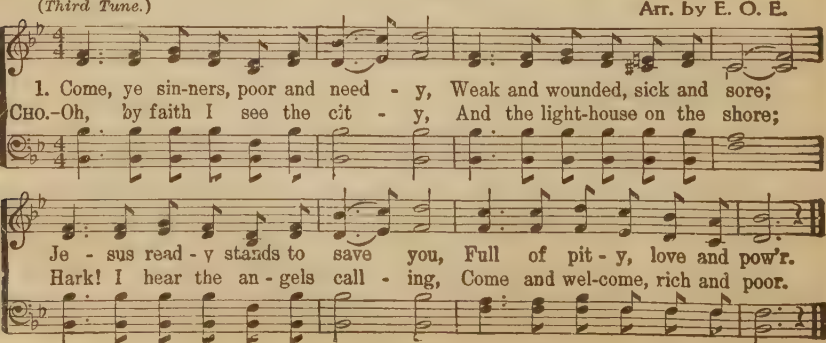
No. 24. I Will Arise.

(Second Tune.) As sung by Bishop Peck.


1. Come, ye sin - ners, poor and need-y, Weak and wound-ed, sick and sore;
CHO.—I will a-rise and go to Je - sus, He will em-brace me in His arms;
Je - sus read-y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
In the arms of my dear Sav - ior, O! there are ten thou-sand charms.

No. 25. O by Faith.

(Third Tune.) Arr. by E. O. E.


1. Come, ye sin-ners, poor and need - y, Weak and wounded, sick and sore;
CHO.-Oh, by faith I see the cit - y, And the light-house on the shore;
Je - sus read - y stands to save you, Full of pit - y, love and pow'r.
Hark! I hear the an - gels call - ing, Come and wel-come, rich and poor.

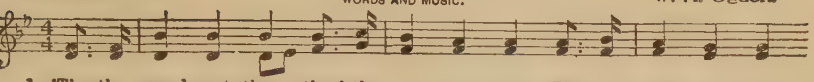
No. 26. He is Able to Deliver Thee.

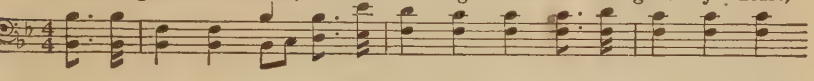
W. A. O.

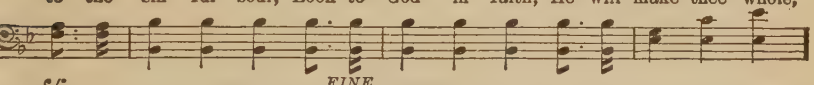
COPYRIGHT, 1915, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL.

WORDS AND MUSIC.

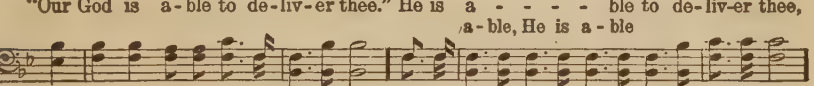
W. A. Ogden.



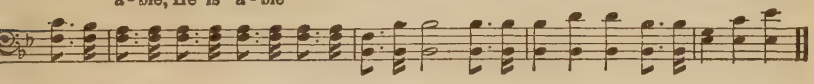
1. 'Tis the grand - est theme thro' the a - ges rung; 'Tis the grand - est theme
2. 'Tis the grand - est theme in the earth or main; 'Tis the grand - est theme
3. 'Tis the grand - est theme, let the ti - dings roll To the guilt - y heart,

for a mor - tal tongue; 'Tis the grand - est theme that the world e'er sung,
for a mor - tal strain; 'Tis the grand - est theme, tell the world a - gain,
to the sin - ful soul; Look to God in faith, He will make thee whole,



"Our God is a - ble to de - liv - er thee." He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee,
a - ble, He is a - ble

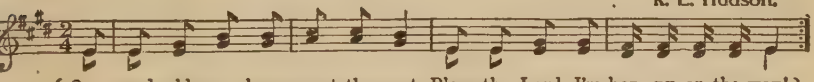


He is a - - - - ble to de - liv - er thee; Tho' by sin op-prest, Go to Him for rest,
a - ble, He is a - ble

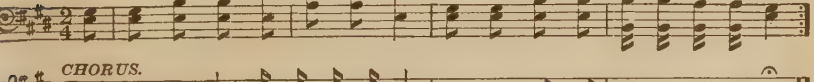


No. 27. Happy On the Way.

R. E. Hudson.

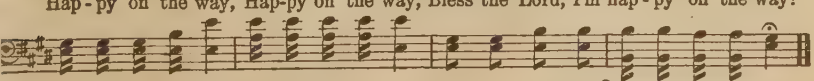


1. { O good old way, how sweet thou art, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way!
   { May none of us from thee de - part, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way!



CHORUS.

Hap - py on the way, Hap - py on the way, Bless the Lord, I'm hap - py on the way!



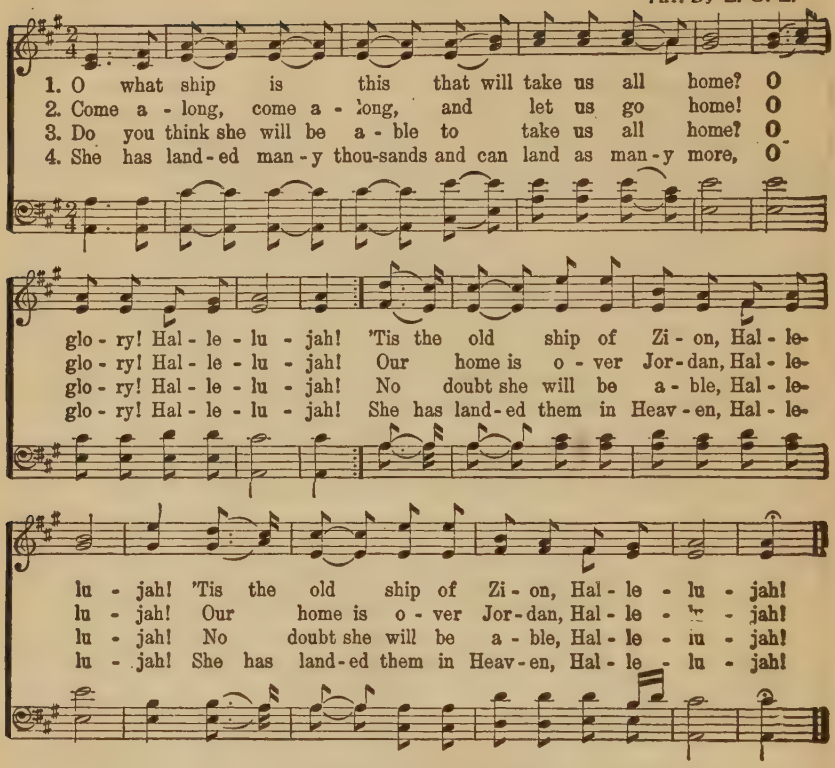
2

But may our actions always say, Bless, etc.
We're marching in the good old way, Bless, etc.

3

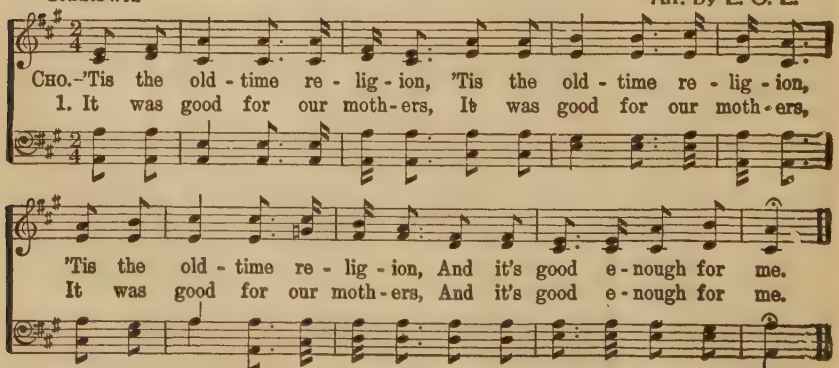
This note above the rest shall swell, Bless, etc.
That Jesus doeth all things well, Bless, etc.

No. 28. The Old Ship of Zion.

Arr. by E. O. E.

1. O what ship is this that will take us all home? O
2. Come a - long, come a - long, and let us go home! O
3. Do you think she will be a - ble to take us all home? O
4. She has land - ed man - y thou-sands and can land as man - y more, O
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le-
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le-
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le-
glo - ry! Hal - le - lu - jah! She has land - ed them in Heav - en, Hal - le-
lu - jah! 'Tis the old ship of Zi - on, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! Our home is o - ver Jor - dan, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! No doubt she will be a - ble, Hal - le - lu - jah!
lu - jah! She has land - ed them in Heav - en, Hal - le - lu - jah!

No. 29. The Old-Time Religion.

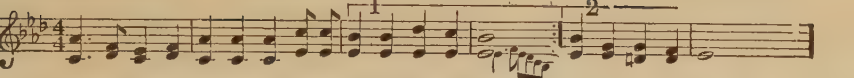
Unknown. Arr. by E. O. E.

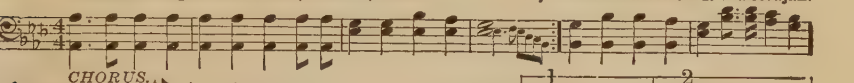

Cho.-'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, 'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion,
1. It was good for our moth - ers, It was good for our moth - ers,
'Tis the old - time re - lig - ion, And it's good e - nough for me.
It was good for our moth - ers, And it's good e - nough for me.

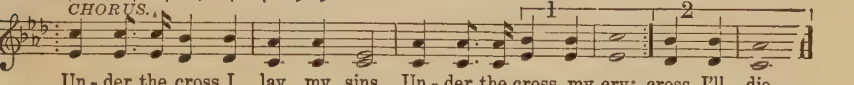
2 Makes me love everybody.
3 It has saved our fathers.
4 It was good for the Prophet Daniel.
5 It was good for the Hebrew children.
6 It was tried in the fiery furnace.
7 It was good for Paul and Silas.
8 It will do when I am dying.
9 It will take us all to Heaven

No. 30. Under the Cross.

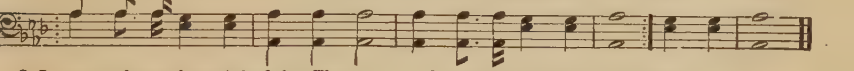
Wm. McDonald. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.



1. { I am coming to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
   { I am counting all but dross; I shall (*Omit . . . .*) full salvation find. Hallelujah!

CHORUS.



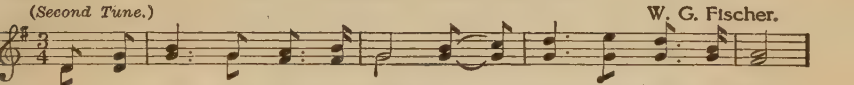
Un - der the cross I lay my sins, Un - der the cross, my cry; cross I'll die.

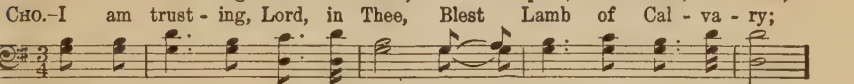


2 Long my heart has sighed for Thee,
Long has evil reigned within;
Jesus sweetly speaks to me,
"I will cleanse you from all sin."

3 Here I give my all to Thee,
Friends, and time, and earthly store,
Soul and body Thine to be,
Wholly Thine forevermore.

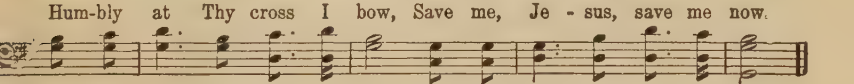
No. 31. I Am Trusting, Lord, in Thee.

(*Second Tune.*) W. G. Fischer.

1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
CHO.—I am trust - ing, Lord, in Thee, Blest Lamb of Cal - va - ry;



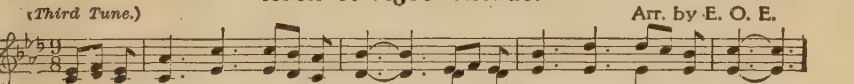
D. C.

I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Hum-bly at Thy cross I bow, Save me, Je - sus, save me now.

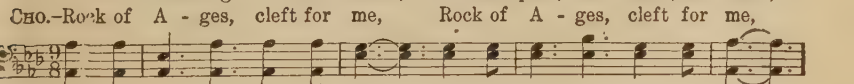


No. 32. Rock of Ages Chorus.

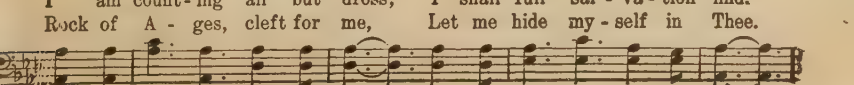
(*Third Tune.*) Arr. by E. O. E.



1. I am com - ing to the cross; I am poor, and weak, and blind;
CHO.—Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Rock of A - ges, cleft for me,

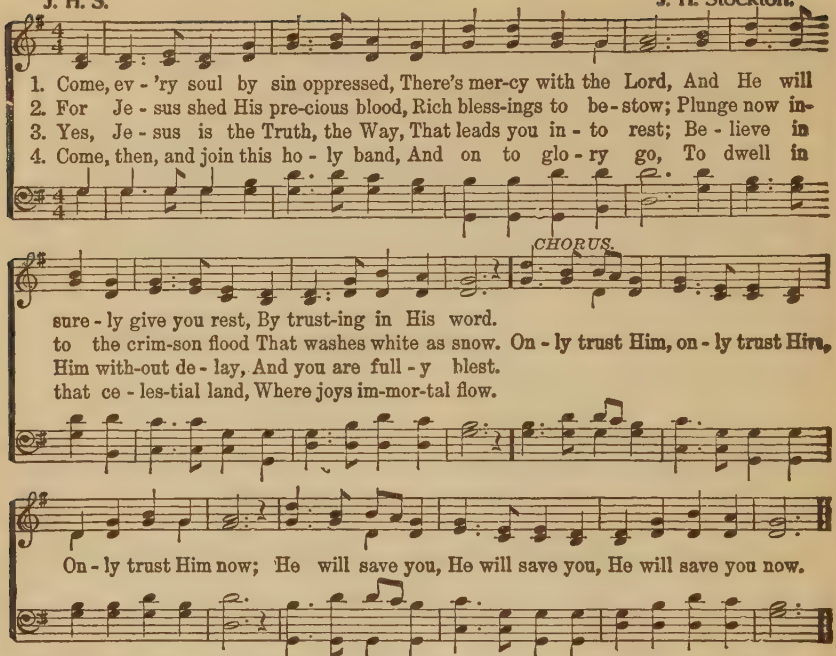


I am count - ing all but dross; I shall full sal - va - tion find.
Rock of A - ges, cleft for me, Let me hide my - self in Thee.



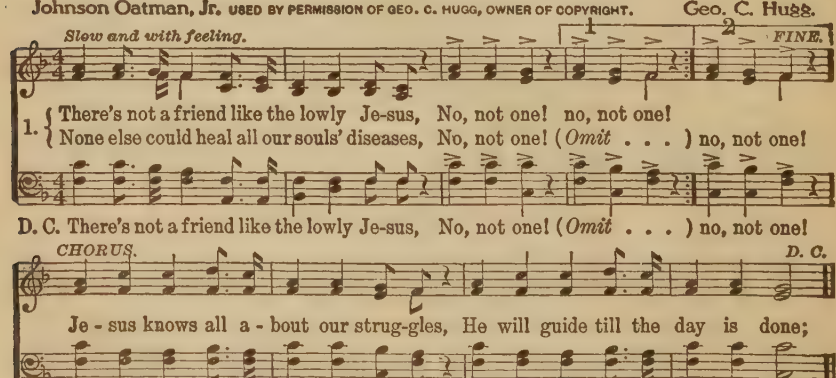
No. 33. Only Trust Him.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.


1. Come, ev - 'ry soul by sin oppressed, There's mer-cy with the Lord, And He will
2. For Je - sus shed His pre-cious blood, Rich bless-ings to be - stow; Plunge now in-
3. Yes, Je - sus is the Truth, the Way, That leads you in - to rest; Be - lieve in
4. Come, then, and join this ho - ly band, And on to glo - ry go, To dwell in
CHORUS.
sure - ly give you rest, By trust-ing in His word.
to the crim-son flood That washes white as snow. On - ly trust Him, on - ly trust Him,
Him with-out de - lay, And you are full - y blest.
that ce - les-tial land, Where joys im-mor-tal flow.
On - ly trust Him now; He will save you, He will save you, He will save you now.

No. 34. No, Not One.

Johnson Oatman, Jr. USED BY PERMISSION OF GEO. C. HUGG, OWNER OF COPYRIGHT. Geo. C. Hugg.


Slow and with feeling.
1
2
FINE.
1. There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! no, not one!
None else could heal all our souls' diseases, No, not one! (Omit . . .) no, not one!
D. C. There's not a friend like the lowly Je-sus, No, not one! (Omit . . .) no, not one!
CHORUS.
D. C.
Je - sus knows all a - bout our strug-gles, He will guide till the day is done;

2 No friend like Him is so high and holy,
No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and lowly,
No, not one! no, not one!

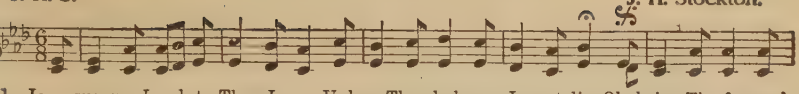
3 There's not an hour that He is not near us,
No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but His love can cheer us,
No, not one! no, not one!

4 Did ever saint find this Friend forsake him?
No, not one! no, not one!
Or sinner find that He would not take him?
No, not one! no, not one!

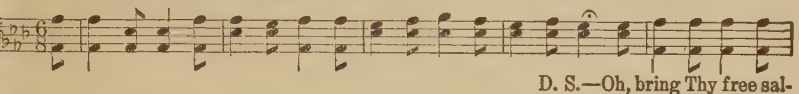
5 Was e'er a gift like the Savior given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will He refuse us a home in Heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

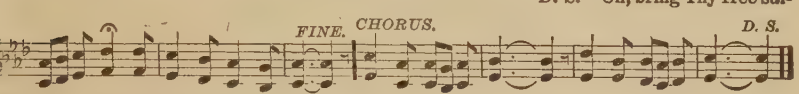
o. 35. Take Me As I Am.

J. H. S. J. H. Stockton.

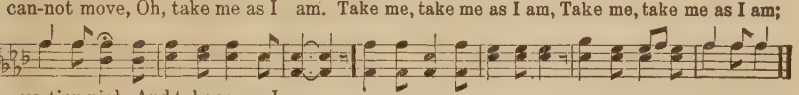


1. Je - sus, my Lord, to Thee I cry: Unless Thou help me, I must die; Oh, bring Thy free sal-
2. Helpless I am, and full of guilt, But yet for me Thy blood was spilt, And Thou canst make me
3. No prep-a - ra-tion can I make, My best resolves I on-ly break, Yet save me for Thine
4. I thirst, I long to know Thy love, Thy full sal-va-tion I would prove; But since to Thee I



D. S.—Oh, bring Thy free sal-

FINE. CHORUS. D. S.

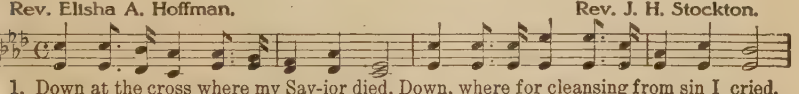
va - tion nigh, And take me as I am.
what Thou wilt, But take me as I am. Take me as I am, . . Take me as I am; . .
own name's sake, And take me as I am.
can-not move, Oh, take me as I am. Take me, take me as I am, Take me, take me as I am;



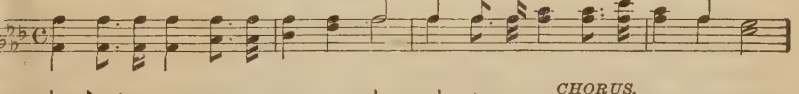
va-tion nigh, And take me as I am.

o. 36. Glory to His Name.

Rev. Elisha A. Hoffman. Rev. J. H. Stockton.

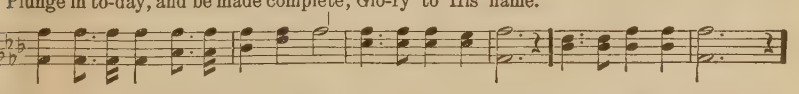


1. Down at the cross where my Sav-ior died, Down, where for cleansing from sin I cried,
2. I am so won-drous-ly saved from sin; Je - sus so sweet-ly a-bides with - in;
3. Oh, pre-cious fountain, that saves from sin, I am so glad I have en - tered in;
4. Come to this fountain, so rich and sweet; Cast thy poor soul at the Sav - ior's feet;

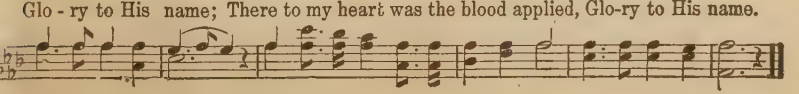


CHORUS.

There to my heart was the blood applied: Glo-ry to His name.
There at the cross where He took me in; Glo-ry to His name. Glo - ry to His name,
There Jesus saves me and keeps me clean; Glo-ry to His name.
Plunge in to-day, and be made complete; Glo-ry to His name.

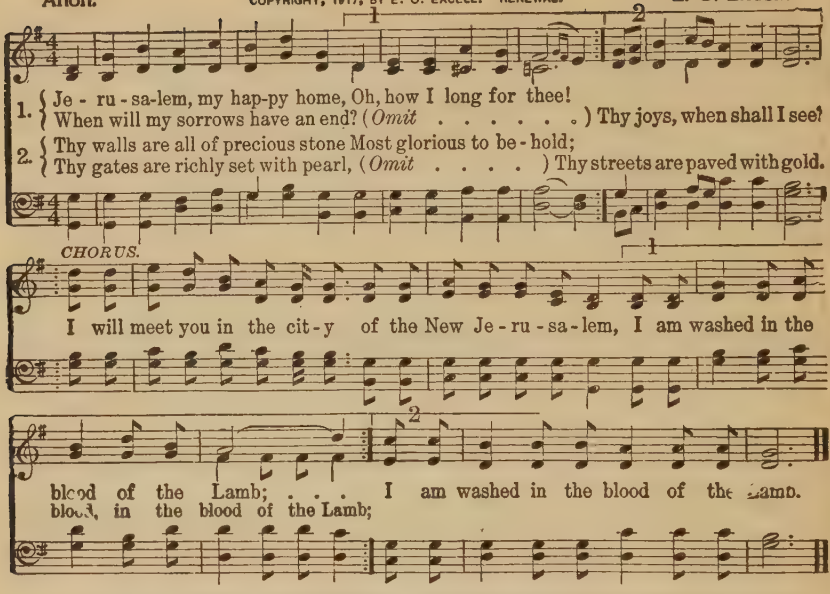


Glo - ry to His name; There to my heart was the blood applied, Glo-ry to His name.



No. 37. My Happy Home.

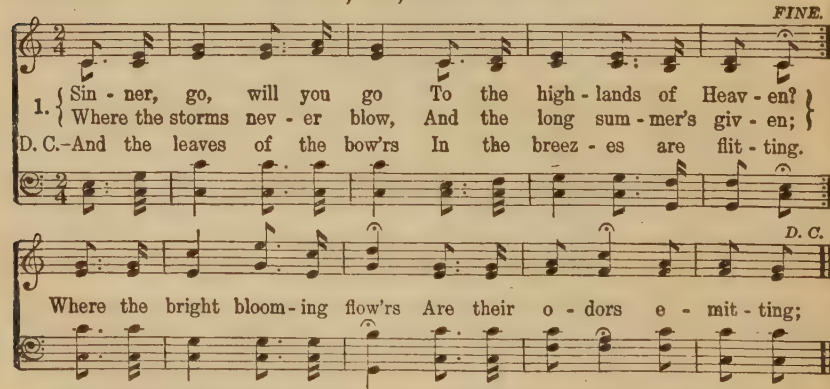
Anon. COPYRIGHT, 1917, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1. Je - ru - sa-lem, my hap-py home, Oh, how I long for thee!
When will my sorrows have an end? (Omit . . . . .) Thy joys, when shall I see?
2. Thy walls are all of precious stone Most glorious to be - hold;
Thy gates are richly set with pearl, (Omit . . . .) Thy streets are paved with gold.
CHORUS.
I will meet you in the cit-y of the New Je - ru - sa - lem, I am washed in the
blood of the Lamb; . . . I am washed in the blood of the Lamb.
blood, in the blood of the Lamb;

3 Thy gardens and thy pleasant streams
My study long have been—
Such sparkling gems by human sight
Have never yet been seen.

4 Reach down, reach down Thine arms of grace,
And cause me to ascend
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And praises never end.

No. 38. Sinner, Go, Will You Go?


FINE.
1. Sin - ner, go, will you go To the high - lands of Heav - en?
Where the storms nev - er blow, And the long sum - mer's giv - en;
D. C.–And the leaves of the bow'rs In the breez - es are flit - ting.
D. C.
Where the bright bloom - ing flow'rs Are their o - dors e - mit - ting;

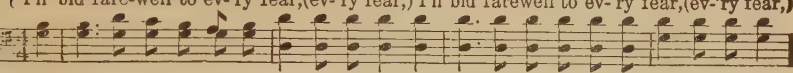
2 He's prepared thee a home,—
Sinner, canst thou believe it?
And invites thee to come,—
Sinner, wilt thou receive it?
Oh, come, sinner, come,
For the tide is receding;
And the Savior will soon
And forever cease pleading.

3 Where the rivers of joy
O'er the bright plains are flowing,
There our bliss ne'er shall cloy!
To that land we are going.
Then say, will you go,
And the world leave behind you?
Since its pleasures you know
Have out dazzled to blind you.

o. 39. We Will Stand the Storm.

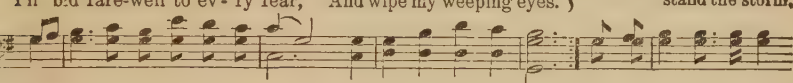
Isaac Watts — Arr. by T. C. O'Kane.

{ When I can read my title clear,(title clear,) When I can read my title clear,(title clear,)
{ I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear,(ev-'ry fear,) I'll bid farewell to ev-'ry fear,(ev-'ry fear,)

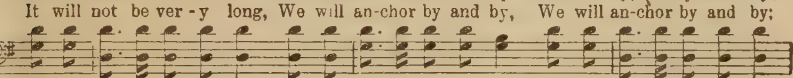


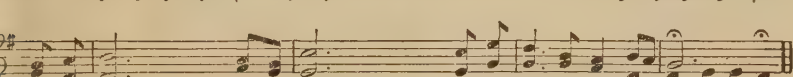
CHORUS.

When I can read my ti - tle clear, To mansions in the skies; } We will stand
I'll bid fare-well to ev-'ry fear, And wipe my weeping eyes. } stand the storm,

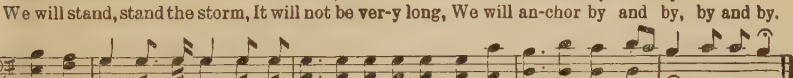


the storm, We will an - chor by and by, by and by;
It will not be ver - y long, We will an-chor by and by, We will an-chor by and by;





We will stand the storm, We will an-chor by and by.
We will stand, stand the storm, It will not be ver-y long, We will an-chor by and by, by and by.

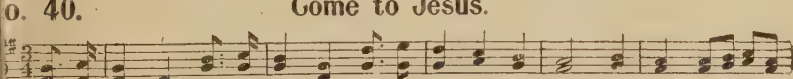


2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And fiery darts be hurled;
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.

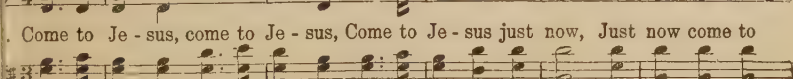
3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
Let storms of sorrow fall—
So I but safely reach my home,
My God, my Heaven, my all.

4 There I shall bathe my weary soul,
In seas of heavenly rest;
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

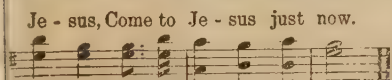
o. 40. Come to Jesus.



. Come to Je - sus, come to Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now, Just now come to



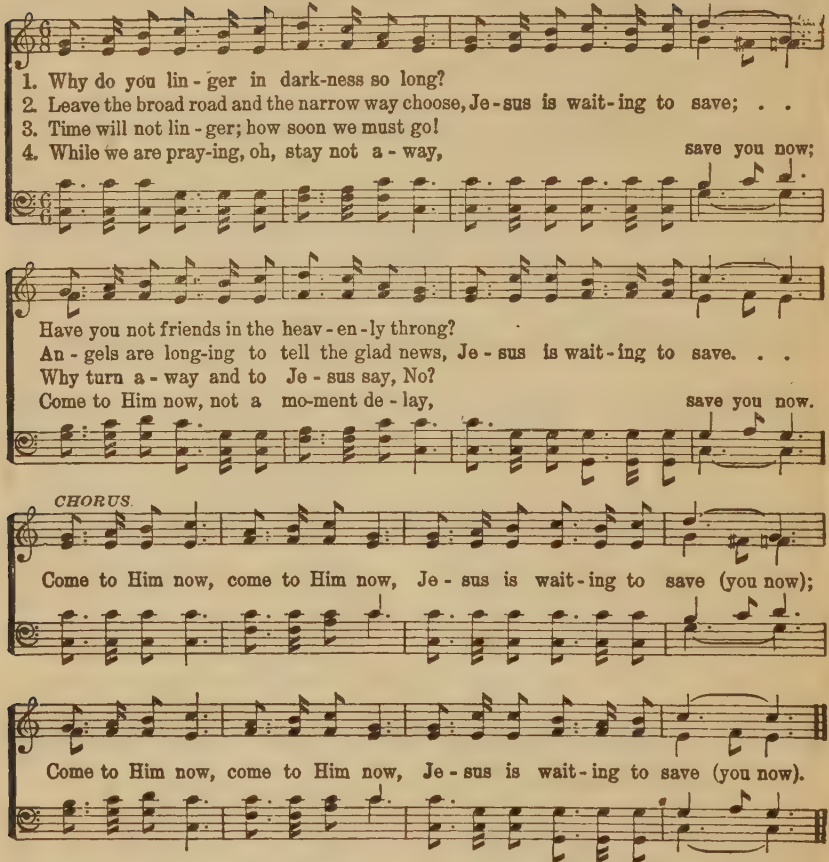
Je - sus, Come to Je - sus just now.



2 He will save you.
3 Oh, believe Him.
4 He is able.
5 He is willing.
6 He'll receive you.
7 Call upon Him.
8 He will hear you.
9 He'll forgive you.
10 He will cleanse you.
11 Jesus loves you.
12 Don't reject Him.
13 Only trust Him.

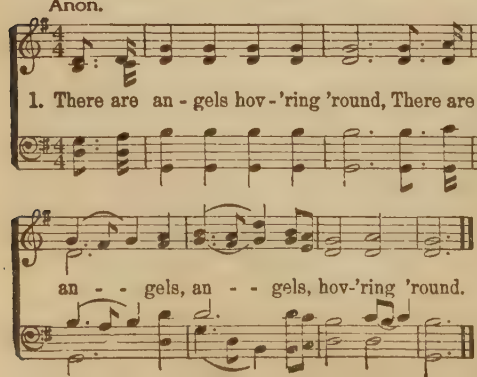
No. 41. Jesus is Waiting to Save.

E. O. E. COPYRIGHT, 1909, BY E. O. EXCELL. RENEWAL. E. O. Excell.


1. Why do you lin - ger in dark-ness so long?
2. Leave the broad road and the narrow way choose, Je - sus is wait - ing to save; . .
3. Time will not lin - ger; how soon we must go!
4. While we are pray-ing, oh, stay not a - way, save you now;
Have you not friends in the heav - en - ly throng?
An - gels are long-ing to tell the glad news, Je - sus is wait - ing to save. . .
Why turn a - way and to Je - sus say, No?
Come to Him now, not a mo-ment de - lay, save you now.
CHORUS.
Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save (you now);
Come to Him now, come to Him now, Je - sus is wait - ing to save (you now).

No. 42. Angels Hovering 'Round.

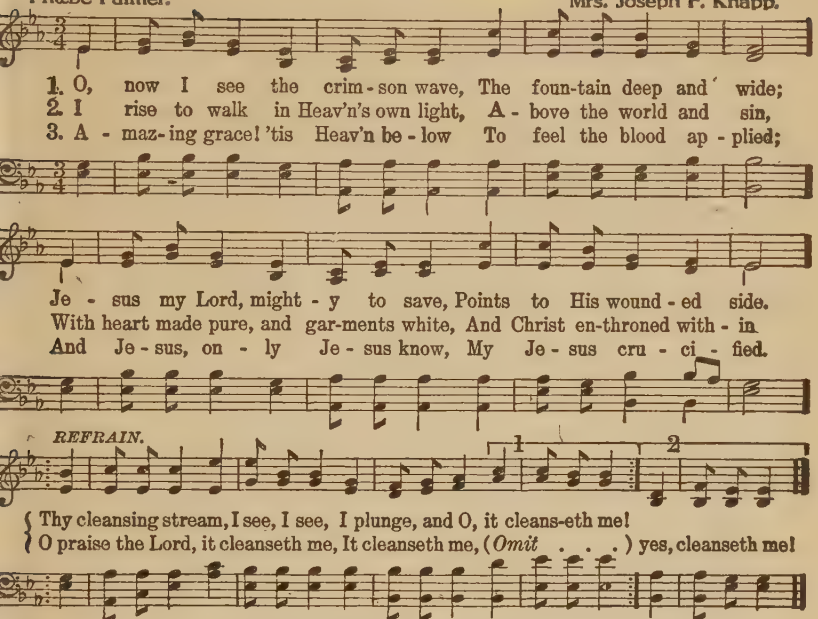
Anon. Unknown.



2 They will carry the tidings home, etc.
3 To the new Jerusalem, etc.
4 Poor sinners are coming home, etc.
5 And Jesus bids them come, etc.
6 Let him that heareth come, etc.
7 There is glory all around, etc.
8 We are on our journey home, etc.

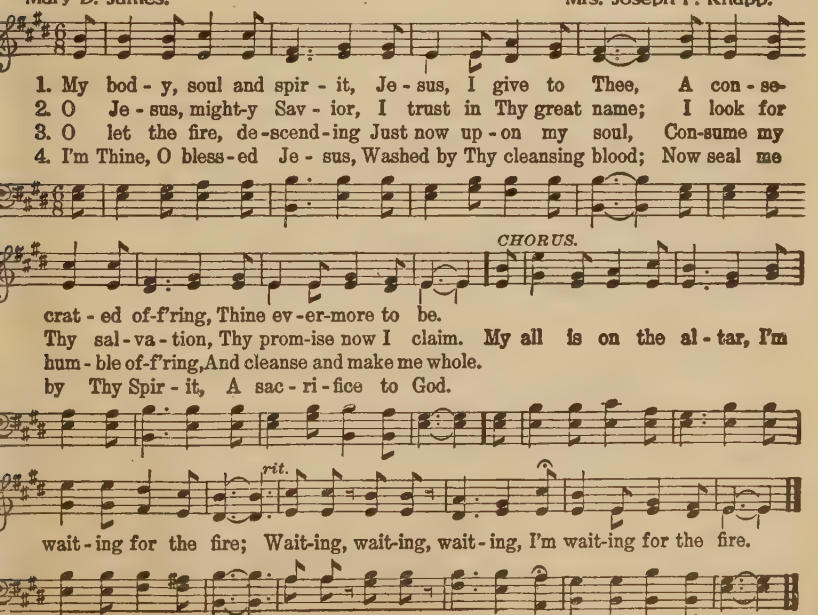
No. 43. The Grimson Wave.

Phœbe Palmer. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. O, now I see the crim-son wave, The foun-tain deep and wide;
2. I rise to walk in Heav'n's own light, A-bove the world and sin,
3. A-maz-ing grace! 'tis Heav'n be-low To feel the blood ap-plied;
Je-sus my Lord, might-y to save, Points to His wound-ed side.
With heart made pure, and gar-ments white, And Christ en-throned with-in
And Je-sus, on-ly Je-sus know, My Je-sus cru-ci-fied.
REFRAIN.
1
2
Thy cleansing stream, I see, I see, I plunge, and O, it cleans-eth me!
O praise the Lord, it cleanseth me, It cleanseth me, (Omit . . .) yes, cleanseth me!

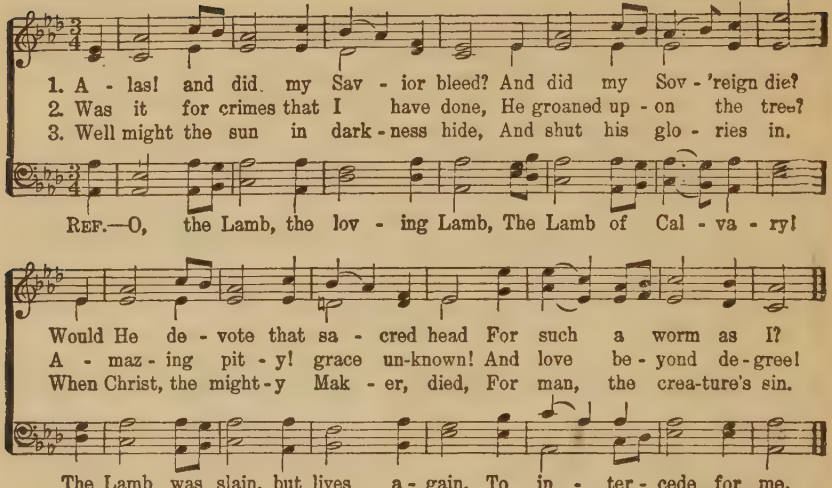
No. 44. My Body, Soul and Spirit.

Mary D. James. Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp.


1. My bod-y, soul and spir-it, Je-sus, I give to Thee, A con-se-
2. O Je-sus, might-y Sav-ior, I trust in Thy great name; I look for
3. O let the fire, de-scend-ing Just now up-on my soul, Con-sume my
4. I'm Thine, O bless-ed Je-sus, Washed by Thy cleansing blood; Now seal me
CHORUS.
crat-ed of-f'ring, Thine ev-er-more to be.
Thy sal-va-tion, Thy prom-ise now I claim. My all is on the al-tar, I'm
hum-ble of-f'ring, And cleanse and make me whole.
by Thy Spir-it, A sac-ri-fice to God.
rit.
wait-ing for the fire; Wait-ing, wait-ing, wait-ing, I'm wait-ing for the fire.

No. 45. Alas! and Did My Savior Bleed?

Isaac Watts. Stephen Jenks.

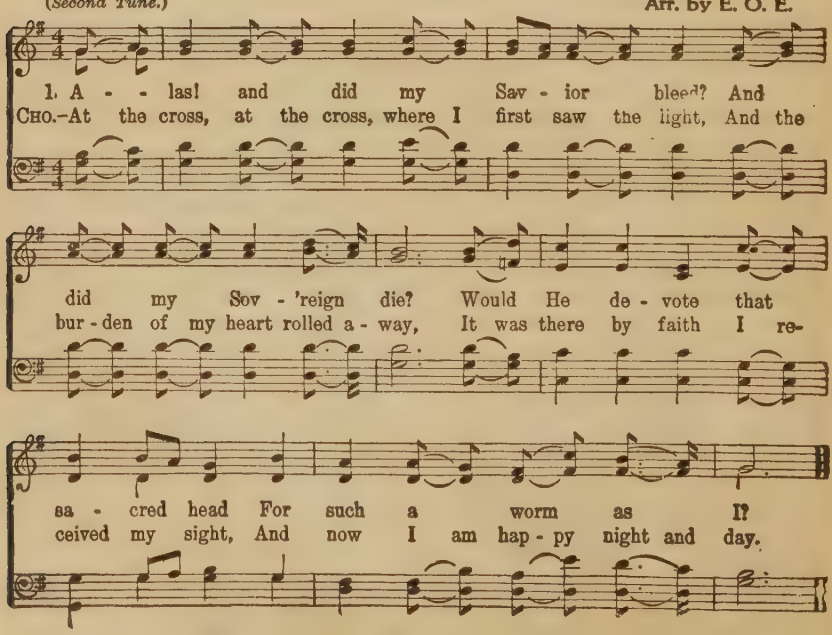

1. A - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And did my Sov - 'reign die?
2. Was it for crimes that I have done, He groaned up - on the tree?
3. Well might the sun in dark - ness hide, And shut his glo - ries in.
REF.—O, the Lamb, the lov - ing Lamb, The Lamb of Cal - va - ry!
Would He de - vote that sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
A - maz - ing pit - y! grace un-known! And love be - yond de - gree!
When Christ, the might - y Mak - er, died, For man, the crea-ture's sin.
The Lamb was slain, but lives a - gain, To in - ter - cede for me.

4 Thus might I hide my blushing face
While His dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes to tears.

5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

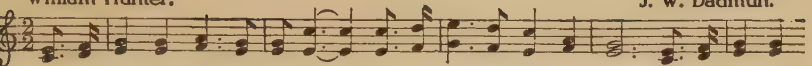
No. 46. At the Cross.

(*Second Tune.*) Arr. by E. O. E.

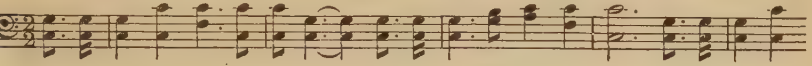

1. A - - las! and did my Sav - ior bleed? And
CHO.—At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the
did my Sov - 'reign die? Would He de - vote that
bur - den of my heart rolled a - way, It was there by faith I re-
sa - cred head For such a worm as I?
ceived my sight, And now I am hap - py night and day.

No. 47. Rest For the Weary.

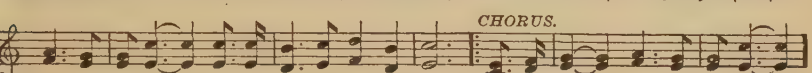
William Hunter. J. W. Dadmun.



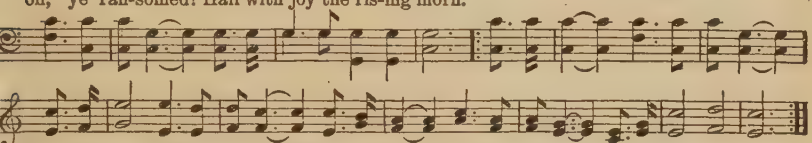
1. In the Christian's home in glo-ry, There re-mains a land of rest; There my Sav-ior's
2. He is fit - ting up my man-sion, Which e - ter - nal - ly shall stand, For my stay shall
3. Pain and sickness ne'er shall en-ter, Grief nor woe my lot shall share; But, in that ce-
4. Death itself shall then be vanquished, And his sting shall be withdrawn; Shout for gladness,



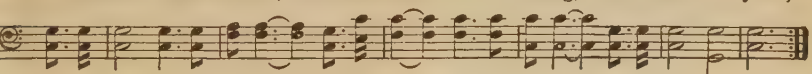
CHORUS.



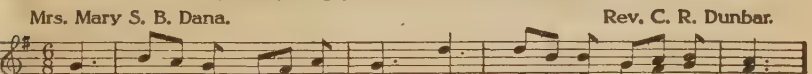
gone be-fore me, To ful-fill my soul's re-quest.
not be tran-sient, In that ho - ly, hap-py land. } There is rest for the wear-y,
les - tial cen - ter, I a crown of life shall wear. } On the oth - er side of Jor-dan,
oh, ye ran-somed! Hail with joy the ris-ing morn.

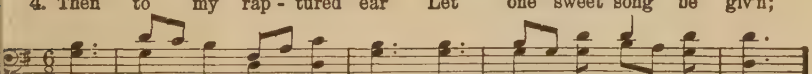


There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for the wear-y, There is rest for you;
In the sweet fields of E-den, Where the tree of life is blooming, There is rest for you.



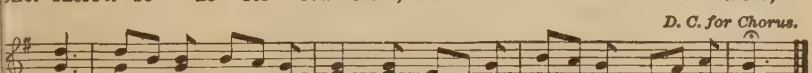
No. 48. There'll Be No Sorrow There.

Mrs. Mary S. B. Dana. Rev. C. R. Dunbar.

1. Oh! sing to me of Heav'n, When I am called to die;
2. When cold and slug - gish drops Roll off my mar - ble brow,
3. When the last mo - ments come, Oh, watch my dy - ing face,
4. Then to my rap - tured ear Let one sweet song be giv'n;

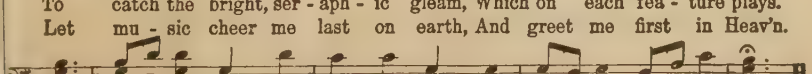


CHO.–There'll be no sor - row there, There'll be no sor - row there;

D. C. for Chorus.



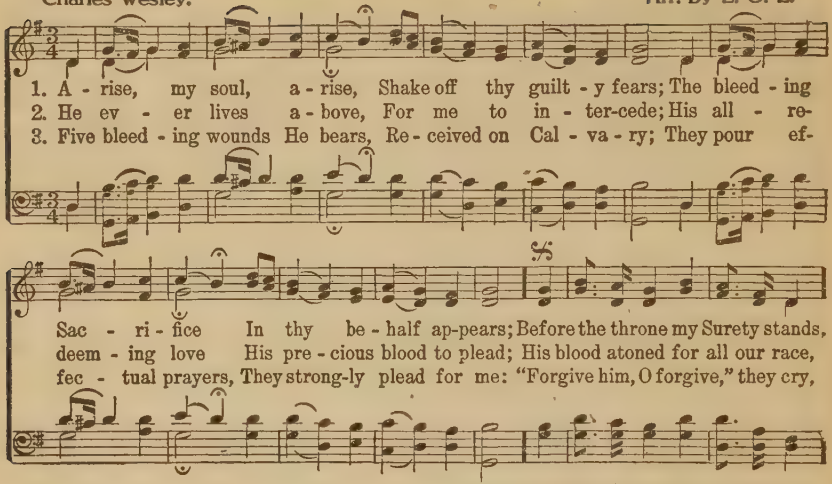
Sing songs of ho - ly ec - sta - sy, To waft my soul on high.
Break forth in songs of joy - ful - ness, Let Heav'n be - gin be - low.
To catch the bright, ser - aph - ic gleam, Which on each fea - ture plays.
Let mu - sic cheer me last on earth, And greet me first in Heav'n.



In Heav'n a - bove, where all is love, There'll be no sor - row there.

No. 49. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

Charles Wesley. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. A - rise, my soul, a - rise, Shake off thy guilt - y fears; The bleed - ing
2. He ev - er lives a - bove, For me to in - ter-cede; His all - re-
3. Five bleed - ing wounds He bears, Re - ceived on Cal - va - ry; They pour ef-
Sac - ri - fice In thy be - half ap-pears; Before the throne my Surety stands,
deem - ing love His pre - cious blood to plead; His blood atoned for all our race,
fec - tual prayers, They strong-ly plead for me: "Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
Cho.—His Spir-it an-swers to the blood,
D. S. for Chorus.
My name is writ - ten on His hands, My name is writ - ten on His hands.
And sprinkles now the throne of grace, And sprin - kles now the throne of grace.
"Nor let the ransomed sin - ner die," "Nor let the ran - somed sin - ner die."
And tells me I am born of God, And tells me I am born of God.

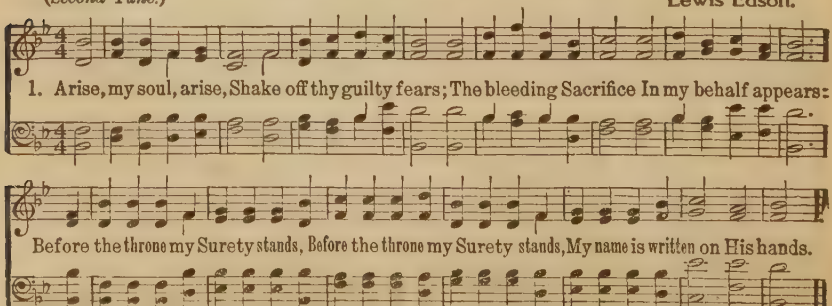
4 The Father hears Him pray,
His dear Anointed One;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son:
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.

5 To God I'm reconciled;
His pardoning voice I hear;
He owns me for His child;
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And "Father, Abba, Father," cry.

No. 50. Arise, My Soul, Arise.

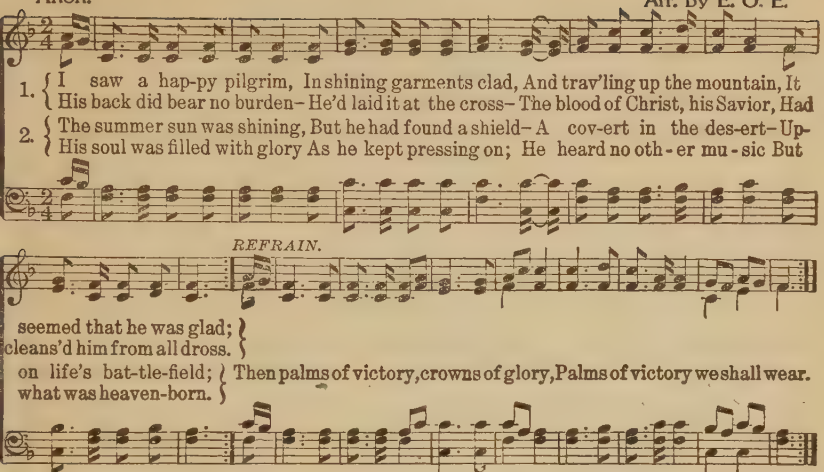
(*Second Tune.*)

Lewis Edson.


1. Arise, my soul, arise, Shake off thy guilty fears; The bleeding Sacrifice In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands, Before the throne my Surety stands, My name is written on His hands.

No. 51. The Happy Pilgrim.

Anon. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. I saw a hap-py pilgrim, In shining garments clad, And trav'ling up the mountain, It
His back did bear no burden–He'd laid it at the cross–The blood of Christ, his Savior, Had
2. The summer sun was shining, But he had found a shield–A cov-ert in the des-ert–Up-
His soul was filled with glory As he kept pressing on; He heard no oth-er mu-sic But
REFRAIN.
seemed that he was glad;
cleans'd him from all dross.
on life's bat-tle-field; Then palms of victory, crowns of glory, Palms of victory we shall wear.
what was heaven-born.

3 No pleasure in sin's arbor
Could catch his eye or ear,
The precious name of Jesus
Was all he loved to hear.
Thus he kept pressing onward,
Delighted with the way,
And shouting, Glory! Glory!
To Jesus all the day.

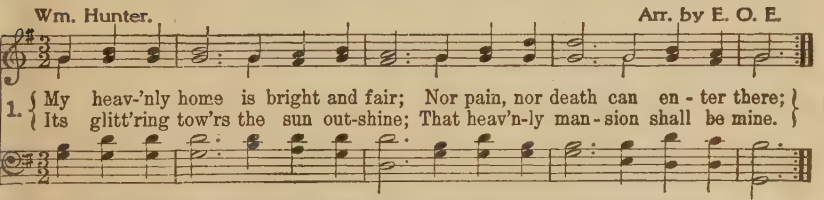
4 I saw him in the morning,
On Canaan's sunny plain
Gathering for his Master
The rich and golden grain;
He bound them up in bundles
Until the angels come,
To gather in the harvest
In Heaven, his happy home.

5 I saw him in midsummer,
Still happy on his way,
He'd reached the land of Beulah,
Where birds sing night and day;
He found a store of honey,
And wine upon the leas,
And fruit in rich abundance
Upon life's living trees.

6 I saw him in the evening,
Life's sun was bending low,
He'd reached the Golden City,—
His robes still white as snow;
He joined the bridal cortege,
And drank of the new wine,
And now among the angels
Eternally doth shine.

No. 52. My Heavenly Home.

Wm. Hunter. Arr. by E. O. E.


1. My heav-'nly home is bright and fair; Nor pain, nor death can en-ter there;
Its glitt'ring tow'rs the sun out-shine; That heav'n-ly man-sion shall be mine.

CHO.—I'm going home, I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!
To die no more; I'm going home,
I'm going home to die no more!

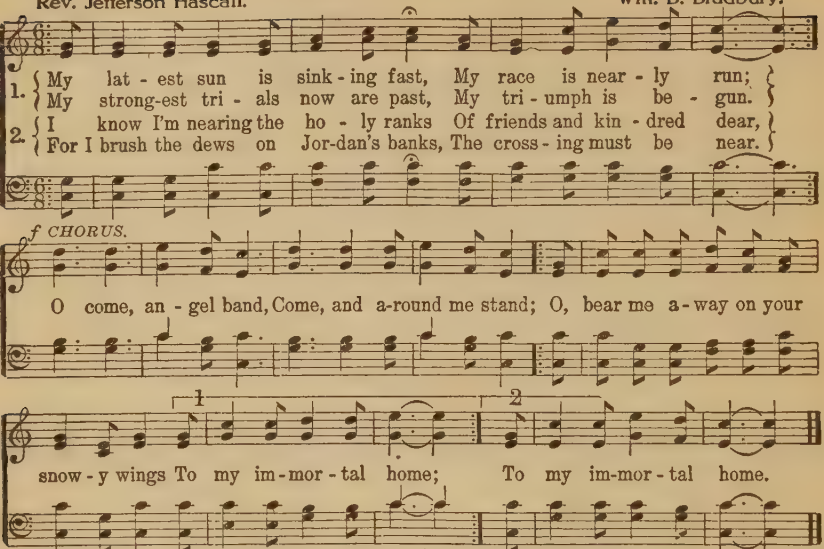
2 My Father's house is built on high,
Far, far above the starry sky:
When from this earthly prison free,
That heavenly mansion mine shall be.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow,
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

4 Then fail this earth, let stars decline,
And sun and moon refuse to shine,
All nature sink and cease to be,—
That heavenly mansion stands for me.

No. 53. The Land of Beulah.

Rev. Jefferson Hascall. Wm. B. Bradbury.

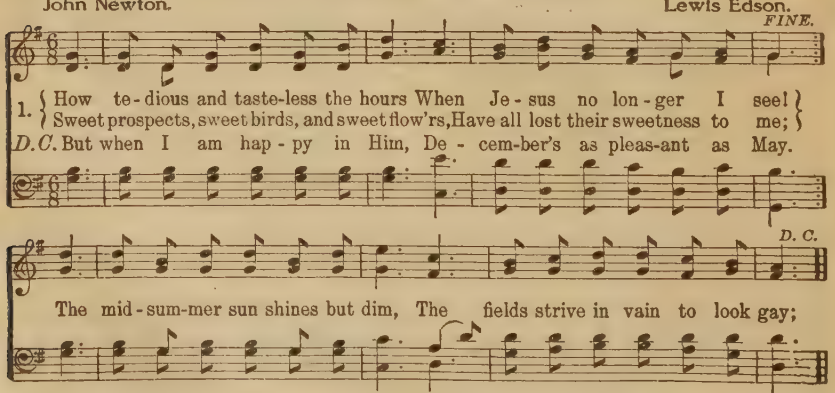

1. My lat - est sun is sink - ing fast, My race is near - ly run;
My strong-est tri - als now are past, My tri - umph is be - gun.
2. I know I'm nearing the ho - ly ranks Of friends and kin - dred dear,
For I brush the dews on Jor-dan's banks, The cross - ing must be near.
f CHORUS.
O come, an - gel band, Come, and a-round me stand; O, bear me a - way on your
snow - y wings To my im - mor - tal home; To my im-mor - tal home.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
My spirit loudly sings;
Thy holy ones, behold, they come!
I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to Him
Who bled and died for me;
Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
And gives me victory.

No. 54. How Tedious and Tasteless.

John Newton. Lewis Edson.


FINE.
1. How te - dious and taste-less the hours When Je - sus no lon - ger I see!
Sweet prospects, sweet birds, and sweet flow'rs, Have all lost their sweetness to me;
D.C. But when I am hap - py in Him, De - cem-ber's as pleas-ant as May.
D. C.
The mid - sum-mer sun shines but dim, The fields strive in vain to look gay;

2 His name yields the richest perfume,
And sweeter than music His voice;
His presence disperses my gloom,
And makes all within me rejoice.
I should, were He always thus nigh,
Have nothing to wish or to fear;
No mortal so happy as I;
My summer would last all the year.

3 Content with beholding His face,
My all to His pleasure resigned,
No changes of season or place
Would make any change in my mind:
While blest with a sense of His love,
A palace a toy would appear;
And prisons would palaces prove,
If Jesus would dwell with me there

Index

N. B.—Y. O. M. is the abbreviation for YE OLDEN MELODIES. See back part of book.

A

All for loyal soldiers.. 12
A friend I have called...124
A sinner was wandering..150
A THOUGHT OF HIM.....151
ABIDE WITH ME.....184
ABLE, WILLING, MIGHTY.. 71
After the trials of earth-. 57
ALAS AND DID MY SAVIOR.116
Y.O.M.....45, 46
ALL HAIL IMMANUEL.....169
ALL HAIL THE POWER.221, 222
All nail to the day.....156
ALL PEOPLE THAT ON.....281
ALMOST PERSUADED 113
AMAZING GRACE ..Y.O.M. 17
AMERICA 241
AMERICA THE BEAUTIFUL.238
ANGELS HOVERING.Y.O.M. 42
Are you longing for a.... 46
ARISE AND SHINE..... 34
ARISE MY SOUL.Y.O.M. 49, 50
AS A VOLUNTEER 12
AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE. 43
ASHAMED OF JESUS.....142
At Calvary's cross I met..159
AT THE BATTLE'S FRONT...102
AT THE CROSS 116
Y.O.M..... 46
AT THE FOUNTAIN.Y.O.M. 9
AWAKE, AWAKE.....104, 158
AWAKENING CHORUS.....158

B

BATTLE HYMN OF THE....193
BE A HERO.....122
Be not dismayed, whate'er 114
BEAUTIFUL ISLE 85
BEAUTIFUL RIVER 89
BECAUSE HIS NAME IS 155
Behold one cometh in....153
BEULAH LAND 35
BEYOND THE SMILING.....154
BLESSED ASSURANCE.....175
BLESSED BE THE...Y.O.M. 22
BLEST BE THE TIE.....230
Brightly beams our 109
BRINGING IN THE SHEAVES.183

C

CALLING THE PRODIGAL....177
Come every soul..Y.O.M. 33
Come, O come, to the.... 82
COME, SINNER, COME 147
COME, THOU ALMIGHTY...211
COME, THOU ...Y.O.M. 10, 12
COME TO JESUS....Y.O.M. 40
Come, we that love the...231
COME, YE..Y.O.M. 23, 24, 25
COMING HOME (ACKLEY). 40
COMING (SCHOLFIELD) ... 14
COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS...127
CROWN HIM KING OF 161

D

DAY IS DYING IN THE WEST 83
DELAY NOT.....209
DO YOUR BEST 42
DOES IT PAY?..... 98
DOWN AT THE.....Y.O.M. 36
DOXOLOGY 280

E

Earthly pleasures vainly.. 11
EVEN ME, EVEN ME.....180
EXPOSTULATION 218

F

FADE, FADE EACH EARTHLY.181
FAITH OF OUR FATHERS... 97
FOLLOW WHERE HE LEADS. 58
FRIEND OF FRIENDS..... 9
FROM EVERY STORMY..170, 224
FROM GREENLAND'S ICY...200
From over hill and plain. 41

G

GET YE ON TO CANAAN....132
Glad is the song that the.163
GLORIA PATRI No. 1.....278
GLORIA PATRI No. 2.....279
GLORIOUS FOUNTAIN Y.O.M. 16
Glory be to the.....278, 279
GLORY TO HIS.....Y.O.M. 36
GOD BE WITH YOU.....194
God is calling the prodigal 177
GOD SAVE THE KING 242
God will fill our hearts... 5
GOD WILL TAKE CARE OF..114
Gone from my heart 117
GRACE ENOUGH FOR ME ... 16
GROWING DEARER EACH DAY 33

H

Had we only sunshine all.120
HAIL TO THE DAY.....156
HAPPY ON THE WAY Y.O.M. 27
HAPPY SONG-LAND.....133
HARVEST SONG 131
HARVEST TIME IS HERE....163
Hast Thou, O Lord, a.... 21
Have you learned to walk. 90
Have you read the story of 75
He comes, He comes.....157
HE DIED FOR ME..... 7
HE GROWS SWEETER 39
HE INCLUDED ME..... 32
HE IS ABLE TO ....Y.O.M. 26
HE LEADETH ME 176
HE LOVES EVEN ME.....141
HE NEVER FORSAKES HIS.. 64
HEAR OUR PRAYER.....105
HEAR US, HEAVENLY.....105
HELP SOMEBODY TODAY.... 20
HERE AM I, SEND ME 21
HE'S TAKEN MY ...Y.O.M. 8
HIGHER GROUND 18
HIS LOVE FOR YOU..... 25
HIS LOVE IS FILLING MY .. 84
HIS LOVE KEEPS ME..... 50
HOLY BIBLE, BOOK DIVINE. 92
HOLY GHOST, WITH LIGHT.191
HOLY, HOLY, HOLY.....192
HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL...190
HONEY IN THE ROCK..... 19
HOW FIRM A.....207, 210
How lost was my..Y.O.M. 4
How many are lost in the. 15
How many times has he..128
How often now I ponder.148
How precious the gift.... 92
How sweet is the love..33, 65
HOW TEDIOUS AND.Y.O.M. 54

I

I am a stranger here.... 69
I AM BOUND FOR...Y.O.M. 12
I AM COMING, LORD 149
I am coming to the cross
Y.O.M.....30, 31, 32
I AM REDEEMED.....164
I am so happy in Christ.. 32
I am thinking today of... 68
I AM TRUSTING....Y.O.M. 31
I can hear my Savior....115
I could feel the burden... 59
I DO BELIEVE.....Y.O.M. 14
I have a friend who cared 44
I have Jesus dwelling.... 52
I have never found..... 78
I hear Thy welcome voice.149
I heard a voice saying...134
I HEARD THE VOICE OF....225
I know my Heavenly.....126
I LOVE HIM.....117
I LOVE TO TELL THE STORY.179
I must needs go home.... 61
I OWE IT ALL TO JESUS.... 6
I saw a happy....Y.O.M. 51
I saw one hanging on a... 7
I SHALL BE LIKE HIM..... 74
I SHALL BE SATISFIED..... 57
I was sinking deep in sin. 51
I WILL ARISE .....Y.O.M. 24
I WOULD BE LIKE JESUS.. 11
I'LL BE A SUNBEAM.....121
I'LL LIVE FOR HIM.....112
I'M HAPPY.....Y.O.M. 7
I'M NOT YOUR JUDGE.....139
I'm pressing on the..... 18
I've a message from the..143
I've enlisted for life in...102
I've found a friend who..146
I've reached the land of.. 35
I've wandered far away..227
If ever Jesus has need of.151
If I am faithful to Jesus. 74
If I reach that land of.... 72
If you are tired of the.... 38
IF YOUR HEART KEEPS..... 76
In God's field at His own. 98
IN HEAVENLY LOVE ABIDING 199
In looking through my... 16
In the Christian's .Y.O.M. 47
IN THE CROSS.....186
IN THE SUNLIGHT OF HIS. 90
In vain I've tried a.....155
IS IT NOT WONDERFUL?...134
IS MY NAME WRITTEN.....172
IT IS JESUS 153
IT IS NOT FAIR.....237
IT WAS GOOD FOR..Y.O.M. 29
IT'S JUST LIKE HIS GREAT.124

J

Jerusalem, my ....Y.O.M. 37
Jesus and shall it ever be.142
JESUS, BLESSED JESUS..... 31
Jesus Christ is my.Y.O.M. 3
Jesus comes with power..100
JESUS, FRIEND OF SINNERS. 26
JESUS, I COME..... 30
JESUS IN MY HEART..... 52
Jesus is able to save from 71
JESUS IS ALL THE WORLD.. 29
JESUS IS CALLING..... 77
JESUS IS THE NAME..... 10
JESUS IS THE ONE YOU.... 46
JESUS IS WAITING..Y.O.M. 41
JESUS LOVER OF MY...219, 220
Jesus my all to Heaven is
gone.....Y.O.M. 7, 8, 9
Jesus, my Lord ...Y.O.M. 35
JESUS SAVES 28
JESUS, SAVIOR, PILOT ME..196
JESUS SHALL REIGN.....202
Jesus wants me for a....121
JESUS WILL..... 8
JOY TO THE WORLD.....189
JUST AS I AM.....144
Y.O.M.....1, 2
JUST WHEN I NEED HIM.. 22

K

KEEP THE HEART SINGING. 62

L

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT 229
LEANING ON THE..... 95
LET HIM IN.....178
LET JESUS COME INTO..... 38
LET THE BILLOWS ROLL .. 23
LET THE LOWER LIGHTS...109
Lo! all ready for the....162
Lo! JESUS COMES.....157
Look all around you..... 20
LOOK AND LIVE 143
Look the harvest field is..131
LOOK TO JESUS.....217
Lord, I care not for.....172
Lord, I hear of show'rs..180
LORD, I'M COMING HOME..227
Lord Jesus, I long to be..228
LOVE LIFTED ME..... 51
LOVED BY THE KING.....136
LOYALTY TO CHRIST 41
LYONS 10s, 11s.....214

M

MAJESTIC SWEETNESS SITS.205
Make a forward move for 86
MASTER, THE TEMPEST IS..165
'Mid the storms of doubt.167
Mine eyes have seen the.193
MORE LIKE THE MASTER..129
MY BODY, SOUL....Y.O.M. 44
MY CHOICE..... 2
MY COUNTRY 239,
My country 'tis of...239-241
MY FAITH LOOKS UP TO...187
MY FATHER KNOWS.....126
MY HAPPY HOME..Y.O.M. 37
MY HEART KEEPS RIGHT .. 55
MY HEAVENLY ....Y.O.M. 52
My hope is built.....206
My hope of heav'n on.... 6
My JESUS, I LOVE THEE...215
My latest sun is..Y.O.M. 53
My life, my love, I give..112
My life was a failure....136
MY MOTHER'S SONGS.....148
MY SAVIOR FIRST OF ALL.. 94
MY SHEPHERD 208
MY SOUL BE ON THY.....188
My soul is filled with.... 84

N

NEARER, MY GOD, TO THEE.204
NO, NOT ONE.....Y.O.M. 34
NOT NOW 13
NOW THE DAY IS OVER....110

O

O beautiful for spacious .238
O BY FAITH.....Y.O.M. 25
O child of God, awake ... 34
O Columbia, the gem of ..243
O DAY OF REST AND.....198
O eyes that are weary ...217
O good old way...Y.O.M. 27
O HAPPY DAY.....203
O HOW I LOVE HIM.....159
O my brother do you know 19
O MY SOUL BLESS THOU... 79
O now I see the..Y.O.M. 43
O THAT WILL BE GLORY... 53
O the fountain ...Y.O.M. 11
O the love of Jesus..... 54
O think of the home.....174
O TURN YE.....216, 218
O what ship is....Y.O.M. 28
O why not say yes.....140
O WORSHIP 212
O WORSHIP THE KING....214
O ZION, HASTE 1
Oh, get ye on to Canaan.132
OH, HOW HE SAVES..... 17
OH, HOW I LOVE..Y.O.M. 20
Oh, how sweet the Savior. 39
OH, NO, I CAN'T...Y.O.M. 19

Oh, say, can you see.....240
Oh, sing to me...Y.O.M. 48
Oh, sound the jubilee..233
Oh, the Lamb....Y.O.M. 18
Oh, the love of Jesus.... 50
Old time power.....103
On Jordan's stormy banks
Y.O.M.....5, 6
On the battlefield of life..122
Only trust Him. Y.O.M. 33
Only where my Savior... 58
Onward, Christian 171
Others may choose this... 2
Our colors so true 119
Out in the conflict with.. 42
Out in the streets of the..236
Out of my bondage..... 30
Out of the depths.....137
Over and over again.....128

P

Pardoning Grace 47
Pass me not 108
Praise God from whom...280
Precious are the promises 88

R

Reapers for the harvest 162
Remember me.....Y.O.M. 21
Rescue the perishing ...226
Rest for the.....Y.O.M. 47
Revive us again.....201
Ring the bells of..... 81
Rock of ages 195
Rock of ages.....Y.O.M. 32
Room at the cross..... 99
Rose, rose, rose.....118

S

Safely through another 106
Saved by the blood.....168
Saved, saved 146
Savior, hear me, while...152
Savior, more than life..107
Savior, wash me .Y.O.M. 15
Send the power..Y.O.M. 3
Shall we gather at the ... 89
Show your colors 86
Since Christ my soul.....145
Since the loving Savior .. 23
Sing them over again to me 93
Sing we the praises of....166
Sinner, go will..Y.O.M. 38
Softly and tenderly.... 73
Some mother's boy.....236
Somebody voted to ruin..235
Someone's last call..... 82
Someone who knows.... 15
Somewhere the sun is.... 85
Songland fair, over there.133
Sowing in the morning..183
Speak to me only of.... 24
Stand up for Jesus..... 27
Sun of my soul.....185
Sunshine and rain.....120
Sweeter and dearer..... 65
Sweeter as the days go.. 54
Sweeter than all is the... 47

T

Take me as I am.Y.O.M. 35
Take my life and let it.101
Tenderly God watches... 43
The blessed old way of.. 72
The blood can never.... 49
The broken heart 75
The church in the 48
The crimson wave.Y.O.M. 43
The fight is on..... 96
The fountain....Y.O.M. 11
The gate ajar.....223
The great physician....182
The happy.....Y.O.M. 51
The home over there...174
The King's business 69
The land of .....Y.O.M. 53
The Lord has.....Y.O.M. 19
The Lord is my shepherd.208
The nearer I reach the...138
The nearer, the sweeter 138
The old book and the...167
The old ship of..Y.O.M. 28
The old time ....Y.O.M. 29
The penitent's plea.....152
The promised ....Y.O.M. 5
The red, white and blue 243
The same old way 5
The Savior and the..... 56
The Savior speaks and I. 17
The Savior waits to take. 25
The Savior will never.... 64
The sinner and the song 150
The solid rock.....206
The Son of God goes....197
The star spangled 240
The sweetest song I.... 44
The touch of his hand . 4
The walls of Jericho...234
The way of sin is filled.. 60
The way of the cross .. 61
The world is full of evil..232
There are angels..Y.O.M. 42
There are days so dark.. 4
There is a fountain....
Y.O.M.....13, 14, 15, 16
There is a gate that.....223
There is a name I love... 10
Y.O.M.....20, 21, 22
There is a name that is... 70
There is pow'r in the... 37
There is work for all to.. 87
There'll be no...Y.O.M. 48
There's a balm...Y.O.M. 4
There's a church in the .. 48
There's a rod above the..233
There's a song in my.... 63
There's a song of joy.... 55
There's a song that I.... 49
There's a stranger at the.178
There's heaven in my... 78
There's not a.....Y.O.M. 34
There's one who can 31
There's room at the 56
They were in an upper...103
Think on thy way.....135
'Tho' all others may forsake 9
Tho' the way we journey. 36
Three colors has the.....119
Thro' many .....Y.O.M. 18
Tired of wasting precious. 14
'Tis Jesus pleads, He bids 13
'Tis the grandest .Y.O.M. 26
Too soon, too late 91
To the field..... 87

U

Under the cross...Y.O.M. 30

V

Vile and sinful though my 40

W

Wake the song.....160
Was it you.....235
We are traveling home to. 66
We have heard the joyful. 28
We may lighten toil and.. 62
We must win them one...130
We praise Thee, O God...201
We shall see the King . 36
We shall win the 232
We will stand...Y.O.M. 39
We will talk it o'er.... 66
We'll stand the .Y.O.M. 6
We're kneeling..Y.O.M. 2
We're marching to Zion.231
We've a story to tell... 45
What a fellowship, what.. 95
What a friend.....173
What is sweeter, tell me..118
When all my labors and.. 53
When I can read..Y.O.M. 39
When I think of my.....141
When I was wand'ring...164

WHEN JESUS HOLDS MY... 60
WHEN LOVE SHINES IN...100
When my life-work is.... 94
WHEN THE HAND OF LOVE. 59
WHEN THE ROLL IS CALLED 80
When the shadows 'round 3
When the trumpet of the. 80
When upon life's billows.127
When your path is smooth 67
WHERE HE LEADS ME.....115
WHERE JESUS IS, 'TIS.....145
While Jesus whispers to..147
While we pray and while.111
WHITER THAN SNOW.....228
Who will open mercy's... 8
Why do you linger.Y.O.M. 41
WHY DO YOU WAIT.....125
WHY NOT NOW?.....111
WHY NOT SAY YES TONIGHT 140
WILL THERE BE ANY STARS 68
WILL YOUR HEART RING... 67
WIN THEM ONE BY ONE...130
WONDERFUL NAME 76
WONDERFUL WORDS OF LIFE 93
Would you be free from.. 37
WOUNDED FOR OUR 166

Y

YE SERVANTS 213
YIELD NOT TO TEMPTATION 123
You will live a life of.... 76
YOUR BEST FRIEND IS..... 3

Responsive Readings

And there were in the same country (Christmas) 276
Ho every one that thirsteth (Isaiah 55)..274
Then began he to upbraid (Matt. 11, 20th to 30th verses).....275
There was a man (John 3:1-6; 14-18)..273
Who hath believed (Isaiah 53).....272
Who hath woe (Temperance) 277

Selected Psalms

I. Blessed is the man.....244
V. Give ear to my words....245
VIII. O Lord, how excellent is.246
XV. Lord, who shall abide....247
XVII. Hear the right, O Lord...248
XIX. The law of the Lord is...249
XXIII. The Lord is my.....250
XXIV. The earth is the Lord's...251
XXVII. The Lord is my light....252
XXXII. Blessed is he.....253
XXXIV. I will bless the Lord at...254
LI. Have mercy upon me....255
LXI. Hear my cry, O God.....256
LXIII. O God, Thou art my God.257
LXV. Praise waiteth for Thee..258
LXVII. God be merciful unto us..259
LXXXIV. How amiable are Thy....260
XCI. He that dwelleth in the...261
XCIII. The Lord reigneth.....262
XCV. O come, let us sing unto..263
XCVIII. O sing unto the Lord a...264
CIII. Bless the Lord, O my....265
CXIX. Bless'd are the undefiled..266
CXXII. I was glad when they....267
CXXXVIII. I will praise Thee.....268
CXXXXII. I cried unto the Lord....269
CXXXXIX. Praise ye the Lord.....270
CL. Praise ye the Lord.....271